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Roger L' Eſtrange.

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THE UNFOTUNATE HEROES:

Or, The

ADVENTURES OF TEN FAMOUS MEN,

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Ovid,	*Horace,*
Lentullus,	*Virgil,*
Hortenſius,	*Cornelius Gallus,*
Herennius,	*Craſſus,*
Cepion,	*Agrippa.*

Baniſhed from the COURT of *AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.*

In Ten Novels.

Compoſed by that Great Wit of France, *Monſieur* de Villa Dieu.

Engliſhed by a Gentleman for his Diverſion.

In the *SAVOY*:

Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman* at the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1679.

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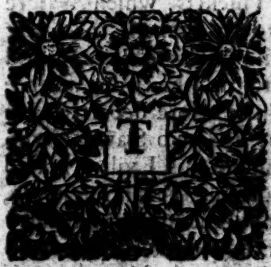
THE UNFORTUNATE HEROES; OR, THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXILES OF The Court of AUGUSTUS.

The First Part.



HE famous *Ovid*, whose matchless Charms had render'd the Grand Master of the Universe jealous, as well of his Honor, as in his Amours, was sent into the Isle of *Thaessia*, to expiate a Crime, they had only made him guilty of. He much affected the Court, and its delights; And a Banishment

was more cruel and insupportable to a person of his temper, than it would have been to any other of a more reserv'd converse. He vented his resentments in the deepest complaints, and most extravagant ravings, his Soul was capable to express; and with a motion, whereby he would seem to measure the length of his misfortunes, hastily plung'd himself into a thick Wood, which border'd upon the Coast, that respects *Macedonia:* when passing by a place, which Nature had seem'd to have taken pleasure to make the seat of a verdant Palace, he cast a careless glance upon a Cloth, disorderly spread on a fragrant Bed of Camomile, which look't as if with a negligent curiosity it had been embroider'd over with scatter'd flowers, fruits, empty dishes, and many other ruines of a noble Treat. He cast a quick eye round about him, to see if amongst the Trees he could retrieve some person, or other, that might give him an account of so unexpected an Adventure. At length he discover'd two Women of excellent feature; who rushing suddenly into the darkest coverts of those Woods, made themselves a Skreen, to rob their Beauties as well from the eyes of *Tytan*, as his, of some Thickets, which Nature seem'd with the interwoven branches of sweet blossoming Thorns and wild Roses to have form'd for a withdrawing Room to the other, from whence the unseen Guests, had a little before departed. He made a sign to his Esquire, and two Slaves (who compos'd the whole Retinue of his Exile) not to follow him; and eagerly pursuing the fair Fugitives, he prepar'd himself to speak something of gallantry to them upon the first encounter, Fortune had so kindly offer'd him; when he thought his own name resounded in his ear: He made a halt; and lending a more

a more diligent attention, he heard one of them say to the other, How is it possible that a Passion so violent, should be so deeply engrafted in a heart, for a Person, whom one never saw? I understand well enough, that the sight of an object, which gives a kind of pleasing titillation to the senses, passes from thence into the cabinet of our hearts; and there creates that agreeable distemper, which the concurrence, or sympathy of humor, converts into Love; But upon the bare character, one receives either of the gayety of, wit, or converse of an unknown, that one should nourish such desires, cares such an unquiet Guest within their breasts; in a word, Love with such violence, as you love *Ovid*, is that, which never yet signaliz'd any of your Sex, but your self; and what Posterity will chronicle amongst her fabulous miracles, if she shall have the honor to write your History.

I do not fear that treachery on your part, reply'd the Lady, to whom this discourse was addrest, though you are the onely person capable to effect it; since you are the onely person in the world, to whom I have unbosom'd the secrets of my heart. But, my dear one, if this misfortune should arrive me, I hope, the same Posterity, that shall be acquainted with my name, will not likewise be ignorant of that of *Ovid*; and in exposing to the view of the world my weakness for that great Personage, it will likewise, at the same time, convince it of my innocence. It is not the beauty of his Person that charms me; but those more powerful charms of his wit, which never yet any female ones could boast they were proof against. When I read those passionate expressions in his Elegies, wherein he so naturally delineates to our fancies the various charac-

ers of Love, with the divine Pencil of his admirable Muſe, I am ſurpriz'd with a ſudden emotion of delight, that inflames me with a moſt impatient deſire of ſeeing that more admirable Perſon, to whom I owe it. I cannot forbear, methinks, to intereſt my ſelf in all his Concerns, in gratitude to thoſe agreeable Tranſpotts, his Verſes inſpire into my Soul: And as often as I make a reflection upon that felicity, which might have bleſt theſe eyes with ſo noble an object, as *Ovid*, in the Court of *Cæſar*, in *Rome*, had Fortune treated me with leſs rigor, I heap as many imprecations upon her for this one circumſtance of my misfortune, as for that obſcurity, wherein ſhe forces me to linger out the inglorious remnant of a vagabond life.

This is call'd, my ſweet one, reply'd the other, interrupting her, a Love not of *Ovid*, but of his Verſes, ſince you have yet ſeen no other part of him; but ſhould Fortune, to regain your good opinion, preſent you together with the magick of his enchanting Muſe, a ſight of his Perſon, you would then become more enamor'd of the Author, than you are now of his Works. *Ovid*'s attention was ſo fixt to the diſcourſe of thoſe Women, that he was not ſenſible of the noiſe, which two men made in paſſing by him; who had the leiſure to entertain him, as well in their embraces, as their knowledge before he came to his own. Their careſſes reduc'd him out of his extaſie, and preſented to his admiration *Cornelius Lentulus*, whoſe renowned Victories over the *Scythians*, and *Dacians*, had purchas'd him the fame of one of the greateſt Captains in the world; and *Hortenſius Hortalus*, the onely ſurviving branch of the illuſtrious Race of the *Hortenſius*'s. But *Ovid*'s ſurprize was not ſo great, at the encounter of him,

(whom

(whom he knew *Cæsar* had some three, or four years before banish't into *Thalassia*, for having refus'd to receive an eminent Command, and a fair Wife from his hands,) as of *Lentulus*; who, he thought had been at the head of those Troops, which the Emperor had sent forth to chastise the late Revolt of the *Getes*.

Have the Rebels, said he to *Lentulus*, tamely submitted their obedience to your all-conquering fame? And your redoubted Name, and the memory of those splendid Actions, you perform'd once before in the reduction of those *Barbarians*, disarm'd them of their natural fierceness and courage? Or has *Cæsar* so unworthily forgotten himself, as to recompence the glorious services of *Lentulus*, with an unnatural Banishment? The *Getes*, reply'd *Lentulus*, continue obstinate, and with a stiff neck refuse to receive again the yoke of their duty; And if *Cæsar* has unworthily recompenc'd the zeal, I have ever had for his interests and glory, it is not now by confining me to this barbarous Climate; but a motive, no less powerful, than that of his Commands, has call'd me hither; from whence it must be a greater, than the obedience I owe them, that can recall me. This is a mystery, I shall declare to you at more leisure: In the mean time let us understand what rigorous Fate has hurry'd you hither, to breathe this inhumane air: for if you believe that *Cæsar* has forgotten both himself and his honor, in confining me to it, I must judge, that he is guilty of a greater injustice, in treating the renowned *Ovid* with so much cruelty.

The arrival of the two Ladies, who came forth of their flowry Cabinet, prevented *Ovid* from returning an answer: They heard some persons dis-

coursing not far from them, and they came to inform themselves, who they were. *Ovid* ask't *Hortensius* the names, and quality of those Ladies; who told him, that one of them was named *Junia*, daughter to the Triumvir *Lepidus*; and the other, said *Lentulus* interrupting him, calls herself *Roselina*, and makes a most inviolable secret both of her Birth and her Fortune: She speaks two or three Languages with that natural grace and eloquence, that no Man can judge, which of them is her native Tongue. But by the sweetness of her temper, and the gentile air of her deportment, I judge her to be of *Roman* extraction. Whether it were the beauty of this fair Stranger, that on the first prospect made a deeper impression in the soft breast of the amorous *Ovid*, than that of *Junia*, (over which notwithstanding the other could challenge no superiority) or that he thought, he discover'd, in the eyes of *Roselina*, something which seem'd more ally'd to the blind passion, he understood one of them had for him, than in the severe and majestick garb of the daughter of *Lepidus*, he sent a thousand silent wishes to Heaven, that *Roselina* might be that secret Amoreuse, he heard them discourse of. He could not rectifie himself in his hopes by the knowledge of their voices; he had been so short a time their Auditor, that he could not distinguish them; and as they treated of private affairs, they spoke not so loud, as to tune them in their natural key. The different proceedings of these two Ladies confirm'd his suspition. *Junia* remain'd not long in the company of *Ovid*, after they had acquainted him with their names; But *Roselina* on the other side, seem'd fixt, as it were, by a secret charm, to the conversation of those three *Romans*: each action of hers was

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passionate, and her eyes expreſt a trouble and confuſion, which *Ovid* had in his Works preſented the World too lively a draught of, to be ignorant of the character. He had ſcarce time to make his full Remark on this Subject; for *Junia* having proclaim'd the arrival of this illuſtrious Man to all ſhe met, oblig'd him to turn from *Roſelina*, to repay the Civilities and generous Careſſes of all the eminent Perſons, who at that time did with their Reſidence illuſtrate the Iſle of *Thalaſſia*. Their number was conſiderable, and that day *Lentulus*'s invitation of them to a Collation, had aſſembled them. The two Friends of *Ovid* inform'd him of the quality, and name of each perſon, which compos'd that noble Convention. He ſaluted *Tiſienus Gallus*, but not without a bluſh. *Hortenſius* preſented to him a fair Cozen of his, nam'd *Adiamante*, who was Companion to *Roſelina*. There were likewiſe two or three Inhabitants of *Lesbos*, who came every year about that ſeaſon to furniſh the *Thalaſſian* Exiles with what Commodities, they wanted. Many were curious to be inform'd from *Ovid*'s mouth, of the cauſe of his viſiting that Iſland; but he reſerv'd that ſecret for his particular Friends; and only declar'd to others, that it was in obedience to the Emperors Commands. He added moreover, that his Conſcience could lay no crime to his charge, but that he could not pronounce himſelf wholly innocent neither, ſince *Cæſar* had been pleas'd to pronounce him guilty. This modeſty of his prov'd no example to be imitated, by thoſe that were witneſſes to it; for they fixt the Title of Cruelty and Injuſtice upon the Emperor's Commands; and following the Maxim of moſt of your Exiles, who do not perceive, that in darting ſuch murmurs and re-

proaches at their rebounding miseries, they only administer fuel to those flames, they endeavor to extinguish. Our Malecontents indulg'd that liberty to their tongues, which the rest of their bodies could not command. *Hortensius* engag'd this new Guest to take his quarters with him. *Lentulus* would willingly have rais'd a friendly debate upon this occasion, had he not been oblig'd to another for his own.

When *Ovid* saw himself alone with *Hortensius*, he thought he should do an injury to his friendship, if he should observe that precaution with him, which he practis'd towards persons, wholly indifferent to it. *Hortensius* had been a Friend of very ancient acquaintance; and he made no scruple to tell him, that the favors, wherewith the daughter of *Augustus* was pleas'd to honor him, had been whisper'd in the Emperor's ear, and occasion'd his Banishment: you make me but half your Confident, sayes *Hortensius*, interrupting him: I have such correspondence at *Rome*, as will not suffer me to be ignorant of the circumstances of a misfortune, wherein I claim my self so near a concern. Confess the truth, my dear *Ovid*, cry'd he, with a smile; *Cesar* would have pardon'd you the glorious attack, you made upon the heart of *Julia*, had you confin'd the lustre of your merit within the circumference of that orb; the Emperor ought to take satisfaction in the gallantries of his daughter; and his Court would become a Desart, should the honor to serve her, be adjudg'd a crime of State: But you have attackt that Prince in a more sensible part, and the fair *Terentia* was not able to resist the influence of so powerful a Planet.

See,

See, see here, cry'd *Ovid*, one of the most cruel darts malice can level at my disgrace. I received the sentence of my Banishment with constancy enough; but I am not able without transport to hear *Terentia* branded with a weakness, she is so little capable of. I will not endeavor, said *Hortensius*, to extort a more ingenuous confession from you: the method you take to vindicate the fair *Terentia*, satisfies me, to what degree you love her; and as I hold it for a circumstance of impossibility, that a Lady of capacity and judgement should be ador'd by you, without a reciprocal esteem and respect; I assure my self that my Agents have good correspondence, and I will send them my thanks in my next Letters, for the faithful intelligence, they furnish me with. I call the gods to witness, reply'd *Ovid*' that no report had ever so false a false a ground, to support its malice, as this of a Love-intrigue betwixt *Terentia* and my self: I cannot deny but that I have a veneration for her equal to her merit; She has the command of a clear and piercing judgment, and being affected with some places in my Writings (where my Pen has been more industrious and luxuriant) than another woman possibly might be, I doubt not but she may have a more particular esteem for me than a person of less capacity: but whereas besides that she seem'd to me not to be capable of a Passion for any other, but the Emperor; I am endear'd to the brave *Mœcenas* by obligations too strait, to make a criminal attempt upon the chastity of his Wife. Oh! said *Hortensius*, by what chains of merit and obligations is not *Cæsar* bound to that illustrious Favourite? What does he not owe to the zeal and prudence of that Great Man? What has not *Mœ-*

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cenas acted to eſtabliſh him in the Imperial Throne of the Univerſe? With what vigilance did he diſarm the attempts, which were levelled at his life? With what fidelity does he aſſiſt him by his Counſels? And do we ſee *Auguſtus* make any ſcruple to raviſh from him the heart and affections of his Wife? I do not think my ſelf oblig'd, reply'd *Ovid*, to vindicate the Honor of *Cæſar*; for the breaſt of a baniſh'd Man, is the natural ſeat of malice and revenge; and I have left behind me at *Rome* thoſe concerns, which will always ſuggeſt to them a high reſentment of thoſe commands which caſt me out of it. But if the lovely *Terentia* had practis'd as much art and diligence to endear me to her, as ſhe has done to improve the Emperors affections towards her, and *Mæcenas* would have expreſs'd the ſame compliance in my favor, as he did in his Maſters, perhaps *Ovid* might have as much forgotten himſelf as *Auguſtus* has done. You cannot affirm, reply'd *Hortenſius*, ſmiling, but *Mæcenas* did expreſs ſome in yours, otherwiſe young *Craſſus* could not have ſurpriz'd you one night coming out of her Appartment. Since you have been made acquainted, ſaid *Ovid*, with that encounter, I ſhall confide the ſecret to you: You are prudent, and my friend; make uſe of my confidence in you, as it becomes a man of honor, that profeſſes he has eſpouſed my Intereſts.

THE HISTORY OF OVID.

I Should in vain ſtudy to render my ſelf guilty of a black ingratitude, in going about to diſown thoſe generous favors, the glorious Daughter of *Auguſtus* has grac'd me with; which my baniſhment has caus'd the World to believe were ſo great, that I cannot think it will be interpreted a vanity, or indiſcretion in me to repreſent them before it in their due character: wherefore I ſhall avow a truth, and confeſs, that that excellent Princeſs did treat me with a freedom and confidence, the memory whereof ſtill is, and ever ſhall be, as pretious to me, as my unfortunate life.

She gave me the liberty to conſecrate to her *Idea* all thoſe paſſionate Poems, which I publiſh'd under the name of *Corinna*. She was oftentimes pleas'd to anſwer the little Harangues of Love, the languiſhing Rhetorick of my eyes, made to her, with regards as full of ſweetneſs, as mine were of paſſion; which gave encouragement to my preſumption to make thoſe attempts, which might with ſome reaſon be interpreted as criminal, in a ſimple Chevalier, ſince they had for their object the Daughter

Daughter of his Emperor; but would have been judg'd innocent, had *Julia* been the Daughter only of a *Roman* Knight.

Varnish that piece over, quoth *Hortensius*, I beseech you, with as light a hand as you can; I see the inclination you have to make a fair Apology for a fair friend; I am acquainted already with every circumstance of the Intrigue betwixt you and *Julia*, and I desire only an account of what relates to *Terentia*.

You are in an error, reply'd *Ovid*, and to dispossess you of it, I must beg your patience to a Discourse, which may perhaps detain it longer than you desire. The beginning of a Love-intrigue with the first Princess of the World you must apprehend, was sufficient to charm the spirit of an ambitious man with raptures, scarce comprehensible by imagination it self. I consider'd the preference she honor'd me with in her esteem, before all others of my Rank in the Court, with a most ravishing satisfaction; and acting the part of a great Prince in the private Converses she was pleas'd to admit me to, I could fancy my self nothing less than one of the happiest in the Universe. I forgot the quality both of *Julia*, and my self; but as the Princess (let malice and detraction spend their mouths as loud as they will, to blemish her virtue) did always reserve to her self, as a Royal Prerogative of her Greatness, the power of repressing my audacity; all the little satisfactions she permitted me, serv'd but to tantalize my vanity, and only entertain'd my Love with some slight Banquet of Sweatmeats, which thirsted after a more solid repast. *Julia* is one of the most charming Beauties of the Universe; and my desires, which had kindled a new *Ætna* within my breast,

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wanting the blessings of a gentle showre from her more substantial favors, to qualifie its flames, converted all those flattering pleasures into an insupportable torment. *Sulpicia*, Wife to *Tisienus Gallus*, who is here in *Thalassia*, that then was Servant to the Princess, and to whom she unlockt the Cabinet of all her secrets, was a witness to the deplorable estate, those her half Bounties had reduc'd me to. *Tisienus* about that time was suspected to have been a Complice in the Conspiracy of *Marcus Lepidus*, and banish'd into this Island. His absence gave *Sulpicia* the freedom to exercise those liberties his morose humor retrench'd her from, when he was with her. This generous person was toucht with a compassion of my Sufferings, and was sparing neither of her advice, nor interest for the advancing of my felicity. This your manner of proceeding with *Ovid*, said she to the Princess, is as much opposite to the rules of Love, as Virtue; you suffer a person to expire at your feet, whom you love; because a little punctilio; perhaps, either of State, or Modesty, will not permit you to allow him the benefit of your Mercy; when you shall do them both but an equal injury, either by enslaving them to these terms of rigor and severity, or indulging them those liberties from which restrain them. Either assume the Character of the Daughter of *Cæsar*, or with courage renounce the arbitrary Yoke it would impose upon your freedom. A Virtue that can admit of the least allay of any other ignobler passion, is but the slave of irresolution and timidity; you ought either to banish him your presence for ever, or render it less mortal to him. The Spirit of *Julia* could digest neither of those Propositions. My conversation

ſation was a diverſion to her; the languiſhing countenance of my love rais'd a tender compaſſion in her breaſt; but her favors never extended themſelves beyond the bounds of that compaſſion; and though ſhe had an invincible repugnance to deprive her ſelf of my ſight, ſhe had likewiſe no leſs to grant me the Suit, which *Sulpicia* was my Advocate in. She did teſtifie the regret ſhe had, for not being capable of doing me a more acceptable ſervice in my affairs in terms ſo obliging, that I thought I was not able to retaliate her kindneſs no other way, than by making an offer to her of what remain'd of my ſelf in my own diſpoſal. If the lovely *Sulpicia*, ſaid I to her, could be capable of that condeſcenſion, as to content her ſelf with the ſecond rank in a heart, where the Daughter of *Ceſar* ſits in Throne in the firſt; and that the illuſtrious *Julia* would not conſider, as a treaſon committed again her ſelf, that ſubmiſſion, which low proſtrate at your feet, I would employ to plead the cauſe of my misfortunes; the deplorable ſtate wherein you now behold me, and which has already excited compaſſion in your noble breaſt, would ſoon be ſenſible of a glorious alteration. *Sulpicia* burſt forth into a loud fit of laughter at this propoſition, and regarding me with no leſs ſurpriſe than diſdain: Have you an art then, ſaid ſhe, to divide your ſelf ſo exactly, that neither the Princeſs, nor *Sulpicia* ſhall have cauſe to impeach you of partiality in the diviſion? It is a ſecret I muſt confeſs, ſaid I, I never yet put in practice; but a ſmall condeſcenſion in the Soul of the Princeſs, and the like compaſſion in yours, would encourage me to make the experiment: For example, went I on, ſuppoſe your

ſelf wholly ignorant of the Amours betwixt the Princeſs and my ſelf; and that retiring all inflames and tranſports from the Elyſium of her private Careſſes, I ſhould throw at your feet a heart inſpir'd with raptures and deſires as violent, as love with all its Magick were able to raiſe in it, would you judge the victim unworthy of your acceptance? No, reply'd *Sulpicia*, if the cauſe of theſe tranſports and deſires were unknown to me, and I could flatter my ſelf with the thought, that my Beauty had kindled the flames, I ſaw ſo viſible an effect of. Oh! ye gods, cry'd I, preſently, interrupting her, muſt I then be culpable and unfortunate, becauſe the Princeſs has made you her Confident? You deny not, but that my love, in the ſame capacity I repreſent it you, both ſhould, and ought, to be favourably embrac'd by a perſon, who could believe her ſelf to be the only object of it: And what reaſon can there be then, that I ſhould receive ſo ſevere correction for an indiſcretion I never committed? Are my tranſports leſs tranſports for being the effects of the Princeſs, irreſiſtable Charms? Or ſhould I bring them with me into *Sulpicia's* Chamber heightned with all thoſe raptures ſhe knows them capable of, would my Paſſion be a leſs amorous Paſſion for having deriv'd its birth from the divine eyes of the incomparable *Julia*?

My way of reaſoning was thought ſo pleaſant by *Sulpicia*, that ſhe ſuddenly left me, to run and make the Princeſs a Partaker in the gallantry of it: I endeavour'd to diſſuade her, but could not. I judg'd it convenient to make choice of a fit ſeaſon to treat of ſo delicate and tender a ſubject; when I was moſt agreeably ſurpriz'd to underſtand

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from the mouth of *Sulpicia*, that the singularity it self of my proposition had commended it to the Princesses favor, who expres'd a great satisfaction for the advancing an Intrigue so admirable, and new.

About that time I had made a Poem, Entituled, *THE GODDESS OF HEARTS*; where feigning that *Cupid* seeing that his Mother *Venus* had a greater charge upon her hands than she could well manage, in charming Mortals, had thought it expedient for her to assume to her a Co-partner in her Empire of Love, and by the name of *The Goddess of Hearts*, had created the Princess *Julia*, here Co-sovereign in swaying the *AMOROUS* Scepter of the Universe.

The Princess, through an indiscretion, which I never took the presumption to charge her with, show'd this fancy of mine to *Terentia*. The name of *Julia* was disguis'd under that of *Corinna*; but the Character of *Corinna* did so perfectly illustrate the Daughter of *Augustus*, that *Terentia* had no difficulty to discover it. She drew me one evening apart in the Empresses Apartment, and showing me the Verses the Princess had deliver'd to her. Sould not one, said she, oblige you effectually, to present you with the Key of this Mysterious Work, and unlock the secret of it to the Emperor. This discourse put me into some disorder, but re-composing my self in the best manner I could: I cannot think, Madam, reply'd I, the Emperor will concern his high Thoughts with the humble *Corinna* of *Ovid*; and if he were pleas'd to stoop them so low to Earth, the Title of *THE GODDESS OF HEARTS*, so gloriously suits the Charms of the divine *Terentia*, that he might

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perhaps interpret her to be of the object of this fancy, and caſt a killing eye upon *Ovid*, for preſuming to bring the illuſtrious Wife of *Mecenas* upon the Theatre of an Amour. You have more ingenuity than ſincerity, reply'd *Terentia*, and the artificial varniſh you give your anſwer, ought to oblige me to repay treachery with treachery; but I have an eſteem for you, and deſire you to inſert me in the firſt Rank of your friends. You may go on, and propoſe to your Muſe the *Idea* of *Julia*, for her Goddeſs; but your love in her Mouth ſpeaks intelligibly; and her language is eaſie to be underſtood by perſons leſs diſcreet than my ſelf, and who perhaps will not have ſo great a regard to the intereſts of *Ovid*, as *Terentia* has.

This generous proceeding of a perſon, whom the credit of a grand Favourite, and the affections of the Emperor, had elevated to the higheſt ſphear of authority and luſtre in the Empire, did touch me with the ſenſe of a deep acknowledgement, which I expreſt in the moſt eloquent terms, my gratitude could prompt to me; and from that day I conſecrated to her generoſity all the Raptures of my Muſe, which either my Paſſion for the Daughter of *Auguſtus*, or my eſteem for *Sulpicia* would permit me to borrow from her more Amorous hours. About that time *Craſſus* began to pay his Adorations to the Shrine of this reſplendent Star. And this Amour ſcarce deceiv'd the knowledge of any perſon in *Rome*, but the Emperors, and her brave Husbands. He had obſerved how this great Lady had call'd me aſide; and it was eaſie to diſcover by the motion of her eyes, and her geſture, that ſhe was ſaying ſome obliging thing unto me: He drew near, and lent his curious at-

tention; but we ſpoke ſo low, that he could frame no connexion in any thing he heard us diſcourſe of: He catch'd only at ſome ſcattered and broken words, as the Titſe of *GODDESS OF HEARTS*, and what I had reply'd to the firſt ſpeech of *Terentia*; which being but an innocent piece of Gallantry, without deſign, I was not cautious to render guilty by a whiſper: And ſeeing, in fine, that I pay'd my thanks to her in the moſt humble poſture, and the grateſull'ſt terms I was able to expreſs, he preſently apprehended, that I had entertain'd her with ſome private Love-adventure, which ſhe gave a favorable ear to; and this fancy begot in him a furious jealouſie: and ſome few days after preſented him with an occaſion to confirm it: I was walking in the beautiful Gardens of *Lucullus*, when a little after me came *Terentia* thither likewiſe, to make them more beautiful, led by the Great *Agrippa*, and follow'd by *Graſſus*; who ſeem'd to be a ſhadow inſeparably annex'd to each motion of her perſon. He uſher'd the young *Heluidia*, Niece to *Mecænas*, by the hand; and endeavour'd to caſt a blind before the eyes of the publick, by perſuading them, that it was either this Lady, or the young *Aurelia*, who were uſually her Attendants, that with their Charms did daily attract him into the company of the fair *Terentia*; but more piercing ſights did penetrate into the Miſtery. *Terentia* by accident ſaw me croſs the end of an Alley, where ſhe was walking: She ſent ſome of her Servants after me to call me: and as I approach'd her, *Ovid*, ſaid ſhe, inclining her ſelf a little towards my Ear, offers a Sacrifice too remarkable to his Goddeſs, the Grand-Courtiers of Heaven begin to murmur at it, and

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Jupiter himſelf is offended. Can Sacrifice offend the Gods Madam? ſaid I, walking by her ſide; and are not thoſe Holocauſts, which preſerve on Earth our reſpect and veneration to the Goddeſſes, ſacred and pure enough to be offer'd publickly to them? I know not what you treat of, ſaid *Agrippa*, ſmiling, but were I a Goddeſs, the extraordinary offers of men, would cauſe me to ſuſpect ſome private intereſt, or deſign, in the intention of the ambitious offerer: And I do not find, that it is natural to Mortals of *Ovids* merit, to make always pure devotion the object of their Sacrifices. I am of your opinion, reply'd *Terentia*, a perſon of *Ovids* Principals will ſoon become as formidable to the Gods of the Earth, as the Gyants were once to thoſe of Heaven: wherefore if I were of his Council, I would adviſe him to be ſo cautious in paying his worſhip to a certain Deity, that none of the Imperial Court above, ſhould be ſenſible of it, but herſelf.

You will apprehend, by what you have heard before, that this diſcourſe of *Terentia*, was only a proſecution of that ſhe had began to me in the Empreſſes Apartment; and that by my Goddeſs, and the diſpleaſure of *Jupiter*, ſhe would privately ſuggeſt to me my love to *Julia*, and advertiſe me, that the Emperor was offended with my frequent viſits, and familiarity with that Princeſs: But *Craſſus*, who lent a diligent attention to our diſcourſe, gave it another interpretation. I return'd ſuch anſwers as I thought moſt oppoſite to retort the flatteries they levelled at me. Our *Promenade*, extended it ſelf to a more than ordinary length; which I ſupported with ſuch expreſſions of gallantry and pleaſant retorts, as merited to be

honor'd with many a glorious Compliment and Encomium by the fair *Terentia*, which, I muſt confeſs did bear the character of ſo much good will and kindneſs towards me, as would have ſtartl'd the courage of any baſhful Lover. The Emperor came in queſt of his illuſtrious Miſtreſs into the Walks; as ſoon as I ſaw him I retir'd: The whole Court was not ignorant that he deſir'd always to entertain *Terentia* in private, and *Craſſus* was obliged more than any other perſon, not to put himſelf in the circumſtance, of being a witneſs to their Converſe; he withdrew as well as I; and following me cloſe at the heels, overtook me upon the Terraſs that bounds the Gardens, towards the River *Tyber*. May a man aſpire, ſaid he, ſaluting me, without temerity, to a minutes diſcourſe with the renown'd *Ovid?* Does not the ſpiritual *Terentia*, and the great *Agrippa*, beget in you a loathing towards perſons of Plebeian Capacities? 'Tis true, ſaid I ſmiling, *Ovid's* ſpirit has an antipathy againſt all baſe and ſordid converſation; and thence it proceeds, that he is ſo ambitious, of that of the noble *Craſſus*. We meaſur'd the length of the Terraſs, with ſuch diſcourſes as theſe. *Craſſus* gave them the firſt diverſion, and talking a while of things indifferent, at length with a kind of affected confidence (he would ſeem to repoſe in me) he began to acquaint me with the deſign he had to gain ſome conſiderable employ in the Army, which was marching for *Illyria*. You do not deal with me, added he, with that candor, as I with you; you ſee my heart meets you bare-fac'd and open breaſted; and you have yet never honor'd me with the confidence of the leaſt of your Secrets. My heart, ſaid I, has hitherto been

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the Cabinet of very few Secrets: not has it ever been engag'd in any Intrigue of State: The myſtery of ſome youthful gallantry has yet been the higheſt Point, either in the wheel of fortune or ambition it has aſpired to; and by a misfortune, which my fate not deſigns have drawn upon me, my Love-adventures do tread the ſtage of the World ſo publickly, that it were a high piece of vanity in me, to go about to confide them, to a perſon of *Craſſus*'s intelligence. You are a grand diſſembler, reply'd *Craſſus*, and thoſe Adventures you abandon to the publick, are only caſt before their eyes like a jugglers Miſt, to dazle them ſo, that they may not through that thick Cloud diſcern the real ones: nor do you doubt to ſacrifice ſome credulous Dames, who are the Stales only to your deſigns, to the ſafety of your more effective Miſtreſſes. And as we ſaw not long ago with what artifice you made young *Valerius* himſelf, for two years together, the Stalking-horſe to his Siſters diſhonor. I'll ſwear the open feint you make at *Sulpicia* muſt include a ſublime and intricate Myſtery. This diſcourſe made me tremble, for the concern I had for *Julia*. What reaſon have you to deny, ſaid I, that the beauty of *Sulpicia* ought not to challenge the whole Empire of a heart, though capable of never ſo boundleſs a Paſſion? I will not prove my ſelf guilty of ſo great an arrogance, as to boaſt my ſelf worthy to make love to the fair *Sulpicia*; but ſuppoſe I were, has not *Sulpicia* think you, Wit and Charms enough to ſatiate each appetite of my Soul? Let her have all the Wit and Beauty too in the World, if you pleaſe, ſaid *Craſſus*; I will not endeavor to convince your ſuppoſition; but I ſhall maintain, that *Sulpicia* is not the Goddeſs of *Ovid*;

you understand too well to frame your applications, to give the title of Goddess to the Wife of *Tisienus*. Lovers, said I, interrupting him, attribute the name of Goddess, to all such Objects as receive from them the Sacrifice of sighs and vows; neither is it the Rank, nor the Quality of any of the Sex, that can snatch this Laurel out of the mouth of a Lover, and crown their own temples with it; but 'tis the suitable harmony and proportion which is found between the title of Goddess, and the adorations of the Heart, that does fix it there. When *Paris* made love to the Shepherdess of *Oenona*, he gave her the same title he afterwards gave to the Wife of the *Spartan* King. But you do not ascribe, said *Crassus*, interrupting him, the name of the same Goddess of Hearts to *Sulpicia*, as you do to a Person more eminent: you offer up your feign'd devotions to the Wife of *Tisienus*, but your real adorations to the consort of *Mecœnas*. This last word was the thread to guide me out of a Labyrinth of confusions; for all that *Crassus* imputed to *Sulpicia*, might so aptly be apply'd to the Daughter of *Augustus*, that till I heard the Consort of *Mecœnas* nam'd, I thought the whole Intrigue had been discover'd. I assum'd courage, when I saw my fears were deluded, and regarding *Crassus* with a brisk air in my countenance; I understand you very well, said I, you take pleasure to introduce a discourse of the subject you love: but you might have spar'd your self the trouble, to derive its streams from so remote a head; I am complaisant to the desires of my friends, and we might have employ'd the time of our conversation to better advantage, if I had thought your design in entring into discourse with me, had been only to interweave it with that of

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the divine *Terentia*. The intervention of *Domitius Ænobarbus*, who walk'd likewise upon the same Terrass, prevented *Crassus* from making me an answer: he was upon us so unexpectedly, that we were forc'd to discontinue our Converse. You are acquainted with *Domitius*, he is one of the persons of greatest merit in the Court of *Augustus*, and had married one of the Daughters of the Princess *Octavia*. We could not decline his encounter as we might have done another of less consideration. He invited me to Sup with him; and as soon as the Moon should lend us her silver Torch, engag'd me to wait upon him to a noble Palace he had built at *Picene*; I continued there three days, which my absence from *Julia* caused to appear three ages to me. Besides the pleasure such a ravishing object would have afforded me, I was impatient to communicate to her, the advice I had received from *Terentia* in the Gardens of *Lucullus*, and consult her about the best means to elude the Emperors suspition. As soon as I put foot out of stirrup, I hasten'd to her Apartment. She was in her Closet with *Sulpicia*; the door was shut, but I had ofttntimes before taken the liberty to interrupt them in their privacy, the Princess not disapproving it: *Sulpicia* came forth when she saw me; but *Julia* stood with her face turn'd from me towards the Window: I thought I discover'd by the eyes of *Sulpicia*, that something of discontent hast past betwixt the Princess and her self; *Julia* held some flowers in her hand, which she snapt off, and threw away, with an action full of passion and indignation: I approacht her with all humility, and beg'd her to let me know wherein those innocent Flowers had displeas'd her. If you ever

ſee her more, ſaid ſhe, without giving an anſwer to my demand, you muſt not expect to ſee me again as long as you live. How, reply'd I, in a ſtrange ſurprize, muſt I never ſee my Princeſs more? What Devil ſhall have the power to deprive me of the adorable ſight of my Goddeſs? The ill adviſed *Sulpicia*, ſaid the Princeſs. It ſeems I renounc'd the whole ſtock of intereſt I had in you, when I gave her leave to claim a ſmall branch in it; nor does ſhe doubt to tell me to my face, that her ſhare in you is more conſiderable than mine; but ſhe ſhall not long have cauſe to boaſt of theſe advantages; for if I may pretend to any power over you, ſhe ſhall ſoon ſee herſelf retrench'd of all your other favors, but indifferent viſits. I leave you to judge to what a pitch of joy this pretty jealous concern of the Princeſs did elevate my Soul. I was cautious not to impart to her the advice *Terentia* had given me; it had come ſeaſonable to me; and to diſoblige *Sulpicia* in a conjuncture wherein the Emperors emergent ſuſpitions began to threaten danger to our affairs, had been to hazard a greater. But the intereſt of Love ſeldom complies with the rules of Prudence. I heap'd a Million of Benedictions upon each ſyllable her indignation uttered; I limn'd to her a diviſion in Love, in colors, which expreſt it in all the ſhapes of horror and deformity; I complain'd of the injuſtice ſhe had done all thoſe faithful devoirs my love had rendr'd her by indulging it ſo much liberty; and I earneſtly conjur'd her by a moſt ſtrict Edict of her ſovereign diſpleaſure to repeal all thoſe ſhe had ſuffer'd me to render to *Sulpicia*. The Princeſs gave attention to all I ſaid, but anſwered me only in the language of a troubled Meen, which I did interpret

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as a good *omen*. I ask'd her divers questions touching the vanities of *Sulpicia*; she declar'd some of them to me, and left me to divine the rest. I perceiv'd that *Sulpicia* had done me greater services by her indiscretion, than her counsels; and by magnifying her own advantages and interest, had not a little advanc'd mine: I had hopes the Sun would have broken forth gloriously upon me, after these sweet dawnings of my Princesses constancy and favor towards me, had not the arrival of the Prince *Marcellus*, wholly eclips'd it; but I had the satisfaction to perceive, this disappointment was as unwelcome to the Princess, as my self; which she expresst with a gesture full of chagrin and discontent; and inclining herself towards my ear, she order'd me not to fail to attend her in the Flower-garden, which the windows of her apartment look'd out upon, as soon as the Emperor was gone to his repose. We will decide our controversie, said she aloud, at the hour appointed; this time is not proper for such disputes.

Marcellus ask'd her, What the dispute was? Nothing, said *Julia*, but a small difficulty I have started to *Ovid*, touching his Treatise *de Arte Amandi*; and taking a Manuscript of it up in her hand, which by accident lay before her upon the Table in her Closet, she surpriz'd me with the presence of her sudden wit and apprehension: And *extempore* formed a dispute with such ingenuity and solidity of Reasons, as if she had dedicated the study and premeditation of many hours to the contexture of so elegant a discourse; and by uttering a thousand things, which plausibly suiting the Subject in question, did likewise suit with what had past, before the Princes arrival, she struck me into that admiration,

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that I was afraid, leſt the unadvis'd Effects of it might have prov'd Traytors to their Sovereign Princeſs. I took my leave, and went to prepare the appetite of my Soul for that divine Treat, I hop'd that night would afford it. I make this Relation to a perſon, who has declar'd himſelf to the World, a Nonconformiſt in the Religion of Love; and has rather choſen the barbarous Iſle of *Thalaſſia* for a Miſtriſs, than a beautiful Lady for a Wife; and therefore is incapable to judge of the ſtate, my hope and impatience reduc'd me to. I was poſſeſt with a kind of amorous diſtraction, which render'd both ſolitude and company equally burdenſom to me. Each moment ſeem'd an Age to me in my Chamber; and being impatient to deceive my impatience, going forth to divert it in *Auguſtus*'s Palace, I kept continually in motion, and with large paces meaſuring the diſtance between one Apartment and another, I was not capable of making a ſerious reflection upon the ſubject, that might be the cauſe of ſo reſtleſs a diſtemper. This motion, at length, like all others, was terminated in its centre. The Emperor, at that time, was enter'd into a ſmall courſe of Phyſic, which he us'd to obſerve every Spring. The Prince *Marcellus*, and *Mæcenas*, came into *Terentia*'s Chamber, where I was; and told her that *Cæſar* was retir'd. It was not yet the ordinary hour, the young Prince us'd to withdraw to his Repoſe: He made a Propoſition to them of ſpending an hour or two at Play: *Mæcenas* agreed to it; and a Concern either for one ſide, or other, had engag'd all their idle Followers. I threw away a little time in looking upon them, not to render the haſtineſs of my departure ſuſpected; and thinking that I had obſerv'd all the neceſſary Rules of Policy, I took my

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time, and stole in all silence away from them; when, unexpectedly, one of *Terentia*'s Women came after me, and told me, her Lady had some business with me, and desir'd me to walk into the next Room; I thought, at first, to have deny'd obedience to this order; but the fear I had, lest the cause of my disobedience might be suspected, join'd to the sincere esteem and veneration I had for *Terentia*, caus'd me to yield an unwilling obedience to it. *Terentia* had a desire to impart to me the design of a piece of galantry, she was preparing to solemnize on the birth day of *Augustus*, which was then near at hand. The thing intended requir'd no great premeditation: and if my wits had been in my own possession, a quarter of an hour had been sufficient to have dispos'd the whole Scene; but I was so little my self, that I scarce took notice of what she said to me. I forc'd her to repeat one thing two or three times over. She was sensible of my distraction, and smiling, ask'd me, If I had not been that day at some Treat? You know, very well, Madam, answer'd I, that *Bacchus* is not my Deity; but I protest that my wits are at this present so far from home, that if you do not allow me this night to compose them, your Mask will be very ill regulated. *Terentia* is endow'd with one of the sharpest apprehensions in the world; and unfortunately for me, was that night in a humor of Railery. She conjectur'd what it was, that had put me off of the hinges, and proposing to me divers questions of Wit and Gallantry upon the subject of my Amours, which she thought would most oblige me, she detein'd me two long hours, maugre all the attempts I could make, to disingage my self, without rudeness, from her importunities. *Crassus* was one of the Spectators, when Prince *Marcellus*,

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and *Mecœnas*, began to ſet themſelves to play; I could not divert his jealouſie: For *Domitius*'s arrival had prevented me, when I was going about to undeceive his ill opinion of me; and from that hour I had alwayes been abſent from *Rome*, or in ſome occaſion or other, which gave me no opportunity to renew our diſcourſe, or converſe. He obſerv'd how one of *Terentia*'s Women, had come to me, and commanded my ſtay, when I was going forth; he ſaw me direct my courſe, towards a Chamber, whither he had ſeen *Terentia* retire a little before; he ſtood Sentinel, with much impatience, to watch for my coming out, and was enrag'd, that I ſhould be cloyſter'd up two hours together with the perſon, to whom he had ſacrific'd his higheſt adorations. His jealouſie tranſported his fury beyond his reaſon, which caus'd him to follow me out of *Mecœnas*'s apartment; and to conceal the cauſe, as I conjecture, of his reſentment, from thoſe eyes, which were then upon him, he curb'd the effects of it, till he ſaw me juſt at the Gate of *Mecœnas*'s Baths, which opens into the Garden, where I was commanded to attend. Turn again, *Ovid*, ſaid he, advancing towards me with his Sword in his hand; the Bleſſings Fortune ſhowrs down on thy glorious head, is worth a hazarding an inglorious life; for I knew the voice of *Craſſus*, and apprehended his error; but it was impoſſible then, to convince him of it; he attack'd me with a fury, which would not allow me time to open my lips to undeceive him. The Prince *Marcellus* arriv'd, juſt as we began to draw blood from each others veins; and ſeparating us, expreſt to us, in obliging terms, the concern he was in, to ſee two perſons of ſo much honor, as either of us were, engaged in ſo deſperate a quarrel. Whil'ſt the Prince

was endeavoring to part us, a Maid-ſlave of the Princeſs, who waited for me at the Garden-door, to conduct me to a cloſe Arbor, whither her Lady was retir'd, hearing the claſhing of our ſwords and voices, ran haſtily to advertiſe her of our combat. The Princeſs imagin'd herſelf to be the cauſe of it; and thinking that this had been ſome ambuſh laid for me to chaſtiſe my audacity, ſhe came running to the place, in a mortal diſtraction, betwixt love and fear. Her apprehenſion had rob'd her of her judgment; and ſhe let fall ſome unadvis'd words, which betray'd our intrigue; and being join'd to the circumſtance of that unſeaſonable hour, rais'd that ſuſpition in the breaſt of *Auguſtus* his Nephew, that no diſguiſe could longer conceal from him. *Marcellus* was a Prince of great honor and virtue; but the hopes that did elevate him to the thoughts of aſpiring to the Marriage of *Julia*, had ſtamp'd a new character upon the goodneſs of his nature. He addreſs'd his complaints to the Emperor, againſt the indiſcretion and diſhonourable carriage of his daughter; which ſo inflam'd his indignation, that he preſently ſent the Princeſs away to *Tuſculum*, where ſo watchful a Guard was ſet over her, that I durſt not hazard any attempt either to purchaſe a ſight of her, or convey a Letter to her; and in a ſhort time after, I receiv'd the Order of my own Baniſhment. The generous *Terentia* employ'd her power with the Emperor, to qualifie his diſpleaſure; but the information, which the malice of ſome ill Men had whiſper'd to him, forc'd him to return her a denial. In the mean time *Craſſus*, (who being convinc'd by the reſentments of Prince *Marcellus*, had the juſtice to think, that a perſon grac'd with that favor by the daughter of *Auguſtus*, as to obtain her

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compliance to such night-assignations, could not probably be embark'd in any other adventure of the like nature) believ'd that he had attack'd me without reason. He came to take his leave of me, the same morning, I was to take mine of *Rome*; when he inform'd me of those things, which you may imagine I could not by my self arrive to the knowledge of; and testify'd his trouble and grief to me in terms so passionate, that they wholly disarm'd my indignation. But his too late repentance could not restore me my *Julia* again: In adventures of this nature, an occasion once lost, is never to be retrieved more.

Whil'st *Ovid* was making this Relation of his secret intrigue with *Julia*, the *Thalassian* Lady, to whose heart the blind Archer had sent one of his most invisible darts, felt the real effects of her Friends predictions. *Ovid*'s hopes had deceiv'd him, when he was willing to believe, that the fair *Roselina*, was the private *Inamorata*: But the knavish Boy took delight to sport with the severe humor of the daughter of *Lepidus*, and it was she, who was become amorous of the reputation of the famous *Ovid*. Oh! cruel Friend, said she to *Roselina*, you have taught my heart a Lesson, it ought to have been ignorant of. It is too manifest a truth, that the person of *Ovid* has ravish'd from me that esteem, which I thought nothing, but his Works had been capable to challenge. There is a Magic in the air of his countenance, which has enchanted me at the first sight; and if I had not presently retir'd from the place, where we first saw him, I believe, I should not have been able to have conceal'd my surprize from the observation of the Company. Alas! went she on, with a sigh, Love takes now too cruel a revenge, of the contempt, I have alwayes hitherto express'd for his power.

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I do not perceive, reply'd *Roſelina*, that this god merits that character of Revenge, you impoſe upon him: *Ovid* bears not in the World the repute of a cruel perſon; and I am deceiv'd, if he be of that inhumane temper, as to be inſenſible of a paſſion, which is dreſs'd in ſo many Charms and Beauties, as *Junia* is Miſtriſs of. Ah! replied *Junia*, my heart ſhall never betray that ſecret to him: *Ovid* is the wild Ranger of *Cupid*'s Chaſes, and unconſtant by profeſſion, whom all the Charms, *Venus* herſelf is Miſtriſs of, are not able to confine to one Object; and ſhould mine, as inconſiderable, as they are, be indued with that miraculous power, as to influence a conſtancy upon him, *Tiſienus* informs me, that the cauſe of his diſgrace, is only a jealouſie of *Auguſtus*; And *Terentia*'s intereſt will quickly re-eſtabliſh him in the Emperor's favor, and the Baniſhment of *Ovid* will have an end, as ſoon as ſhe ſhall interpoſe her authority between him and *Cæſar*'s indignation. Do not you think me then moſt unfortunate in a Paſſion, which I am in danger to give entertainment to alone; and were it reciprocal, would be alwayes expos'd to the terror of an infallible ſeparation? *Arimant*, unhappy *Arimant*, ſaid ſhe, letting ſome tears fall, I now undergo a rigorous chaſtiſement for all the injuries, I have done thee.

About this Seaſon, *Junia* was accuſtomed to celebrate the Birth-day of her Father: ſhe had upon other Years invented divers ſorts of Games and Recreations to honor that ſolemn day, and for this, ſhe had deſign'd a Conſort of Muſick upon a Lake, which was one of the greateſt Wonders, that illuſtrated that Iſland. *Roſelina*, was her aſſiſtant in the deſign. She had acquaintance in *Mitilena*, the Metropolis of *Lesbos*, by means whereof, ſhe had procur'd

cur'd a Company of choice Muſitians from thence. They came the ſame night, that *Ovid* arriv'd. *Junia* expreſs'd all the diligences of a ſolicitous Lover, to regale her *Ovid* with a Banquet of Muſic, for his firſt welcome to *Thalaſſia*; and as the intent of this frolick had no other object, than *Ovid*, ſhe gave order to the Muſicians to tell all, that ſhould examine them, that *Ovid* had ſet them on work. The Inhabitants were much ſurpriz'd, when walking in the evening by the ſide of the Lake, they heard the noiſe of divers voices and inſtruments rebound from ſome Boats to the ſhore, which were purpoſely prepar'd for that Solemnity. Thoſe, who underſtood not the myſtery look'd upon one another with aſtoniſhment, and enquir'd, Who amongſt them were the Authors of this piece of Gallantry? Every one deny'd it; you will perceive preſently, ſaid *Ovid* ſmiling, that we ought to pay our thanks to *Hortenſius* for it. He has an intention to chaſtiſe himſelf for a fault, which he is indebted to for his baniſhment, and repealing his Error, dedicates to ſome fair Ilandreſs this public teſtimony of his converſion. Theſe falſe *Elogiums*, reply'd *Hortenſius*, cannot ſeduce my vanity; you muſt attack me by ſome more ſubtle ſtratagem, to make me imitate the Crow in *Æſop*: And I ſhall not only not render my ſelf guilty of dedicating a Treat to any *Thalaſſian* Lady, but ſhall eſteem the ſuſpition, or thought of having done it, an injury, I will not ſay to the honor, but humor, of *Hortenſius*. This is only a glory you have, ſaid *Junia*, interrupting him, to make the vanity of your ill humor, more conſpicuous. I do not think it worth my admiration, that there are ſo many Souls in the world incapable of that generous Paſſion; the Star, which governs the ſublunary Empire of Love, is

doubt-

doubtless not without its oppositions; and the Heavens are of an extent vast enough to comprise two contrary influences within their circumference; but general divertisements are the innocent effects of a Gallantry, without design or interest, and like the Motto's annex'd to honorable Coats of Arms, may be practis'd as well by a heart wholly unconcern'd, as that, which is most inflam'd.

The Spectacles, or Games, reply'd *Hortensius*, we exhibit to the People, or the Diversions and Recreations we present to our Friends, may bear that Motto of indifferency, you have character'd to us; but those which are wholly consecrated to the honor of Ladies, must necessarily include a design to please and oblige the Sex, which I never was, nor ever shall be, and am, at this moment, in despair of ever being capable of. I shall pay to it all the respects, a person of honor cannot acquit himself from without incivility; and if any one of them should be reduc'd to that streight or circumstance, which should call upon my assistance, I would afford it her with as much fidelity and zeal, as if I had been from my Cradle a profest Lover: But this I should perform, by a principle of natural compassion, which is capable of no partiality to either Sex, and would express itself with as much concern towards the most unworthy of all Men, as the fairest of all Women. I judge this indifferency of *Hortensius*, said *Rosolinda*, may be a vice of that ill temperament, which nature first season'd him with: but I think I saw another way, to derive its pedegree: the aversion he has for our Sex, is too violent to be the effect only of an antipathy without any foundation: I am of opinion, it is the daughter rather of Revenge, than Nature; and if he will be so ingenious, as to avouch

the truth, the Memory of some past injuries has imprinted this character in his Soul.

I am not able, said *Lentulus*, taking up the discourse, to satisfie your doubts concerning *Hortensius*, but if you have a desire to be resolv'd of those concerning the *Neptunian* harmony, I can assure you, that *Ovid* is the Author of it, and that I receiv'd my intelligence from the Mouths of the Musicians themselves. This News surpriz'd the Company with wonder, which could not sufficiently admire by what stratagem *Ovid* had been able in so short a time to assemble and unite, in one body, the various parts of so perfect a Consort. Some call'd him Inchanter, others desir'd him to impart some of his Magick to them, and every one render'd him the subject of his own confusion, and their astonishment. He had set foot in this Island, in a humor little suiting with such kind of diversions: He was scarce thrown ashore, when he encountred his two Friends, and since that Moment *Hortensius* had never been out of his company: he desir'd him to answer for his innocence, and free him from those undeserved praises, they charg'd him with. He complain'd of *Lentulus* for having been the Author of this disastrful Railery, and conjur'd him, not without a little passion, to suppress a folly which had sported too long with his affections, and was so disagreeable a Companion for them. His Protestations, and his Complaints, were not regarded, but as the effects of his Modesty; and whatever he could alledge in his excuse, the honor of the Pageant was fix'd upon him. He was troubled to be made the Mask to anothers disguise: which caus'd him to rise very early the next Morning, to find out the Merchants, who had sold their lyes and labor at so cheap a rate: He could

could not speak with them the Evening before, for *Lentulus* had not publish'd what they had told him, till after the Consort was ended. *Ovid* hop'd to make them deny, what they had said, and discover the intrigue of this pleasant Mystery, but his most diligent search could not retrieve one of them in the whole Island. *Junia* took great pleasure in the success of her innocent Railery, and to give herself a little more diversion, had discharg'd them, and sent them away, who by break of day imbark'd themselves upon a Vessel which set Sail for *Bisantium*. Their departure much displeas'd *Ovid*, who admired, that Fortune should express so much crossness to him of late, as to oppose most envious obstacles to the least of his desires; and these reflexions representing him to the feet of his divine *Julia* in her private Closet, brought such a Melancholy upon him, that he could not in that condition digest the thought of returning to *Hortensius*. He took his walk into a Meadow, which his wandring fancy conducted him to, where he had scarce measured four or five paces, when he perceiv'd *Roselina* tripping over the further end of it, towards a Grove of Cypress Trees, which some Outlaws, who had been formerly confin'd to the place, had probably taken pleasure to plant there. *Ovid* found this Stranger so charming, that though he had establish'd *Julie* in the throne of his heart, for the Soveraign Empress of his affections, yet he judg'd he should not turn Traytor to the principles of his sworn Loyalty, in giving a slight diversion to that Mortal discontent, which for her absence had invaded his Soul. He followed the track of *Roselina*; the labyrinth, which she entred into, had been design'd for a solitary retirement, where the paths, with a curious

artifice interwoven into divers innocent knots, as well to confound each other, as the unwary Stranger, were not very difficult to be trac'd through all their implicite Meanders. *Ovid*, with a little trouble, was guided by his cautious steps, to a green square, encompass'd round with flowry banks, and other natural seats of fragrant verdure, which seem'd to be the centre of this pleasant Wilderness: He found there, a Guittar and Books, in which, amongst some Musical Notes, that were blur'd and torn, he read these following Verses.

Shall I surrender? or stand to my arms?
What pow'r is able to resist such charms?
Must I submit then tamely to my fate?
Perhaps he'll such an easie conquest hate.
Alas! poor heart, methinks I hear thee say,
Despair to hopes has dam'd up ev'ry way!
Whilst thou consulteſt, if thou ought'ſt to yield,
Thou hast already yielded up the field.

At the foot of these Verses, there were divers Cyphers, drawn with a Pencil, wherein the Letters that compos'd the name of *Ovid*, were easie to be discern'd. He flatter'd himself with a belief, that his secret Mistris, had in this place entertain'd her amorous Passion, and finding the method, by which she expreſt it, very ingenious and elegant, he retorted them in this manner.

You must surrender, and lay down your arms;
You need to use no other, than your charms.
Y'are young and fair; then doubt not but your fate
Will make us a quick conquest love, not hate:
And since my heart such tender things does say,
To make't despair, were cruel ev'ry way:
Whilst y'are consulting, if you ought to yield,
has wholly yielded up the field.

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He left a blank for his name, as well not to hazard an indiſcretion, as to oblige the Lady, to explain herſelf firſt; and skreening himſelf behind a bank, he preſently ſaw *Roſelina* enter. She took the Guittar, which ſhe touch'd with admirable skill and ſweetneſs; and in playing, caſt her eyes upon the Books, and read that which was interlin'd betwixt the Notes, as one would read a thing, he had by rote before. She was preſent, when *Junia* made thoſe Verſes that morning; but by accident throwing down the Book, the Leaves turn'd, and *Roſelina* diſcover'd *Ovid*'s anſwer to them. She read it over more than once, and ſtopping at the place, where *Ovid* had left the blank for his name, ſhe ſeem'd to be put to a puzzle, to find out ſomething to fill it up, and ſuddenly caſting up her eyes to Heaven; and clapping her hands one againſt the other, ſhe run haſtily towards the track, which guided her out of the Labyrinth. She need not have done any more, to aſſure *Ovid*, that his deſires and conjectures had not deluded him. He made not the leaſt ſcruple, but that *Roſelina* was the Party, whoſe heart his Fame had led in triumph after him; and congratulating his happy Stars for this their benign influence, he reſolv'd to make it the diverſion of his baniſhment. *Roſelina* might have been eaſily overtaken by a perſon, that would have purſu'd her; but *Ovid*, was an experienc'd Lover, and knew with what precaution and tenderneſs he ought to manage the baſhful Modeſty of young Ladies, and leave the impreſſion of the firſt attacks, to receive its perfection from the ſtamp of more ſerious reflexions. *Roſelina* commanded as much liberty to retire, as ſhe pleas'd: and *Ovid* quitted not his poſt, till he thought he had allow'd her ſufficient time to make an entire retreat:

when all transported with joy, that he had made so happy an entrance into the Temple of *Venus*, he returned to *Hortensius*, where he found *Lentulus*, who willing to oblige his old Friend, invited him to dine with him. They fell again upon the discourse of the Musick: *Ovid* renew'd his complaints against *Lentulus*, for having made him the Subject of a Raillery, he was totally ignorant of. *Lentulus* confirm'd again, what he had affirm'd the night before. *Ovid* seriously protested, that those Musicians had told him a great untruth; adding a solemn Oath, that he had not the least concern, or knowledge of a consort, as miraculously vanish'd as at first assembled: which, at length, alter'd the opinion of *Lentulus*; and at the same time the gayetie, which appear'd before, in his countenance. *Ovid* soon took notice of it, and ask'd him the cause of this sudden change? It is too manifest, reply'd *Lentulus*, that I am betray'd! O ye gods, cry'd he, fetching a deep sigh, Is it possible that a person, who has so long commanded the highest adorations of my Soul, should be capable of so foul a treachery? We shall afford you our advice and consolation, said *Hortensius* interrupting him, as soon as we shall be informed of the cause of these extravagant Exclamations. Alas, said *Lentulus*, I need no intreaties to satisfie your curiosity: A person in my condition, feels a greater reluctancy in himself, to conceal a secret from his Friends, than to reveal it to them.

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THE HISTORY OF Lentulus.

WHen I receiv'd the Emperors Orders to march the second time against the *Getes*, and reduce them to their Obedience; he consider'd this Expedition, as a Work only of some few Months: and I assure you, I my self thought it not of that importance, as the sequel declar'd it. I was acquainted with the manner of fighting, the military Laws and Stratagems of that People: This experience gave me great advantages over them. Their Revolt was yet so young, and so newly crept out of the shell of Sedition, that it wanted growth and age to establish it with firmity; and the Troops, which *Cæsar* committed to my conduct, were all of choice and select men. In the mean while the almost inexpugnable obstinacy of this Nation, gave me more trouble and laborious exercise, than I could have imagin'd: and prolong'd a War for two whole years, which I hop'd to have concluded in less than one Campagne. This repugnance provok'd me to those acts of severity, which my ordinary temper is

naturally averſe from. I ſent away the chief Magiſtrates of ſome of their Cities, to plant Colonies in the deſart Iſlands of the frozen Sea; and running a great danger of my life in an Encounter, from whence the *Romans* were forc'd to retire with loſs and diſhonor, I cull'd out of the Priſoners, we took, thoſe of the beſt ſhapes, and extraction amongſt them; and ſent them, as a Preſent, to the Officer, who had the charge of the Gladiators. This revenge was the moſt rigorous, that I could inflict upon thoſe obſtinate *Getes:* which tranſported them to that rage and deſpair, that a few dayes after I had taken this courſe, the Sentinels, who were plac'd round my Tent, took a young Man attempting to force his entrance into it, who being ſearch'd, was found to carry a dagger conceal'd about him. He was brought before me; when the firſt view I took of him, did not more ſurprize, than charm my admiration. He ſeem'd not to be above ſixteen, or ſeventeen years of age. His ſtature ſcarce reach'd the middle ſize of Men, and wanted the addition of ſome years to give it its juſt proportion; but yet it was noble and of generous deportment; and each action of his perſon did bear the ſtamp and character of a charming greatneſs. His firſt aſpect ſeem'd, by a ſecret Magic, to diſarm my reſolution of a Revenge, to the rage whereof, I was fully bent to ſacrifice him, and all, that bore the name of *Gete*. I ask'd him, with a great deal of ſweetneſs, what deſign had brought him into my Camp? and for what intent he would have forc'd an entrance into my Pavilion?

To have kill'd thee, if it had been poſſible, reply'd the fierce Youth; my rage is too juſt, to be diſown'd; and the only regret, which ſhall attend my

wretched

wretched life unto those infamous tortures, to which I know, thy cruelty will soon expose it, is to outlive the effects of so glorious an attempt. Alas, my Friend, said I, what injustice have I committed against thee, that should inspire thy fury with resentments so barbarous and so criminal? Thou hast practis'd, said he, against me, one of the most sensible acts of barbarism, which was in thy power to execute upon me; I am descended of a blood, that ought to be of some consideration amongst the *Romans*. Death depriv'd me of a Father and a Mother, at an age, when I was only capable of acknowledging one only Brother for all my Relations and Parents: and Barbarian, him thou hast rob'd me of; and being insensible of the charms of that Youth, who was born with all the advantages, wherewith nature and education could accomplish him, hast barbarously added him to the number of the Gladiators, for a worthy spectacle to entertain the effeminacy and cruelty of the Tyrant of *Rome*: and the first, perhaps, wherewith he designs to regale the lusts of the Adultress *Livia*, shall be exhibited at the precious expence of my Brothers life. Oh ye gods, went he on, (whose fury this reflexion had inflam'd,) is it possible, that after an act of such inhumanity, I should tamely look upon thee with calmness, speak to thee, and not revenge upon thy loathed person, the injury thou hast perpetrated against the blood of *Herennius*? In pronouncing these last words, with a savage fury he would have darted himself in my face: which second attempt, having turn'd the points of more than twenty javelins upon his breast, had soon receiv'd its due chastisement, had not I interpos'd my self betwixt him and the indiscreet zeal of those, that were ready at so many gaps to let

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forth his desperate life. I pretended, I would wheedle out of him some discoveries, which might concern my own safety; and I gave order, he should be kept under a strict Guard, in a Chamber near mine. This command wanted not an appearance of reason; because it was not improbable, but that he might have some Complices: And supposing I had an intent to put him to death, it ought to be such a death, as might strike a terror, into all such, as might be engag'd with him in the same design. But these considerations were not the Motives of my preserving his life: another more unknown and secret instinct render'd it as dear to me, as my own. I was more surpriz'd, than he himself, when they presented their Javelins to his throat; and if my voice had not been sufficient to avert the danger, which threaten'd him, I think I should have oppos'd my own breast for a buckler, to have defended his. When I found my self alone, and enter'd into a serious reflexion upon the subject of these extravagant sentiments, which so insensibly incroach'd upon my reason, I impeach'd it of weakness and effeminacy; and was ready to open my mouth a thousand times, to give command to have an object, which with so infamous a distemper infected my judgment, remov'd out of the world by most exquisite tortures, but I had never the power, to pronounce the sentence, which hung upon my lips. Some *Demon*, or other enemy to my repose and glory, had charm'd my tongue, and allow'd me only the use of it, to give order to have the Criminal brought again to my presence. I said, and believ'd too at that time, that I had no other intent in causing him to be arraign'd before me, than by some curious questions, to extort an humble confession from him: But as soon as I cast my eyes upon him,

him, so sudden a fear possest me, lest he should answer like a desperate and stubborn wretch, and by that obstinacy provoke me to a necessity of inflicting death upon him even against my will, that I did not dare to propose one question to him: I pretended generosity; and told some Officers, whom the report of this accident had brought to my Tent, that if the attempt of the *Gete* had aim'd at any of their persons, he should have receiv'd his due punishment, at the same Moment I had been made acquainted with it; but since it was only level'd at mine, I would willingly force my own resentments to subscribe to the ambition I had, to try all manner of wayes to conquer the rigor and obdurateness of that stiff Nation. We ought to make an experiment, said I, whether these People may not be more sensible of our generosity, than severity. I will give this young Fellow his life, restore to him his Brother, oblige him with Presents, and send him away with his liberty, to proclaim amongst his Countreymen, that the *Romans* never exercise their rigor, but upon the obstinate and incorrigible; and that when the fortune only of *Mars* renders them Masters of their Enemies, they treat them, like Brothers. This opinion of mine found but few assenters amongst them; and those, who oppos'd it, were doubtless endu'd with most judgment and reason: But I did not propose it to them, as if I ask'd their advice in the case, but as if I had done them the favor to communicate it to them, as a resolution already fix'd and establish'd. I made a sign to the Prisoner to draw nearer to me; who approaching, I exhorted him never to attempt base and indirect wayes, to revenge himself of his Enemies; and after a long discourse, wherewith the standers by seem'd to be more

more mov'd, than the ſullen *Gete*, I concluded by declaring to him, that I granted him a life, his treaſon had forfeited, together with the liberty of his Brother.

The Youth ſeem'd to be tranſported beyond himſelf with a rapture of joy at this generous effect of my clemency; and caſting himſelf at my feet, with a ſtream of tears, (which ſeem'd even thorow my breaſt to have found a channel to convey themſelves to my heart) purling down his cheeks ah! *Lentulus*, ſaid he, a Perſon truly worthy to bear the name of *Roman*; thou haſt this day purchas'd a fame, which ſhall make more Nations bow to the Sceptre of *Caſar*, than thy moſt victorious Arms could ever pretend to. My Brother ſhall employ that life and honor, thou haſt here preſerv'd, to render himſelf worthy of thy matchleſs generoſity. As for my ſelf, I am only capable of offering up vows and oraiſons to Heaven for the augmentation of thy glory, and the preſervation of thy precious life. This hand the gods never ſhap'd for Sword or Lance, it was fury only that arm'd it; and to diſguiſe nothing from a Perſon, to whom I owe all, know I am a Woman, and that thou haſt preſerv'd the blood of a renowned *Roman*, in preſervation of my Brother, and my ſelf. Imagine in your thoughts the ſurprize, I was in, at this atteſtation: I had before a blind inclination to protect the life of that audacious Youth, but when this inclination ſaw it ſelf in a capacity to be own'd as a legitimate Love, it grew like a Giant, as I may ſay, in the Cradle, and in a Moment attain'd to that Maturity and Strength, that as no eloquence in the Mouth of another was able to confute it, ſo none in my own, is capable to give it its due character. I haſtily rais'd the fair Counterfeit, I a

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thousand times beg'd her pardon for the ill treatment she had receiv'd both from me, and my People: The confusion of my countenance and discourse, more clearly discover'd to her, what was agitated at the Counsel-Table of my heart, than the most flourishing Rhetorick, was able to have express'd. She soon perceiv'd it; and if I may allow credit to the asseveration of a Woman, a sense of gratitude wrought the same effects in her fair Soul, as her beauty did in mine. I understood from her, that she was call'd *Herennia*, and descended from that famous *Herennius*, who follow'd *Sertorius* into *Spain* at the time of the Tyranous Reign of *Sylla*. *Herennia* was not the own proper daughter of that *Herennius*, she was too young; but she was the daughter of a son of that illustrious Proscript: who, after his Fathers death, having scatter'd the miserable Relicks both of his own, and his Fathers wandring Errors over most Parts of the Universe, at last fix'd his Residence amongst the *Getes*; and had by a Lady, of an incomparable beauty, whom he had espous'd, this *Herennia*, and the young *Herennius*. They were Twins, and were left Orphans, almost as soon as they fell into the arms of the wide World; and had had their Education under a *Roman*, a Domestick of their Grandfather, who had instructed them in the Latine Tongue. Old *Herennius* did after the death of *Sertorius* retire into the *Baleare* Islands, whither the Tutor to the two young Infants follow'd him, and there learn'd the Spanish Tongue, which he afterwards taught his Pupils. He was a great Master in divers Arts and Sciences, which were requisite for the accomplishment of Persons of Quality; nor had he been a Niggard in imparting them to the two *Herennian* Orphans; and finding

finding them richly indu'd with natural capacities, had render'd them two Prodigies, of Learning, Wit and Education.

These things did she recount to me with an excellent grace, and testifi'd an impatient desire of seeing the Native Countrey of her Ancestors. I promis'd her to conduct her thither, as soon as the War was ended; and ever after I caus'd her to be treated like a *Roman* of Quality, whose Renowned Predecessors Fortune had before as unjustly ravish'd from, as now again it had miraculously restor'd to *Italy*. I re-invested her likewise in those Lands, which belong'd to her in the Territories of the *Getes*; all which were then lately fallen into the power of the *Romans*; I made a distinction betwixt those, and our other Conquests; and appointed certain Troops to guard them, as if they had been a part of the Patrimony of the Empire. The young *Herennius* was set at liberty by the Captain of the Gladiators, and honor'd with such Charges, as his age was capable of, in our Army; but he did not continue long in them, for he left the Camp by stealth, and since his departure, we could never gain any intelligence of him. The favors I confer'd upon *Herennius*, and those wherewith I daily studied to oblige his Sister, did purchase me her entire good will; and as she was of a candid integrity, and her intentions sincere, she made no scruple to declare to me, the real sentiments she had for me. That Summers *Campania* was drawing to an end, and my Troops began to look towards their Winter-quarters; *Herennia* made her ordinary Residence in a House, not far distant from the Camp. I entertain'd all the leisure my duty would permit me to steal from my charge, in her conversation: I promised you, said she to me

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one day, if you remember, only oraiſons and vows in exchange, for the life you gave me, and the liberty you promis'd my Brother: And ſince your generoſity has not confin'd it ſelf to the limits of your bare word, my gratitude thinks it ſelf oblig'd too, not to contain it ſelf within the bounds of a ſingle acknowledgment; I challenge, methinks, a more ſenſible intereſt in all that relates to you, than a bare ſenſe of a favor is capable of producing. I ought to pay you a reſpect, as to the General of the *Romans*; and though I had no other intereſt in your Concerns, than what the Memory of the Obligations I owe you begets in me, your preſervation and felicity ought to be held by me in the ſame rank with mine own: But when I conſider you within the reach of any danger, thoſe Obligations preſent themſelves no more to my thoughts, but the preſervation only of the perſon of *Lentulus*, which I prefer before the devoir of an acknowledgment; and if intereſt moved you to act, as you have done, you ought to repent your ſelf, that you have oblig'd me: for, methinks, the ſenſe of your favors, have no alliance at all with the ſentiments, I find in my breaſt for you.

O! Adorable *Herennia*, cry'd I, may you ever forget in that manner the Obligations, for which you think your ſelf redevable to me; they are but acts of juſtice, which merit not a place in your thoughts, and can only charge me with the praiſe of having perform'd my devoir: But may you ever, ever remember, that *Lentulus* adores you; that the terrible ſhape, wherein you firſt preſented your ſelf to his view, could not defend his heart againſt the effects of your charms; and that he ſhall love you to the laſt Moment of his Life with a Paſſion, no Lo-

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vers heart was ever yet capable of. That which you would have me forget, said *Herennia* interrupting me, ought perhaps with more Reason to challenge a place in my Memory, than that which you desire I should retein. You have effectually snatch'd me out of the jaws of death, into which my fury would have precipitated me: the Liberty of my Brother, is an essential favor; the Obligations, your have heap'd upon me, are real Obligations, and your Love, perhaps, may not have the same solidity: It is a *Chimera*, which time will dissipate without your permission; but yet by a Magick, which my strongest Resolutions cannot conquer, this *Chimera* charms my Soul with a more real delight, than a Verity would do of more importance. There is no necessity that I should farther enlarge my self upon this subject, added *Lentulus*, the indifferent *Hortensius* will dispense with a more tedious recital of such delicate circumstances; and the Amorous *Ovid* comprehends as well as my self, the Raptures they infus'd into my Soul; which did banquet upon them in all peace and tranquility, till *Tiberius* came like an intruding Guest, and intrench'd upon the bounds of my felicity: He envy'd the credit and favor of *Marcellus*; and the prudent *Livia* fearing the ill consequences of his Malice, had perswaded the Emperor to dispatch him away towards me, with some new Levies he had made, to reinforce the *Getish* War; the Orders of *Tiberius*, were nothing different from those, I had receiv'd from *Cæsar*; and it appear'd by the limitations of them, that *Tiberius* was sent to me rather as a Collegue, than a General: But I in him regarded the Son of an ambitious Empress, and without any repugnance resign'd to him the honor of the Supreme Command, which he manag'd at first with Mode-

moderation enough. And if the attempt of *Herennia* had never been known to him, I believe we might have at this hour held a fair correspondence together; but the report of it being conveyed to him, by one of those Tale-brokers which follow Camps, as well as Courts, he conceived it as an Adventure so singular and admirable, that he would needs see her. A secret presage within my Soul rendred this curiosity suspected to it; I endeavour'd to divert it with all the arguments my jealousie suggested to me: but being able to frame none, but what his obstinacy was resolved to confute, *Tiberius* would not be convinced, nor could I excuse my self from conducting him to the house where she was.

I will declare so much in the favour of the beautiful *Herennia*, she observ'd those precautions in all her actions before him, that I could not have exacted from her. She suppress'd part of the natural vivacity of her Spirit, and only suffer'd him to discover, what was impossible for her to disguise from him; whilst her deportment was wholly divested of that gaity and air which gave it at other times a most charming grace: her regards were modest and constrain'd. In a word, *Herennia*, than ever she her self then to the eyes of *Tiberius*, was not the same *Herennia*, that in our private Converse us'd to present her self to mine; but yet though she affected to appear so wholly alter'd from her self, she had not the power not to charm *Tiberius*. This Prince is one of the greatest dissemblers in the Universe; for a while he disguis'd his thoughts; but perceiving, in some visits he afterwards made to *Herennia*, that I had a Passion for her, and she some appearance of good will

for me, his jealousie for that time became his Master, and transported him beyond the Politicks of his dissimulation; you have taken your leave of a fair opportunity, said he to me one day, of making your court to *Cæsar*, by giving liberty to a Daughter of the *Herennius's*; you might have made a considerable Present to the Emperor in the person of this Slave; and if you will bestow her upon me to make one to the Empress, you shall in exchange command any thing of me, that lies in my power to oblige you. I Sir, cry'd I, all surprized, Can I deliver up to you, in the quality of a Slave, a young Daughter of the Blood of *Herennius*? Oh Sir! said I, are you ignorant of the Prerogatives which like so many Gems in an Imperial Diadem, incircle the glorious name of a *Roman*? *Herennia* is your Compatriot as well as mine; if the Caprice of fortune has for some time deprived her of the advantages her birth gave her, it could not deprive her of the Rights of it: and instead of rendring a service to the Emperor, in detaining *Herennia* in slavery, I am convinced, that *Cæsar* would enter into Arms to protect her from it, if any one should be so presumptuous as to attempt to impose unworthy Chains upon her liberty. The Blood of *Herennius*, reply'd *Tyberius*, is not so recommendable to *Cæsar*, as you seem to persuade your self: he was one of those Rebels disguised, who under pretence of establishing *Rome* in a liberty which she is too fortunate to have forfeited now to so glorious a Change; did miserably dilaniate the State by their divisions, and sacrificed the chief of the *Roman* Nobility to their private Lusts and Interests. The persons you mention Sir, said I, were never branded with that

Title,

Title, but by the enemies of the publick Liberty. None dare deny but that the Reign of *Augustus* ought to be preferr'd before that Liberty, which *Servilius* and the Grandfather of *Herennius* did with such pertinacy defend. But Sir, when they declared themselves the Protectors of it, it was not *Cæsar* that invaded it. And I doubt not but they would have unanimously deferr'd it to the high merit of *Augustus*, what they disputed with the tyrannous ambition of *Sylla*: And though *Cæsar* should consider them no otherwise than as the second causes, which Heaven employ'd to wrest the Empire out of the hands of a bloody *Marius*, and *Sylla*, to conserve it for the *Cæsarian* Race, I assure my self he would have no dis-esteem for their memory. The Emperor has too much reason, reply'd *Tiberius*, not to entertain a just resentment for all such, as oppos'd the establishment of the Sovereign Power; he is sensible that the same persons, who ran counter to the designs of *Sylla*, would have gloried to have been the Assassins of the Great *Julius*, had they lived in his Age. They were a company of opiniatre and ambitious Spirits; who judging that the World could not discover sufficient merit in them to elevate them to the Throne of Sovereign Authority, would like so many bloody Anatomists, dissect it into variety of parts, that each one might possess a parcell'd Empire for his share. The person of *Marius*, or that of *Sylla*, or that of *Augustus*, would have challeng'd the same Rank in their levelling thoughts. It is a Maxime of State to destroy all the young Sciens of that Seditious Race: If *Herennius* had been the only remaining Branch of the rebellious Stock of *Herennius*, something might

have been allow'd to her Sex; but she has a Brother, who has lately by a surreptitious attempt conveyed himself out of the reach of our Power; and therefore is but justice, that his Sister should remain a Pledge for him; and if you persist in her defence, I shall be forc'd to advertise the Emperor of your obstinacy, and cause her to be secured till I receive farther Orders from *Cæsar*. Upon this discovery of the ill intentions of *Tiberius*, I thought to have made my resentments whisper a harsh language in his ear; but I was afraid to create any division in the Army. I impos'd a great constraint upon my self, to avoid an inconvenience of that importance; and protesting that the Person of *Herennia* was wholly indifferent to me, I only represented to *Tiberius*, that he ought to consult the opinion of the chief Officers, touching the regard due to the sacred name of a *Roman*. *Tiberius* readily assented to this proposition: he doubted not, but that the title of the Son of *Livia* would captivate the suffrages of the whole Council to his own desires. And to speak the truth, the credit of the Empress was so formidable to the greatest part of the *Romans*, that *Tiberius* had perhaps succeeded in his design, had I allow'd him the leisure to proceed in it. I went the same night to *Herennia*, and giving her a brief account of what had happen'd, I possest her with such an horror of *Tiberius*'s intentions, that she protested to me, she was resolv'd to run all hazards, to conserve her liberty. I provided her a faithful guide, a Captain of a Cohort, in whom I could repose an entire confidence; to him I committed her conduct; and allowing her only one of her Relations to accompany her, who was desirous to share in

her

her fortune, I convey'd her into this Island, to attend here under the name of *Roſelina*, a more favourable deſtiny, than that the *Getiſh* Camp preſented to her.

How, ſaid *Ovid*, interrupting *Lentulus*, is *Roſelina* that ſame *Herennia*, whoſe Hiſtory you have recounted to us? And is it *Roſelina*, of whoſe affections, you ſo confidently aſſure your ſelf?

Roſelina, reply'd *Lentulus*, is the very ſame perſon, who captivated my affections, the firſt minute I beheld her under the name of *Herennia*, and ſhall command them to the laſt moment of my life, under what title ſoever ſhe ſhall be pleas'd to honor the World with her diſguiſe: But oh! ye gods, ſhe is now no longer that *Herennia*, from whom amongſt the *Getes* I receiv'd ſuch tender demonſtrations of her affection. *Tiberius* was not advertiſed of the departure of our Fugitives, but when it was not poſſible for him to retrieve them; which tranſported him to the higheſt degree of rage; but thinking it ſafe for him directly to attack my Perſon, which he knew was in good eſteem with the Soldiery, he vented his fury upon ſome of the Cavalry, whom I had made choice of for her Convoy. He laid to their charge the Crime of Deſertion, and proceeded againſt them as Criminals convicted. I vigorouſly oppos'd my ſelf againſt a courſe of ſo much injuſtice, and declar'd, that they had not left the Camp, but by my leave. This it was, which gave him a fair ope at me, as he imagin'd: whereupon he publiſhed a Remonſtrance againſt my Conduct; charg'd me with holding intelligence with ſome principal *Getes*, imputed the protraction of the War to the private employs, upon which I put the Imperial Forces, and

dispatching away his accusations to the Emperor, he engag'd the credit of *Livia* so powerfully against me, that *Augustus* caused me to be cited before the Senate, to render an account of my proceedings. The whole Army can testifie my fidelity; and though the reduction of the *Getes* requir'd more time than I at first apprehended, yet the services I perform'd against those Rebels, are not perhaps unworthy that reputation the World does flatter me with: But the favor of *Livia* was not to be ballanced, either with evidence, or justice. I left the Camp, as if I had addrest my journy towards *Rome*; but as it is never safe for a Subject to lay his head at the foot of his Sovereign, neither was it any longer in my power, to live without the sight of *Herennia*, I resolv'd to dedicate all the time my friends judg'd necessary for the quallifying the indignation of *Cæsar*, to my charming Amour. *Cepion* only, who is my particular friend, is acquainted with the place of my retreat: he remains still in the Camp, from whence he advertises me, of what is acted against my interest there; and by a Correspondent which I have at *Lesbos*, I receive certain intelligence what state my affairs are in at *Rome*. The reception I have hitherto received from *Roselina*, has been conformable to the Sentiments I have always observed in *Herennia*; till some few days since, I was sensible of an alteration. I have two or three times surprised her reading some Love-verses, whereof she refused to discover the Author. She has daily some secret or other to impart to *Junia*, wherein she will not do me the honor to be her Confident. The night before yesterday, a little after your arrival, she dropt some Tablets, filled with

with the amorous Complaints of a Heart, forc'd to render it self to the violence of an imperious Passion; she found me perusing them; and perceiving they gave me a sensible disquiet, instead of endeavouring to calm it, she strove to laugh me out of it, and told me with a brisk air in her countenance (which had almost plung'd me into the deepest precipice of despair) that the assurance of a reciprocal love, transported Lovers into an *Elysium* of Joy and Content; and that it was no small satisfaction to her, to see that mine was capable of fear and apprehension. When I desired her to inform me who it was, that Presented her with those amorous Lines, I daily observ'd in her hands; she answered me, I was too inquisitive, and protesting that she could not impart the Secret to me, without rendring her self unworthy of my esteem, she always tyrannically treats me with a scornful reserve, Yesterday, when I came to inform the Company, what I had learnt from the mouths of the Musicians themselves, she cast her eyes upon *Junia:* when presently with their wanton smiles they began a Dialogue betwixt each other, in a language none could interpret but themselves: I perceiv'd they made a rallery of my error, and understood by some broken words they whisper'd to each other, that that Musical Consort included a Mystery, we were ignorant of. I am doubtless betray'd; *Roselina* is inconstant; but oh! I know not upon whom to fix the suspition of her infidelity. I see no person in this Island, who deserves the character of my Rival. *Tisienus* is an ambitious Reserve, whose proceedings pretend to no conformity with the effects of Love. *Hortensius* is a declar'd Enemy to that Passion. *Ovid*,

whom I should fear more than all the World besides, has been embarkt but two days in this our Society. All others who inhabit this wild Solitude, are either imployed in concerns of another nature, or else not worthy to have any with *Roſelina*; yet in the mean time there is ſome perſon, or other within it, whom ſhe affects. I have a Rival, but cannot find him, and the more trouble I give my ſelf to diſcover him, the more conceall'd he remains from me.

Ovid, with a great deal of delight gave ear to the complaints of *Lentulus*, he doubted not, but that he himſelf was the ſecret cauſe of this alteration of *Roſelina*, and tickling his imagination with the pleaſing fancy of being made the Confident of his Rival, there was no kind of malitious queſtion, wherewith, as with a picquant ſauce, he did not endeavor to ſeaſon the Banquet, which fortune, as he thought, had prepar'd to regale his wanton palate. But, ſaid he to *Lentulus*, do not ſuffer your ſelf to be abus'd by a groundleſs nicety. *Roſelina* is perhaps the ſame perſon here, as *Herennia* was amongſt the *Getes*: It is nothing, but a caprice of jealouſie, which preſents her now to your thought in another ſhape. Oh! cry'd *Lentulus*, I am neither jealous, nor capricious; I enjoy'd ſo ſweet a ſatisfaction in the thoughts of being lov'd by *Herennia*, that if my heart had cauſe to fear a ſurprize, it would have been from too great a confidence, not a groundleſs jealouſie, of the affections of the divine *Roſelina*. I have an inclination to ſuffer my ſelf to be deceived, and was willing that ſhe ſhould put the cheat upon me; but the ingrateful One will not afford me the pity to be cheated by her. I met her yeſterday coming

forth

forth of an artificial Wilderness, which is in the Island, and which doubtless (said he, looking upon *Ovid*) you have not yet had the time to visit: she held some Papers in her hand, wherein I saw her read something; I askt her what it was: she might, if she had pleased, have answered, that it was a trifle not worth my perusal; for the least syllable she could have pronounc'd, might have challeng'd an absolute authority over my Soul, and I never found my self more dispos'd, than at that time, to give credit to what she said: but she told me laughing, that it was a Mistery of Love, which she could not then explain to me; and leaving me suddenly, she gave me cause to apprehend, that she had some affairs in hand, which were to be preferr'd before the obligation of giving me satisfaction. Have you not perceiv'd heretofore, said *Ovid*, that her levity has been guilty of any extravagant or chimerical Passion? History informs us, that a certain Lady became enamour'd of *Alexander*, only upon the fame and reputation of his great Actions, and sacrific'd the life of her Husband to this frenzie. Men of this age are fram'd of the same Ingredients which compos'd those of the former; and the imbecilities as well of the one Sex, as the other, which were practis'd in the time of *Alexander*, may descend to the Reign of *Augustus*. *Hermonis* has a solid Judgment, reply'd *Lentulus*, and a Soul above those Chimera's: which she rarely applies to the cultivating of her Beauty, that care she casts aside amongst the most unregarded pieces of her curiosity; and the ordinary affectations of other women, attract her contempt, not esteem: And though I am sensible that she once affected me with a Passion full of ardor and

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ſincerity, yet my moſt paſſionate endeavors were never able to debauch it to the leaſt degree of levity, or weakneſs. A Soul of this temper is ſcarce ſuſceptible of the impreſſions of an irregular imagination. But, added he, checking himſelf ſuddenly, your diſcourſe recalls to my memory, that ſome days ſince, ſpeaking of the extravagant effects of Love, ſhe maintained it might take birth in a heart, and be inflam'd of an object it never ſaw; and that ſhe could alledge an example of what ſhe aſſerted: And may not ſhe be that example her ſelf? Oh! ye gods, Can it be poſſible, that a heart of ſuch proof againſt the attacks of *Tiberius*, ſhould ſuffer it ſelf to be ſeduc'd by the flatteries of a Rhiming Sophiſter? The arrival of *Tiſienus*, prevented *Ovid* from proceeding farther in his malitious deſign: there had been no great correſpondence betwixt him and *Tiſienus*, whilſt they were in *Rome*; but people of the ſame Country willingly conſort together, when they meet in a ſtrange Climate. *Tiſienus* had not been inform'd of the cauſe of *Ovid*'s diſgrace, but by the relation of perſons of bad intelligence: he thought that the too eminent favor of *Terentia* had drawn it upon him; and whereas *Mecœnas* had diſcovered the Conſpiracy of *Marcus Lepidus*, in which *Tiſienus* was involv'd, he had no good thoughts for that worthy Favorite. He would ſeem in a Satyrical Note to deplore his misfortune, in having ſo unfaithful a Wife; Muſt *Cæſar* have Partners, ſaid he, in the Empire of Love? It is glorious for a Subject to ſhare ſtakes in any thing, with his Sovereign; but for *Craſſus*, for *Ovid*, and perhaps for ſome body elſe too; when a heart has made the firſt ſtep upon the courſe of

this

this gallantry, it ſeldom ſtops in ſo fair a road. To ſpeak the truth, this is to put the Philoſophy of *Mecœnas* to too ſevere a Teſt; I wonder that a Man of ſo powerful a credit, does not cauſe a new Tribunal to be erected, for the Trial of the bold Uſurpers of Matrimonial Rights. This raillery was very pleaſant in the mouth of *Tiſienus*: *Ovid* was ſo much taken with it, that he could not ſuffer it to paſs without a repartee. Husbands, ſaid he, whoſe Merits, might claim oftentimes chaſter Wives, than Heaven has join'd them to, owe grand obligations to you, for the charitable complaints, you make of their misfortunes. A perſon ought to be aſſur'd of the virtue of his own Wife, who ſo freely gloſſes upon another; and if you were not convinc'd of the fidelity of *Sulpicia*, you would not ſo liberally attack that of *Terentia*. I muſt confeſs, reply'd *Tiſienus*, that I am out of the reach of out of thoſe forked Darts my ſelf, which I level at the Brows of others; for *Sulpicia*, thanks to the heavens, is endued with a Virtue, impregnable to all attempts; but though I were my ſelf in the ſame predicament with *Mecœnas*, I could not forbear to rally at the adventure of ſo eminent a Politician. That grand Statesman, whoſe vigilance, like the Monoculus of the World, at one view compriſes the Empire of the Univerſe, who with a perſpicacious and faithful inſpection, penetrates into the ſecrets of Hearts; and diſcovers Conſpiracies againſt *Cæſar*, before they are *in Rerum Naturâ*, is inſenſible of thoſe which are daily projected againſt himſelf: he ſleeps in a high ſecurity, when he ought to awake for the defence of his own Honor; and wakes with an indefatigable activity, to terminate the affairs of *Illiria*. That is,

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reply'd *Hortensius*, because he is convinc'd, that a man should wake in vain, to divert a woman from what she is resolv'd to do. The care and vigilance *Mecanas* dedicates to the *Illirian* War, may perhaps be crown'd with a glorious success; but had he as many Spies, as *Argus* Eyes, he could not prevent the fortune his Wife threatned him with when she had once designed it in her pleasing imagination. I am not convinc'd with what you say, reply'd *Tisienus*, the care of a Husband contributes much to the prudent conduct of a Wife; when he carries a vigilant eye over his Family; confines the exorbitant desires of a young person within the bounds of moderation; obliges her to be at home at good hours; weans her with prudence and sweetness from such company, as may corrupt her innocence: By this means a man may dissolve the Gordian Knot of all ill habits; and placing only before the eyes of her curiosity a Mirror of good example, preserve her frailty from the danger of all dishonorable condescensions and lapses.

Behold, said *Ovid*, with a grave look, the fair documents *Tisienus* has us'd to make his fair Wife so great a Tygress as she is. I thought that she had ow'd her virtue to the excellence of her temper; but now I perceive by the Maxims *Tisienus* delivers us, that she derives it from another source; and doubtless she would not be what she is, had she not had a person of such excellent Principles to her Husband. *Hortensius* was scarce able to contain himself from bursting forth into an open laughter at this reply of *Ovid*; and fearing he should not be able to be the Master of himself, if the Converse continued any longer, he made a pro-

position

position to them, to go and take a walk in a pleasant Garden he had lately made. The Isle of *Thalassia* was not so populous, as many others, where with the *Egean* Sea is enricht: yet it was not wholly destitute of necessaries for the support of humane life. The neighborhood of *Lesbos* did furnish it with all sorts of skilful Artificers, and *Hortensius*, had employed them, to charm the tedious hours of his Exile: his house, though Country-built, was uniform and regular, and many artificial Walkes, form'd with an elaborate curiosity, which encompassed it, seemed to correct the natural wildeness of the situation.

Whilst *Hortensius* was entertaining the three *Romans* with the Beauty of his little *Thalassian* Villa; *Rosalina*, who naturally affected company, being distainted with their long absence, made a proposal to her fair Companions to go and surprize them, where they were. *Junia* expressed a coyness at the motion, for fear it might blemish her modesty. But *Rosalina* calling her a formal impertinent, and telling her she would take upon her self the boldness of the Visit, took the Daughter of *Lepidus* in one hand, and *Adimantie* in the other, and drew them after her towards *Hortensius* his Garden. He was then busie in showing his friends some rare Simples, which an *Arab*, who past by *Thalassia*, had made him a present of. These Plants grew within a private square, and the Servants of *Hortensius*, who went to advertise their Master of the Ladies arrival, forgot to look there for him: they hastily run over all the Walks, examined each corner of a Grove of Fir-trees, wherein they all center'd; and believing that *Hortensius* was gone out at another door, which open'd towards

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the Lake, they came and gave this imaginary information to the three Ladies; they were not much concerned at it, for they had found an employment, to divertiſe themſelves in the place, where they were; which was the Room where *Ovid* was lodged: he had forgot to ſhut a little Cabinet, which ſtood upon the Table; and their curioſity invited them, to take an Inventory of what was in it: The firſt thing they laid their hands upon, was a Picture of *Julia*, wherein ſhe was Pourtrated under the Figure of *Venus*. A little Love-god was preſenting a great number of Hearts to her; and the Goddeſs was weaving Chains with the Treſſes of her Hair, to captive them; ſome Links whereof, which ſeem'd by their color to be borrow'd from that fair *Venus*, ſerv'd inſtead of a Ribon, to hang a rich Carkanet of Hearts at, which were ſet within a ſparkling Caſe of Carbuncles, round the Borders whereof, a glorious Deviſe was engraven. Many Letters of different Characters were in the ſame Drawer with this Picture, *Roſelina* open'd one, and read it.

"When I could not comprehend, how there "could be a diviſion in your Adorations and your "Deſires, I was ignorant of the intention of thoſe "unuſual Sacrifices: I thought you had only offer'd "to my ſincere Paſſion a ſlight one of roving "Thoughts, which like wandring Pilgrims, "made every Saint the object of their devotion, "and wherein each common Goddeſs, might claim "a ſhare as well as *Sulpicia*; which fluttering a-"broad into every place upon the wings of Le-"vity, or Complaiſance, are rather Antidotes "againſt Love, than a ſovereign Cordial for it.

But

"But I must now confess, I have committed an injustice both against your transports & my own charms. "Offer up your adorations daily to the Princess; "charm her with your tender and delicate discourses; "dedicate the raptures of your Muse to her Shrine, "and still make love to *Sulpicia*, in the manner you "have begun; I shall not impeach the division you "make in your addresses, of infidelity; for I have "so firm an assurance of your integrity, that I "persuade my self *Julia* will have the greatest "cause to complain of it.

See here an incomparable Epistle, said *Roselina*, bursting forth into a loud laughter, to entertain a Lady, whose Stars should destine her to love *Ovid*. I have some Verses here too, cry'd *Junia*, which will not be improper for the entertainment you speak of: *Roselina* cast her eyes upon them, and found the following *Stanza*.

Dull constancy I hate, which cools our fires,
And only blunts the edge of brisk desires;
Love does to friendship soon degenerate,
When custom once its pleasures does rebate.
My frolick love, which glories still to be
The Ape of Natures Wise Inconstancy,
That with such rich variety does grace
Of Beauty-spots, each Seasons alter'd face,
Does love with it to change her own. The Rose
Her beauty does each day reveal and close;
Th'enamel'd Fields each year spring, and decay;
Leaves drop in Autumn, *and revive in* May;
Choice Beauties, like the Clouds, do fleet away.
What would my Love not give the gods t'inspire
It with immortal, but no constant fire?

I do not understand the Latine Tongue so well, said *Adiamanto*, to explicate word by word the Verses, which are fall'n to my share; but interpreting them, according to what I am capable to comprehend of the sense, I judge them to be a counter-charm against those, you have already read; *Junia* received them from the hands of *Adiamanto*, and found them thus expressed.

Would you reclaim my wandring Heart? Learn here
A way to keep in the out-lying Deer,
Love me without self-interest, or art,
Love me, like some innocent striplings heart;
Which loves, 'cause it in love delight does take,
And only loves to love, for lovings sake.
What can You more, or Love, require of me,
To make me love with faithful constancy?
But oh! Corinna, *you a Woman are,*
And though a Woman, All-divine, I fear,
You so much kindness ne'er will have for mine,
As home the wandring Pilgrim to confine.

This is an admirable piece of Courtship of *Ovid* to our Sex, said *Rufelina*, when *Junia* had read out the Verses, to impute all his own crimes to us, and not to be satisfi'd only to betray us, unless he likewise render'd us guilty of his own treasons. Is not this kind of injustice, reply'd *Junia*, common to all men? They love by fancy, and change through levity. When they have made us the subject of their inconstancy, and perceive that our just indignation looks with a scornful eye of a regardless insensibility upon their treacheries, they presently slander

ſlander it with the title of levity, or infidelity; and ſeem to accuſe us for plucking ſome laurels from their triumphs, when we gain ſo glorious a conqueſt over our ſelves, as not to deplore our misfortunes. And as if it were too little for us to be deſpis'd, to inhance their vanity, the Ingrates envy us even the ſlight ſatisfaction of concealing from the Publick, the effects of their inhumanity. It cannot be deny'd, ſaid *Roſelina*, caſting up her eyes to Heaven, that this wicked kind of creature, Man, is an enemy to our repoſe; but ſuch as they are, we have a natural inclination, to wiſh them better, than they deſerve. Experience has many Ages labor'd in vain to infuſe wiſdom into us; the Examples of ſo many Women trepan'd, proves no caution to us, not to expoſe our weakneſs to the like danger; and he that ſhould bring us all to our Affidavits, would find, that we had rather run the hazard of being deceiv'd ten times over in our lives, than to be debar'd from the converſe of thoſe Infidels. Whil'ſt *Junia* and *Roſelina* were diſcourſing, *Adiamante* was buſie in examining all the Avenues of the Cabinet: ſhe found there Verſes of different meaſures, and characters; and an Elegy, which ſhe laid aſide, becauſe ſhe could not underſtand it; ſhe alſo encounter'd with a noted Song, and amongſt all this, ſome fragments of that famous piece, intituled, *The Goddeſs of Hearts*, which *Ovid* mention'd in his own Hiſtory. *Roſelina*'s eye was upon *Adiamante*, when ſhe open'd the Papers, and, taking that out of her hand, wherein thoſe fragments were contain'd, ſhe found, it began in this manner.

One day of the Spring so pleasant, so fair,
When Love all in smiles aray'd, did repair
The face of Nature with new life, and taught
The am'rous winds a gentle Lovers Note;
The god perceiving that the single care
To charm Mankind, a task was too severe
And weighty for his Mother, did resolve —

Go on, said *Junia*, seeing *Roselina* make a stop at that place: so excellent a beginning, inflames me with an impatience to hear the conclusion. The conclusion shall be what you please, reply'd *Roselina* smiling; the Author has allow'd you the liberty of adding what conclusion, you think fitting, to it. *Junia* would not be convinc'd, but by her own eyes, of what her companion told her, and taking the Paper from her, with some difficulty pick'd out the following Verses, disorderly scatter'd, betwixt the raz'd, and blotted lines.

Severe Philosophy did heretofore
Oppose her rigid Maxims 'gainst my Pow'r;
The itch of Science did mine quite expel,
And made all hearts against my Laws rebel.
In an old Stoicks breast in vain I strove
T'imprint the character of tender Love;
In vain I strain'd my utmost diligence,
To captivate his Reason to his Sence;
Which Reason still out-braving all my pow'r,
Fresh courage to th' half vanquish'd did restore;
And from my own attacks advantage take,
And vanquishers did of the vanquish'd make.

My

My Mother then had all her practice loss'd,
Laws, Science, Arts, and Politicks engross'd.
All Vows, and Worship to my Altars thine,
And after them the chief of Mortals drawn.
But now those dayes, bless'd be the Fates, are gone,
And Royal Truth does re-ascend her Throne;
The Ignorant assume the Sticks place,
And now the World's no more, what once it was.

Junia could collect but these few Verses out of her blur'd and scribled Papers, when they heard a noise in the Hall near them, which made them judge, that the *Romans* were return'd from their Walk. They hastily plac'd all things again in the same order, as they had found them, in the Cabinet; and all advancing together to meet *Hortensius*, and his Friends, *Roselina* briskly tax'd them for the little respect they had shewn, in leaving them all that day to themselves. Their company was diminish'd by the retreat of the no less jealous, than amorous *Lentulus*, whose absence was not displeasing to *Ovid*. He spoke to the Ladies a thousand delicate and ingenious things upon the Prerogatives of Necessity. If the Daughter of *Lepidus*, said he, were now in *Rome* in that splendor and lustre, wherewith the Empire of the Universe beheld not long ago her glorious Family invested, and that *Roselina* and her fair Cozen were now with their beauty illustrating another part of the World, which, we are not ignorant, paid not long since a due homage to their glorious *Merit*, the Exiles of the *Thalassian* Island, would not be regarded, as capable to afford them any diversion; *Junia*'s would be, to see her Father distribute Crowns; and provide Governors for the third part of the Universe: And *Roselina* would take delight, to see her

Charms captivate the heart of one of the greatest Princes of the World. I know not what *Roſelina* thinks of what you ſay, reply'd *Junia*, but as to my ſelf, the ſatisfaction of enjoying the company of the famous *Ovid*, ſeems to merit a preference before all thoſe ſplendid diverſions, wherewith you would flatter my vanity. I never had yet any experience, what pleaſure the dignity of *Lepidus* could afford me; I came not into the World, till after he had made his retreat out of it; nor was I ever acquainted with the ancient ſplendor of our Family, but by the loud report the World gives of it. But with what regard ſoever I conſider the luſtre of it, there's nothing in it, that offers it ſelf to my Ambition, which I ſhould not be ready to ſacrifice to the ſatisfaction, I find in your converſe.

Oh! Madam, ſaid *Ovid*, now I perceive my company is not ſo agreeable to you, as you declare; if it were, you would not be ſo prodigal in ſcattering thoſe flowers upon me, which with their flatteries have ſeal'd up my lips; I dare no longer regard you, no longer diſcourſe you; the too meritorious expreſſions, you have pronounc'd in my favor, have involv'd me in a confuſion, which muſt render me a Mute for ever in your preſence. I will be her Avoucher, reply'd *Roſelina* interrupting him, that no expreſſion of hers, has ſcatter'd a flattery upon you; and that the deſire to ſee you, has not of late uſurp'd the laſt place in her ambition; and I can teſtifie, that one of the chiefeſt regrets, which invaded her, at the fall of her illuſtrious houſe, took its birth from the impoſſibility ſhe conceiv'd, of ever ſeeing the renowned *Ovid*, but at the Court of *Caſar*. *Ovid* was ſurpriz'd at this teſtimony of *Roſelina*; he remembred, that he had heard almoſt the ſame words,

at

as the private Colloquy, he had not long before been a stolen witness to; but he attributed them to the daughter of *Herennius*, though they might as well suit with that of *Lepidus*. They were both of Roman extraction; both had cause to deplore the ruine of a Noble Family, and both might have had an opportunity of seeing *Ovid* in *Rome*, had not the fatal destiny of their Parents expell'd them, and all their glories out of the remotest Territories of its Dominions.

What you relate, Madam, said he to *Roselina*, does not surprize me with its Novelty; a certain Familiar Genius, which always prompts me with intelligence relating to my destiny, inform'd me not many dayes since, that a beautiful Person did honor me with some good will, who never saw me, but did with impatience desire to see me; and testify'd a regret, very consonant to those, you have express'd: But if my officious intelligence has given me a faithful account, this good effect of my Stars does not make its point towards *Junia*. The Familiar you speak of, reply'd *Junia* smiling, has had his Memory charg'd with such variety of Historical Remarks, since he came to your service, that it is no wonder, if he has confounded the circumstances of some of them. Princesses, Lady-Favorites, Senators daughters, Courtezans, and Rural Beauties, have had the honor (and often too) in their turns, to be the objects of your gallantry. How can the little Genius then, who Registers all your happy Adventures, keep an exact account, think you, in a Mass of such confusions? Whilst *Ovid* and the Ladies were diverting themselves with such like gallantries, *Hortensius* was giving Orders to his Family for the entertainment of his Noble Guests, who did his little

ville so much honour; and *Tisienus* was busie in perusing some of *Horace's Odes*, which he found upon the Table. Our curious Searchers of *Ovid's* Cabinet, had replac'd what they had taken out of it, and shut it again with so much haste and confusion, that one of the Papers, which they had read, was left sticking half in, half out, betwixt the shutters. *Tisienus*, by accident, cast his eye upon it, and without being perceiv'd by the company, drew it quite out. It was folded up like a Letter, and *Tisienus* knew the Cabinet belong'd to *Ovid*, as having seen it at his first landing in the hand of one of his Slaves. He imagin'd, it was a Letter from *Terentia*, but it had no superscription, which is the most usual way of writing a Billet *Doux*. *Tisienus* thought he had encountred now a fair occasion of exercising those resentments, he had long fomented against *Mecenas*. He hastily pocketed the Paper, with a resolution to examine it in private, and had scarce dispos'd of it out of sight, when *Florentius* came into the room; he had prepar'd a Collation, as noble, as either the straitness of the place, or the time could allow, which he had order'd to be serv'd up in a Gallery, adjoining to *Ovid's* chamber, whither he invited the Ladies.

This Gallery was adorn'd with many excellent pieces, which represented the memorable Gests of the most Renowned *Grecian* Heroes; you might there behold the triumph of *Ulysses* over *Ajax*, upon the dispute of *Achilles's* Arms. That exultancy of joy, which attends a triumphant success, was livelly expres's'd in the haughty meen of *Ulysses*; *Ajax*, on the contrary, bore all the marks of a furious despair, which wildly stared out at the wide extensions of his rowling eyes. His cheeks were swol'n big

with

with rage, his brows over-clouded, as it were, with a sullen Mist, his eyes sparkling, and unsetled: and at a distant prospect in the same table, you might see him spend his revengeful fury upon a poor tame sheep, whose innocence the ingenious Pencil had so lively expres'd, that you would have thought, you had heard her in a mournful accent implore your succor, whil'st the butcherly *Ajax*, tearing her bowels out of her body, did barbarously revenge upon this guiltless Animal, an outrage, it had never committed. Consider, I pray, these illustrious Heroes, said *Ovid*, whom Antiquity has commended to us, for no less than illustrious Deities. The refusal of a dead Mans Arms, an adverse success of a combat, a slight check of fortune, a small contradiction, depriv'd them at once both of judgment and sense; and made them convert the points of their Swords upon their own breasts, which they should have turn'd upon their Enemies. I must confess, that the titles of Divinity, were purchas'd good cheap in those dayes; and that the Demi-gods in the Fable were very happy, they enter'd the World before us; for few of them, I suppose, would have receiv'd from us the honors, our Forefathers so liberally entail'd upon them. See here a Man, said *Tiseme*, pointing to the Picture of *Cymon*, who, in what Age soever he had liv'd, would have attracted to himself the admiration of it. His bravery, his magnificence, and his virtue, was the wonder of all the precedent. And do you seriously believe, said *Ovid*, interrupting him in an ironical tone, that this virtue, this bravery, this magnificence, was such in effect, as Historie reports it. Those, who chronicled the actions of these Heroes, were their own Countreymen; and the glory of their Countrey, was inseparably annex'd to that of

the Heroe, they would blame: And the relation of their Jests was rather, an exercise of wit and eloquence, than a sincere and faithful Narration. But if we would take a clear prospect of things, let us consider, what *Greece* was: it was divided into 10 or 12 Monarchies, and 5 or 6 Republicks. The taking of a Town had amongst them the reputation of the conquest of a Kingdom; And a Man that was so brave, as to march half a score Miles, to invade the Territory of his Neighbor; and by surprize, or force, sack'd a small Hamlet or Village, had presently the honor of a triumph and title of Conqueror, given him. The same Hyperboles did often likewise elevate their virtue to that admired height, you speak of. *Epaminondas* was impeach'd before the Senate of *Thebes*, for giving the Government of *Mycenæ*, contrary to the express commands of the Republick, to young *Calisthenes* his Favorite; and yet he was esteem'd a Person of the greatest virtue amongst the *Grecians*. The *Spartan* Laws, which purchas'd such a reputation to *Lycurgus*, contain more Precepts, relating to the ease and convenience of humane life, than the Libertines of *Rome* did ever practise. The chiefest care of the *Spartans*, was to make their Republick populous; and if a feeble and decrepid husband found himself overmatch'd in a young and sprightly wife, he was oblig'd to provide a brisk Gallant for her, and own all the children of so excellent a commerce for legitimate, and of his own blood. You make us new Laws for *Sparta*, cry'd *Tiresias*, this pernicious Maxim, was never yet establish'd in any civiliz'd Nation. What I have told you, reply'd *Ovid*, with a serious countenance, is a real truth; and the only inducement for me to believe, that the first *Lacedemonians* might with some

justice

justice pretend to the title of the most wise and judicious Nation of the World. The Collation was brought in just as *Ovid* had pronounc'd these last words. If you will take my Advice, said *Hortensius*, as he was placing the Ladies, let us hearken no longer to this eloquent Sophister, he will impose a new sense upon the best establish'd Laws; and I know not whether he will not find out a way, ere it be long, by his subtle chymistry, to extract the principle of a secret Passion, out of the indifferency, I profess. *Ovid* reserv'd till another time, the liberty of making an Answer to his Friend; and seating himself next to *Roselina*, he apply'd himself, during the repast, to take his measures from the regards of that fair one, and *Junia*, to discover, which of the two, was the Person, that had chose conceal'd inclinations for him.

The End of the First Part.

T. H.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXILES.

The Second Part.

Tiſienus, with impatience, attended the end of the Collation, that he might have the freedom to read the Letter, he had drawn out of *Ovid*'s Cabinet, which caus'd him to ſteal privately away from the Company; and going forth at the door, which open'd towards the Lake, he pull'd the Letter out of his Pocket, and fix'd his eye upon it with a curioſity, ſuitable to his reſentments againſt *Mecænas*: But he was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, when he beheld the hand and character of *Sulpicia*; he rag'd, he rub'd his eyes as if there had been a Cloud, or thick Miſt, before them; he read, and read over again this terrible Letter, before he could be convinc'd of the truth of what he ſaw: but he found it one, ſtill as conſtant, as cruel. This Letter was the ſame, which *Roſelina* had read ſome hours before; and there was not a line, or ſcarce a word in it, which did not bring, or confirm, to the unfortunate *Tiſienus*, the moſt unpleaſing News his Stars could ſend him; that diſtinction of *Ovid*'s deſires, and adorations, did aggravate the crime of *Sul-*

Sulpicia. Oh! infamous Strumpet, cry'd *Tiſienus*, tranſported to the higheſt rage, no other Amour will ſatisfie her, than that ſhe robs another of! *Ovid* has not ſeduc'd her by any finery, or ſtratagem; but has engag'd her to be a ſecond to his Treaſon, without diſguiſing the leaſt circumſtance from her. From this Reflection, paſſing to that of the Argument, he had ſo lately held with the Paramour of his Wife, that malicious joy repreſented it ſelf to his imagination, which he thought *Ovid* might conceive, when he heard him ſpeak thoſe things of *Mecœnas*, which he might have apply'd to himſelf; eſpecially, when he expreſs'd ſuch a confidence of the virtue of *Sulpicia*, before a perſon, who was able to have produced convincing proofs to the contrary. The Ironical Repartees, wherewith *Ovid* retorted the Railleries *Tiſienus* had made upon *Mecœnas*, recurr'd word by word to his Memory. He ſhall dye, ſaid he, that infamous Inſtrument of my diſhonor, ſhall dye. *Lentulus*, who not long before had abſented himſelf from the Company, in *Hortenſius*'s Garden, happen'd to walk, to divert his Melancholy, near the place, where *Tiſienus* did form his fatal Reſolutions; he heard the ſentence, he had pronounc'd; he knew his voice, and fetching a tour about a ſmall plat of buſhes, which was betwixt them, Who is that, ſaid he, to *Tiſienus*, whom you have condemn'd to dye? Have you any Enemies in this Iſland? Or have you receiv'd any News lately, which gives you hopes, you may ſhortly have the ſatisfaction of exerciſing your Revenge, upon thoſe you have in *Rome?* I was Muſing, ſaid *Tiſienus*, (all in a confuſion,) upon a place of *Homer*'s *Iliads*, and recollecting in my fancy, the words, which he makes *Menelaus* ſpeak, when *Paris* raviſh'd *Helena* from him, the force of

my

my imagination caus'd me to break forth aloud into some of those expressions. The Misfortune of *Menelaus*, reply'd *Lentulus* with a smile, ought to have made a strong impression upon your fancy, since it has made so great an alteration in your countenance; I believe it is rather a prosecution of what you so lately deliver'd to us, upon the destiny of *Mecenas*; you are sensible of the dishonor of abused Husbands. The enraged *Tisienus* finding these expressions gave a fresh alarum to his disgrace, and not being able to stand his ground to receive a second, left *Lentulus* abruptly; and directing his hasty steps towards his own house, made such a precipitate speed in his walk, that *Lentulus* thought himself not oblig'd to follow him. His sudden departure struck him with admiration, he could not apprehend the cause of it; he knew *Tisienus* had not been present at the recital, *Ovid* had made of his Love-adventures: whereupon he took a resolution to go and re-visit *Hortensius*, to inform himself if any thing had happen'd in his absence, which had caus'd this disorder in *Tisienus*; but he was prevented by one of his servants, who sought him, and brought him some news, which caus'd him to return home in haste; it came seasonably to favor *Ovid*'s designs. He led *Roselina*, who with her Companions was taking a walk towards the Firr-tree Grove, and after he had discover'd to her the passage, he had been a private Witness to, at his first landing in *Thalassia*, the Adventure in the Labyrinth, and many other remarkable Encounters, she was concern'd in, he endeavor'd to persuade her, that he had, the first Moment he saw her, entertain'd a passion for her, not inferior to that, which he believ'd she had allow'd a place to in her breast for him, before ever she saw him.

Roſelina was faithful as well to her Lover, as her Friend; and had no deſign to advantage herſelf by this Error of *Ovid*, but only as far as it might give her an innocent diverſion. Methinks, ſaid ſhe, you have reaſon to be ſatisfi'd with the hopeful progreſs, your Merit has already made; you have not been here above five or ſix dayes, and you are not ignorant, that there are thoſe, who careſs you not in the meaneſt of their thoughts; you have written Love Verſes, which you are aſſur'd, have been read; and if it may oblige you, you may perhaps aſſure your ſelf too, that thoſe, who have read them, have taken pleaſure in reading them, and could wiſh, that they contain'd as much Sincerity, as Eloquence. What can your deſires aſpire to more? you muſt allow time to perfect the reſt. Time, reply'd *Ovid*, can claim no title to any Adventure, but where a heart is to be beſieg'd by the ſlow Approaches of long ſervices, and dull conſtancy; but when mutual ſympathy has already made the breach, and level'd all obſtacles, the firſt Moment, that Lovers ſee each other, ought to be the laſt of all diffidence and ſcrupuloſity.

How? ſaid *Roſelina*, Do you think it then a matter of ſo ſlight a conſequence, to wave all ſcruples in favor of a Lover, of *Ovid*'s temper? The Hiſtory of whoſe Life, is nothing but a contexture of Love Galantries; whoſe heart has been a Rover even from the Sceptre, to the Sheep-crook. What caution, or ſecurity, would you give a Lady, that ſhe ſhould not be put into the Catalogue with *Sulpicia*, *Virginia*, *Terentia*, *Julia*, and many more. Oh! Madam, cry'd the brave *Roman*, I ſhall ask no more, whether it be your ſelf, or *Junia*, who honors me with the glory of ſome good wiſhes; you could not

have

have been so well vers'd in the whole course of my life, had you not had a curiosity to be instructed in it; and I may with some justice presume, that this curiosity is the Herald, to blazon that disguis'd Passion, which I am assur'd a Lady of *Thoulouse* had for me, before she knew me. Whereupon being fully convinc'd that *Roselina* was the Party, of whom he was affected, he spoke a thousand tender and passionate things, to obtain of her a private Interview. Love, is not capable of expressing it self but by halves, said he, before Witnesses, grant mine, I beseech you, that liberty it stands in need of, to make its entire declaration; my transports shall give you the caution you demand; which will express themselves with such ardor, that it would be an injustice to you, to demand a farther security. It is either Fortune or Inconstancy, which you ought to impute the multiplicity of my Intrigues too; I never had had but one in the whole series of my life, if I had obey'd the natural inclinations of my heart; Pardon those few extravagant courses, which necessity forced it to take, and you shall not find it has been guilty of being common; it is the same it was, when the first Princess of the Universe did not disdain the humble Sacrifices, it daily offer'd to her Divinity; And I hope, that because it has been so much consecrated to Love, you will not allow it the less esteem in your thoughts; since it will prove the glory of your Beauty, to triumph over such multitudes of others.

Junia, who accompanied by *Adiamante*, and led by *Hortensius*, followed *Roselina* at a little distance, was something concern'd at the long converse, her Friend held with *Ovid*. Do you think, said she to *Roselina*, that the Destinies have sent *Ovid* into this Island,

Island, for your conversation only? Can you pretend to any Prerogative over him, more than others? And do you think it a piece of justice to ingross him wholly to your self, and allow us no share in him?

You must pardon the fault, reply'd *Roselina*, if the Rules of Equity are forgotten, when *Ovid* is present; but I shall return to my Devoir, said she, making a stop, as soon as I am admonish'd of it; and I here resign to you this noble Person, more complacent, and more agreeable, than I receiv'd him. These last words did strongly confirm the presumptive hopes of our Illustrious Exile; he repeated them more than once, in his fancy; and could allow them no other interpretation, but what did flatter his desires; and finding *Roselina* most infinitely amiable, he perceiv'd, that the raptures her presence inspir'd him with, began insensibly to deface out of his Memory all the vanishing Idea's of the Court of *Augustus*. The confidence, which *Lentulus* had testifi'd to him in acquainting him with his Engagements with *Herennia*, did sometimes intrude a small scruple amongst his pleasing transports: But, besides that your Amorists by profession are not very scrupulous in intrenching upon the borders of friendship, *Ovid* was not unfurnish'd with reasons, to authorize his proceedings. He knew, a Lady in *Thalassia* had a passion for him, before he knew *Lentulus* had one for *Roselina*; it was no design in himself, but the capriciousness of his Stars, which had render'd him his Rival; if his reputation had acquir'd him a Mistriss, could he prevent it? Was there any obligation lay upon him, to sacrifice this Mistriss, to the confidence of a Friend, since he had never endeavor'd to force out of his Mouth the secret of his Love? And

ought

ought he to refuse this glorious Present Fortune now makes him, because *Lentulus* is guilty of an indiscretion? This reasoning having imbroil'd the fancy of *Ovid* most part of the night, and at last calm'd those storms, (which he concluded a virtue out of season had rais'd) he resolv'd to bend all his endeavors to the accomplishing his desires. He had observ'd, that from the Gallery, where the Collation was held the night before, there was a fair descent by a pair of stony Staits down into the terrass Walk in the Garden: This he judg'd was the most compendious and most commodious passage to *Roselius's* Lodgings; and with this intention he came out of his Chamber; when passing through the same Gallery, he perceiv'd *Hortensius*, with his hands crost'd over his breast, with large and hasty steps measuring the length of it. Is it you, *Hortensius*, said *Ovid*, who walk at so large a rate? I had thought that your solitude, and this manner of walking, had not agreed with the indifferency you profess. Ha! my dear *Ovid*, reply'd *Hortensius*, with a voice quite alter'd from its usual tone, I am plung'd into the deepest Abyss of Despair: you believe, doubtless, with all the World, that by a principle of indifferency, I refus'd from the hand of *Cæsar* the Wife, he had design'd me. I believ'd indeed, reply'd *Ovid*, that either having an aversion for the person of *Annalis*, or against Marriage in general, you had preferr'd your liberty before all the Advantages, which were propos'd to you. This Maxim of Independency is commendable amongst the ancient Stoicks, but amongst us Modern *Romans* is a perfect Fanaticism. If you had had any pre-engagements, to which the offers of *Cæsar* were either repugnant, or destructive, the consideration of your fidelity might perhaps fix a mode-

moderate cenſure upon your proceedings; but that without any other cauſe, but out of a meer capricio of fancy, you ſhould reject ſuch conſiderable Advantages; attract the indignation of *Cæſar* by your refuſals, abandon your Native Soil, to inhabit Rocks and Deſarts, is that, which with all your Friends, I muſt impute to you as a Problem of unanſwerable folly; and that, which I ſhould be glad, you were able to juſtifie to the World. I am able to juſtifie it moſt aſſuredly, reply'd *Hortenſius*, and with more facility to a perſon, who is not inſenſible of the effects of Love, than to any other. Give Attention then to a Secret, which is more really a Secret, than that you have confided to me. I have a moſt ſincere kindneſs for you, and I find my grief too weighty, to neglect an occaſion to diſcharge a part of it, into the boſome of the beſt of my Friends.

THE HISTORY OF Hortensius.

THE Mother of the great *Julius*, whose Neece *Aurelia* is, and whose Name she bears, was descended, as without doubt you have heard, of the Race of the *Hortensiuses*. This Alliance did allow me a familiarity with *Aurelia* from my infancy: And whereas this familiarity has been censur'd by some, to have been the Mother of that Antipathy, which the World judges is ingrafted in my nature against the person of *Aurelia*, it has on the contrary prov'd the ground of a most immoveable and a most violent passion. I may presume to publish it, without the fear of a displeasure. *Aurelia* expresst a tender respect, and confidence towards me; and I assur'd my self, that her Relations would embrace my honorable Suit; but my Love was of no vulgar stamp, and character: It ambition'd to bind the heart of *Aurelia* to its faithful services, and her own choice, rather than to the Laws of her Duty. My ready obedience did attend each nod of her head, each motion of her person; which I disguis'd, under

der the notion of a respect and diligence, our Alliance might challenge from me; but which were really services, that claim'd a near Alliance to Love. I found they were understood in their right sense by *Aurelia*; And believing, that the happy Moment to second them was arriv'd, I went to seek her with that intention; when at my entrance into *Lucullus*'s Garden, where I heard she was, I found some Tablets drop'd, which I knew belong'd to her. I open'd them with that impatient curiosity, which every one has for the concerns of the person, they love, where I found these Verses:

Draw to the life the Love-blind god; his face,
His hair, his feature, lineaments, and grace;
Add to these Charms a fierce and noble air,
Than you'll, ith' ingrate, I love, find present there.
Imagine how just hopes do my desires inflame;
Resign my reason then to those desires, I name;
Oppose to both a Soul as fierce, as cold,
And you'll the myst'ry of my sighs unfold.

These Verses rais'd a tempest in my thoughts, though I knew no cause for it. *Aurelia* commanded as great a liberty, as she pleas'd; her Mother had been dead a long time, and she was under the tuition of an Aunt, a person of a sweet disposition, who had an entire confidence in the virtue of her Niece. By this her manner of living, *Aurelia* attracted to her all the youthful Gallantry of the Court; but I could not perceive, that any of those, who visited her, did by any particular services endeavor to oblige her esteem. She was neither of that rank, nor merit, to create an indifferency in the object of her desires; in fine, I could see no cause to make an ap-

plication of those Verses to *Aurelia*: yet notwithstanding they charg'd my thoughts with an unusual trouble and perplexity, I sought her company, to dissipate it; and having in vain made a diligent inquest in every place, where I hop'd to find it, I was guided, at length, by my roving thoughts, into that part of the Cypress Grove, which borders upon the Labyrinth of Myrtles. I was scarce enter'd two or three paces into one of the Walks, when I thought I heard the voice of *Aurelia* from an Arbor not far distant from me; I gave a diligent attention: for there is no Lover, who would not be desirous to rob his Mistriss of a secret, if he could do it so, as the Theft might not be discover'd.

Those, who attribute such an unlimited power to Virtue, said *Aurelia* to another person, are as ignorant of the effects of that, as of Love. Virtue is capable to give a bridle to our passions, but not stifle them in their birth; it has forc'd me to dissemble those sentiments, I cares for my Ingrate, but it cannot effect, that this Ingrate should not be the most amiable of all Men; that my eyes should not think him so, and that, maugre his indifferency, he should not be the only person in the Universe, which I am destin'd to love. Oh! ye Gods, what shape of rage and jealousie did not this discourse transform me into? I thought my life would have expir'd betwixt them; but bridling the effects of both, that I might live to gain a perfect knowledge of all the circumstances of my Misfortune, I heard a person, whom, by the sound of her voice, I conjectur'd to be *Helvidia*, *Mecœnas*'s Niece, make this Answer: Is it possible that a person of so much reason and discretion, should suffer herself to be charm'd by the eye? *Cepion* is a person, I must confess, of a good presence

and

and meen, but the ſuperficial parts of a Man, ſhall never enſnare my heart; if I muſt ſurrender my liberty, it ſhould be to a noble paſſion, and to the languiſhing ſighs and vows of a no leſs noble Lover, and not to his good looks, or modiſh poſtures. Were he Maſter of all the beauties and charms, which Painters with their luxuriant Pencils have beſtow'd upon *Adonis*; if he were not paſſionate, humble, and faithful, I ſhould regard thoſe other exterior varniſhes, no more than that of a beautiful Picture; and all, which that artificial Magick ſhould be able to charm from the ſenſe of my tendereſt affectation, would be at moſt but a favorable look, or ſmile. And what I have hitherto indulg'd to the charms of *Cepion*, reply'd *Aurelia*, has been no more: And ſo much they are able to command from all, that ſee him. I thought to have allow'd him no more, than what the moſt indifferent might grant him; but I perceiv'd, that the Idea's, which enter'd at the caſements of my eyes, did inſenſibly penetrate into the cabinet of my heart. I oftentimes imagin'd I ſaw the figure of *Cepion* a long time preſent before my eyes, after they had loſt the noble Object: He was all day the buſineſs of my thoughts, all night the labor of my fancy. I ſuffer'd theſe ſlight Preludium's to gather ſtrength, by repoſing an over-confidence in thoſe Maxims, you juſt now deliver'd: for how could I ſuſpect, my heart ſhould be guilty of ſuch a folly, as to have a Paſſion for a Man, that had none for me? I believ'd with you, that a woman endu'd with common ſenſe, could never be capable of yielding up her Reaſon to the Attacks of the Senſes: But yet I did ſo; and though I perceiv'd by what Arts they betray'd me, yet I found it was not in my power to reſiſt the effects of their Treaſon.

Oh! just Heavens! cry'd I out aloud, is it possible that this should be *Aurelia*, who speaks what I hear, and that *Hortensius* should be so unfortunate to hear, what she speaks? This Exclamation of mine, caus'ed them to come suddenly forth of the Arbor, where they were. I leave you to judge, what a look *Aurelia* darted at me, when she saw her secret was discover'd: Too curious, and ill-advised *Hortensius*, said she, with an inflamed countenance, thou hast, against my consent, stolen from me the confession of a weakness, which I would have conceal'd from the whole World: But, if thy looks do not deceive me, I shall find a means to chastise thy indiscretion. I command thee never to set foot more within my Apartment, and I shall take such caution to avoid thy Encounter in places indifferent, that thou shalt not often have the pleasure to upbraid my blushes with the imbecility of my Actions. Having said this, she flung away from me, and left me in a confusion, I am not able to express. I had scarce recover'd the first Fit of this Extasie, when I saw *Cepion* approach me; we were very familiar, he came often to visit *Aurelia*, and it was my custom to spend six or seven hours every day in her company. What makes *Hortensius* in this solitary place and posture, said he to me? Is he musing upon his Amorous Adventures? Does he solace his thoughts with the pleasure of some fortunate Encounter? Or put them into Mourning, for the loss of his Mistriss? I believe *Cepion* had no other intention in his Railery, than to make it the Subject of a youthful discourse; and that he knew not, how near it lanc'd me to the quick; but presuming to fix such an interpretation upon his words, as I borrow'd from the circumstance of what had lately happen'd, it becomes you well,

Cepion,

Cepion, said I, to insult thus over my Misfortunes; hug your self with that fancy: But, perhaps, you may be defective in some Article of your conceited felicity, if thinking to rob me of the heart of *Aurelia*, you shall not long enjoy the satisfaction of glorying in my disgrace! I? cry'd *Cepion*, I rob you of the heart of *Aurelia*? No, said I, in a rage, you do not rob me of it; for she bestows it as a free gift upon you, and this is a conquest too inglorious to boast of.

The conquest, reply'd *Cepion* something coldly, would be too glorious for *Cepion*; and I must avow, that *Aurelia* is capable to charm the whole World: but yet avouch too, that the heart of *Cepion* is uncapable to receive the impression, which the Merit of *Aurelia*, has power to dilate through the Universe. The charms of that incomparable beauty, would require a heart, pregnant with fidelity and constancy; desires, which can acknowledge no other Deity, but herself, for their object, and many other perfections of an accomplish'd Lover, which my Genius was never endu'd with: when I love, I love only for my self; and the Passion, I entertain for Ladies, may be more properly call'd a youthful diversion, than a real Love.

I am not so credulous, said I, interrupting him, to take for granted, what you affirm. You act a subtle part, under the disguise of the indifferent one, whilest I am assur'd, that *Aurelia* complains of your ingratitude; and that the excess of her love, or jealousie, presents you to her eyes in the shape of that ungrateful one she accuses: But it is not possible you should be so, towards a person of her Merit, and that you should not love her, that loves you. You surprize me with Wonder, said *Cepion* smiling, to see

you take so much pains to persuade me I love *Aurelia*, which you ought to take to dissuade me from the thoughts of it, if I had so much presumption, as to entertain any to that effect. This remark of his, began a little to recall me to my self; I was sensible, that I was guilty of an Act of high imprudence, in endeavoring thus to convince my Rival of his good fortune. I suddenly pretended business with young *Paulus Æmilius*, who cross'd the end of the Walk, we were in; and being much dissatisfi'd with my Mistriss, *Cepion*, and my self, I hastily retired home to my house.

Though I ever regarded with an eye of scorn and contempt the servile homage, the greatest part of your Courtiers, pay to the Favorites of Princes, yet I would not do the glory of the great *Agrippa* that injustice, as to rank those offices, the Court of *Augustus* render'd him, in the same form. I saw that his virtue purchas'd him his favor; and I endevor'd, by all the services I was capable of, to convince him, that I had a most real and candid esteem for his Merits; and I am assur'd, he held me in the number of his most particular Friends; he gave me a signal testimony of it, at that time, I mention: which you are not a stranger to, though perhaps, you may be, to the circumstances. A deep Melancholy had seiz'd me, caus'd by the unprosperous success of my amorous designs, and converted all the gaiety of my humor into a sullen chagrin, when one day I was advertis'd, the Emperor commanded my presence; I yielded a ready obedience to his commands. As soon as he saw me, he led me into his Closet; and after he had extoll'd the Nobility of my Extraction, and the Merit of many illustrious Heroes, it had presented to the Empire; I consider, said he, that Fortune

treats

treats you, as she uses to treat persons of higher Virtue; she belies you to be so rich in your own, that she thinks she should offer you an affront, to make you a Present of any of her favors. I see many Families in *Rome*, which ought to acknowledge an inferiority to yours; whose Wealth or prosperous Suits, have elevated them to the highest Dignities. I will not suffer this injustice to insult longer over you. The Prætor, who held the Government of *Egypt*, is lately dead, which I confer upon you, with the Prætorship for the first year. I cast my self at the feet of *Cæsar*, to render him thanks for a grace so unexpected, and less merited by me. Hold, said *Cæsar*, this is not the sole one, Intend you; Princes are accountable to none but the gods, for their Actions; though we see the best and the greatest stand in need of the suffrages and affections of the meanest of their Subjects to support their Soveraignty. There is not one of all my Followers, who can aspire with more justice than your self to the employ I design you; but there are few amongst them who will do my judgment that right as to assent to it; for every one is apt to think, that what is not bestowed upon himself, is detracted from his merit.

But I will remove this stumbling Block out of their way, by colouring the Present, I shall make you, wth the title of Alliance. *Aurelia* is Niece to the Mother of the Great *Julius*, my Father; and an obligation lies upon me, to make a provision for her establishment; wherefore I bestow her upon you in Marriage; render your thanks for both these favors to *Agrippa*; for he is the person who has

has reviv'd in my memory the character of the brave Race of the *Hortenſiues*.

Conſider with your ſelf, I beſeech you, as well the trouble, as ſurprize, this Propoſal of *Cæſar* brought to my already diſtracted thoughts: If he had declared it but three or four days before, he had render'd me the moſt fortunate perſon of the Univerſe: I paſſionately lov'd *Aurelia*; and this paſſion was the firſt impreſſion that Love ever ſtampt upon my heart. I was ready to make my acknowledgements to the Emperor, and offer up at his feet all the thanks ſo unexampled a Grace could challenge from me: but a ſecond conſideration repreſented to my confuſed thoughts the violence I ſhould impoſe upon *Aurelia*, if being wholly pre-ingaged in the favor of my Rival, I ſhould be an envious Inſtrument in compelling her to receive me for her Husband. This imagination rais'd a civil war in my breaſt; I could not reſolve to owe a Concern of ſo pretious a value, to any other Orders, than thoſe of Love. I told the Emperor, that I could not tell with what reſentment *Aurelia* wou'd receive the honor, his bounty was pleas'd to confer upon me; that I was ſenſible of its juſt eſtimate; and that I ſhould be prodigal both of my ſervices, and my bloud, to render my ſelf worthy of it; but withal, that if with the Government of *Egypt* he ſhould offer me the moity of his Empire, I ſhould refuſe it, rather than hazard to force the inclinations of a Lady allied to the Bloud of *Cæſar*.

The Emperor commended as well my diſcretion, as modeſty; and telling me he would take upon himſelf the charge of obtaining *Aurelia's* conſent to what he deſired, he left me, and went

went towards the Empreſſes Apartment. As I was coming out of *Cæſar's* Cloſet, I met *Cepion* at the door; and well, ſaid he to me, drawing me aſide to a window, Are you yet of the opinion, that I am your Rival? Know it is I, who this day ſurrenders the poſſeſſion of *Aurelia* into your hands. I waited laſt night upon *Agrippa* in his Chamber, when he declar'd to divers perſons there preſent, the glorious fortune the Emperor had deſign'd you: I privately inform'd him of the condition, *Cæſar* was oblig'd to add to the reſt of his favors, if he intended to compleat your felicity: And is this a ſervice conſiſtent with the deſigns of a Man, that had an intention to rob you of the heart of your Miſtreſs? All that you have done, anſwered I, and all that *Cæſar* is able to do, cannot aſſure me, but that you are yet my Rival: That aſſurance is only lodged in the heart of *Aurelia*; and it is from thence, that I muſt draw it; But ſince I ſhall not be capable to obtain her, without committing a Rape upon her inclination, ſhe ſhall remain the Miſtreſs of *Cepion* for ever, and *Hortenſius* ſhall never be her Husband: you expreſs a great weakneſs, replyed *Cepion*, in harbouring thus an imagination, that *Aurelia* has that kindneſs for me, which I could never yet perceive the leaſt ſymptom of; and whereof I do not deſire a clearer evidence: for were it true, that ſhe ſhould honor me with ſome good wiſhes, a neceſſity would enforce me to requite them with an ingrateful inſenſibility: but though I glory in the expreſſion, I do not deſire to purchaſe amongſt Women, the Title of *Cruel*, or *Ingrate*. Repeal this fanatical opinion, I conjure you, and believe, that there is no perſon in the Court of *Auguſtus*, who ſhall make you a more

ſincere

ſincere Congratulation upon your glorious Marriage, than that you ſhall receive from *Cæſon*.

A great Concourſe of my friends, who came pay their Congratulations to me, upon the report of thoſe honors, *Cæſar* had heapt upon me, interrupted our longer Converſe. He aſſur'd himſelf of the obedience of *Aurelia*, and diſcourſed publickly of our Marriage before the Empreſs, and the Charge he had annext to it, as of a thing firmly ratified and concluded. I leave you to judge what a diſtraction I was in, when I was forced on all ſides to receive the Compliments of *Mars* and *Hymen*: I was ſenſible of an obſtacle that intercepted the way to my felicity, which none of them had a jealouſie of; which cauſed me to receive them with that coldneſs, which drew admiration from all that knew me whilſt every one by way of a ſerious kind of raillery, told me, I was not as ſenſible as I ought to be, of the Bleſſings Heaven had ſhowred upon me. I was expos'd to this perſecution all the reſt of the day; and as I walkt forth in the evening, to diſengage my ſelf from ſo many troubleſome Viſitants, I met one of *Aurelia's* Slaves, who came from her Lady to tell me, that ſhe had ſome buſineſs with me, and deſir'd my company. I had never ſeen her ſince the day ſhe had forbidden me her houſe. I ran to preſent my ſelf unto her with that confuſion and haſte, as your fancy will eaſily comprehend. You have done this morning, ſaid ſhe to me, as I approacht her, an act of the higheſt generoſity, that ever man could yet boaſt of: I am acquainted with all the circumſtances of ſo glorious an action; It is not ſufficient to ſay a man loves, to convince the World that he does ſo; Effects are more expreſſive

than

than Words, and I do not doubt but that you have a real paſſion for me; yet notwithſtanding you have rejected the offers of *Cæſar*; taken into your compaſſionate conſideration my pre-ingagements; and renouncing the title another would have given you over my Heart, ſacrific'd your moſt paſſionate deſires to a generous deſpair, for fear of impoſing a violence upon my inclinations: Ha! *Hortenſius*, what ought not my gratitude to enterpriſe, to compenſate thy generoſity? I could quarrel with my Stars for your ſake, in being ſo unkind to give me ſuch fatal inclinations. Lend me your aſſiſtance to conquer them; redeem my heart out of the power of that Ingrate, who detains it priſoner againſt my conſent; you have a ſpacious field granted you, to draw up all your forces in, to attack his unworthineſs; compel my Soul to do that through gratitude, which through the influence of my unfortunate Stars it is not capable to do by inclination.

After divers expreſſions to this effect, which I anſwer'd by ſubmiſſive regards, and deep ſighs more ſenſibly than by words; we agreed, that to indulge me time to induce her to that, which her goodneſs was then pleaſed to ſtile her duty, I ſhould make it my requeſt to *Agrippa*, to ſupplicate *Cæſar* to allow me a ſhort ſpace to conſider the Propoſals, he had made me. *Agrippa* was ſurpriz'd when he heard me; You do not ſeriouſly reflect upon what you ſay, reply'd *Agrippa*: the Government of *Egypt* is the moſt conſiderable that *Cæſar* has in his power to diſpoſe of; it is ambition'd by the moſt illuſtrious Pretenders about the Court; and although the apprehenſions of ſeeing it devolv'd into other hands ſhould not oblige you to

preſs

preſs the Emperor to the execution of his promiſe, yet the poſſeſſion of *Aurelia*, ſhould methinks, excite you to proſecute all advantages, with a moſt reſtleſs impatience. The poſſeſſion of *Aurelia*, my Lord, ſaid I, would not be the ſame to me, which perhaps it might be to another. I muſt be excuſed if I declare no more to you at preſent; but without examining, whether I have reaſon on my ſide or no, I humbly beg in the name of that friendſhip you are pleaſed to honor me with, that you would endeavor to retard for a while the effects of *Ceſar*'s generoſity towards me. *Agrippa* might with eaſe, ſatisfie my requeſt; for news came that ſame day, that the Prætor, who commanded in *Egypt*, was not dead; that he was paſt hopes of recovery, and that his diſtemper was accompanied with ſymtomes, which were judged to be mortal, but that he was yet alive.

I had now as much time, as *Aurelia* could hope for, to accompliſh the cure, ſhe deſir'd me to undertake. I left no ſtone unmov'd to effect a work of ſuch importance; and *Cepion* ſeem'd to ſecond me with his faithful endeavors. He utter'd things in the preſence of *Aurelia*, which touch me ſometimes with real reſentments againſt his ingratitude. I thank Heaven, ſaid he, one day, diſcourſing upon the ſubject of the deaths of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, that I was not born to be commended to Poſterity for one of thoſe memorable examples: I am incapable of that honor; and what would be a glorious fortune another, would prove to me the greateſt of misfortune. The Ladies are ſo fully convinc'd of this truth in me, that they think it not worth their pains to level their Darts at ſo impenetrable a Mark, as my Heart; and I am much

oblig'd to them for their discretion; for if any one of them should either out of inclination, or any other motive, testifie the least good will for me, I should fly her company, as one would fly the encounter of his greatest Enemy.

These discourses did oftentimes produce their effect: The Curtain is drawn from before my Eyes, said *Aurelia* to me, *Cepion* is not so worthy of my affection, as his flattering appearances would falsly persuade me. I must aver, for the credit of my own judgment, that there are few men in the World, in whom the exteriour Characters shine with a nobler lustre than in his; but do you observe the pride and audacity, which usurps a prerogative over all his other qualifications. He has such a respect for himself, as begets in him a contempt and dis-respect of all others. He looks as if he conceited no person but himself were worthy of his own esteem. This self-love from his person, passes to his Spirit and Wit; he is enamour'd of his own opinions; and esteems it a point of honor to enter the Lists, and sustain them against Opponents; our Sex is not thought worthy to have the liberty of offering an argument in its own defence; the least condescension in favor of it, he accounts a blemish to his high erudition, and thinks he should wound his reputation, to admit a Woman to enterprise her verdict in any of his disputes. Ha! generous *Harensius*, did I owe you no other acknowledgements than for the cure you have effected upon those contagious errors, wherewith that arrogant person had infected my judgment, I should die deeply in your debt. Madam, said I, the best expedient to compleat the cure you mention, is to proscribe that

Ingrate

Ingrate both from your thoughts and lips; I believe you do not name him, but to accuſe his miſcarriages; yet this is always to entertain him in your thoughts; and what pretence ſoever it be, that revokes him to your memory, ought to be ſuſpected to have a tincture of love in it. That tincture, thanks to the gods, ſaid *Aurelia*, my Soul is now free from, and I bluſh to think it ſhould ever have received ſo ignoble an impreſſion. I was enchanted without doubt, and the Paſſion I had for a man who requited it with ſo little reſpect, or complaiſance, could not be but the effect of a magical operation.

Aurelia was not long fixt to this opinion; one obliging expreſſion, one civil regard of *Cepion*, would re-entangle her again as faſt as ever in the ſnares of her old Amour. Sometimes ſhe would commend the noble part of his perſon: ſometimes the color and elegancy of his hair; when any one diſcourſes before her of any features or charms, which were remarkable in the face of another, and had a reſemblace of thoſe in *Cepion*'s; thoſe graces, would ſhe ſay to me, with a ſigh, can pretend in no other perſon in the World to thoſe advantages, they find in my Ingrate. Did you ever ſee a blew eye ſparkle like his? Nature has mixt in his complexion all her richeſt colors. The whiteneſs of his teeth, makes Ivory it ſelf look pale for envy; his mouth, though large, includes in its circumference a thouſand charms; and his meen breaths I know not what; ſo gentile and noble, that it commands both reſpect and admiration, from all that behold him.

This levity and conſtancy of humor, did more than half diſtract me; I reſolv'd a thouſand times

to

to make a private retreat out of *Rome*, and fly ſo far from the noiſe of misfortunes, that I ſhould never hear more the names of *Cepion* and *Aurelia*. But at length my perſeverance ſeem'd to attract upon my ſufferings ſome compaſſion from Heaven; *Aurelia* ſolemnly proteſted to me, that ſhe perceiv'd the hour was near at hand, wherein her diſtemper ſhould receive a perfect cure; and all her actions avoucht her expreſſions. She could ſee *Cepion* without changing color; ſhe teſtifyed no regard of any thing, he affected to ſay to her. She ſcarce took notice he was in any place, where ſhe was. I believe this alteration in *Aurelia* produc'd the ſame effect in the Soul of my Rival, as the like might do in the thoughts of moſt men; I obſerv'd that he followed *Aurelia* with more aſſiduity and ardor than before; he was always whiſpering ſome little ſecret in her ear, and I oftentimes diſcover'd them making to each other private ſigns of intelligence. This new intrigue involv'd me in a new perplexity, and I could not conceal it from *Aurelia*. You do my ſincerity an injury, ſaid ſhe to me; I have ingenuouſly confeſs'd to you all the errors of my weakneſs; which you ought to believe I have long ſince repeal'd, ſince you have my ſolemn proteſtation for it; Indulge a peace to your troubled thoughts; *Cepion* ſhall never be the object of my love, his triumphs have ſeen their moſt glorious days. Why then, Madam, ſaid I, are there ſo many viſible marks daily given of a ſecret combination, to alarm my jealouſie? That which alarms your ſuſpition, reply'd *Aurelia*, ought to aſſure you of my integrity; the hatred of that, which once one tenderly affected, is a kind of deſtruction, which wears the Vizard Mask of a kind-

ness. I will not suffer one spark of that fire to harbor it self any longer in my heart; and *Cepion* is now grown indifferent to me, to that degree, that I shall always place him in the first rank of my Friends, and the last of my Lovers.

This kind of indifferency did not at all relish to the palate of my Love; I conjur'd *Aurelia* to confine her dilingagements within the beaten tract of others; and not expose her self to those dangerous precipices, to the brink whereof her nice distinctions must necessarily reduce her. She spoke many passionate things to me, which in appearance ought to have convinc'd my jealousie; but they could not calm it: I observ'd daily the familiar carriage of her, and my Rival; but too much for my repose. As I was coming one night out of *Paulus Æmilius* his house, when I had Supt, (which is seated, as you know, in a place of little Concourse) and crossing a passage, which leads from the Garden down to the River *Tyber*, I discover'd by the Moon-shine, the glimps of a person, which seem'd to me to wear the Livery of *Aurelia*. I stopt to see how he would dispose of himself; when presently I saw him go directly to a Man, who about thirty paces from thence, stood waiting among some Trees; they went both of them together from that place, and directed their course towards a private door, which open'd into *Mecœnas* his Gardens, and there went in. I had a curiosity to be inform'd of their design, which caused me to follow them. I had scarce got into one of the Allies, which first offer'd it self to my silent steps, when I thought I heard *Cepion*'s Voice from the other side of a Quickset-hedge, next to me.

Did'st

Did'ſt thou take good notice of the place where thou did'ſt leave her? ſaid he, Yes, my Lord, reply'd another man; ſhe waits for you in the Arbor, at the end of the great Terraſs, which is covered over with thoſe yellow Flowers which came out of *Spain*. My dear Boy, ſaid *Cepion*, what rewards do I not owe thy zeal and fidelity? beſides thy freedom, which I am aſſur'd I can beg of *Aurelia*, I have nothing in the World that I think a recompence equal to this ſervice, thou haſt done me.

Cepion kept walking on, as he talkt, and I kept at an even diſtance with him; but ſtopt a little before I came to the end of the Walk, for fear of meeting him; I ſaw him croſs over a green ſquare, and perceived diſtinctly from the place where I ſtood, that it was the ſame perſon, I had ſeen before amongſt the trees, and that the Slave that followed him, belong'd to *Aurelia*.

I am able to convince the World, that never man yet died of grief or jealouſie, ſince I ſurviv'd that fatal ſight. Shaking and trembling I crept along under the ſhelter of a Pomegranate-hedge, that border'd one ſide of the Terraſs, which my Rival aſcended; and ſtealing ſoftly round the Arbor the Slave had deſcrib'd, I apply'd my ear to that part of it, which was thickeſt ſhaded, with the over-hanging leaves and curling flowers. Diſpence with me, my dear *Ovid*, from relating to you what I then heard, I am diſtracted with rage and jealouſie, as often as I think upon this abhorr'd encounter. I was reſolv'd to interrupt the felicity of this too happy Rival, and had in my fury waſht away the ſtains of the affront, he offer'd my love, with his Blood; but my Sword being en-

tangled in some of the boughs, forced me to make some noise to disengage it; which struck a sudden terror into the fortunate Lovers. The Lady committed her hasty flight to the dark shades; and *Crispus* leaping off from the Terrass into the Walk under it, conveyed himself away with such speed, that it was impossible for me to retrieve him amongst those intricate Meanders. My greedy eye made a strict search after my unfaithful one, to charge her treachery with my just reproaches; but all I could recover of her was a glimps at a great distance, as she ran into the house, with her Slave at her heels. I went to the door to wait for her coming forth, with a resolution to impeach her of her Treason; but she returned not that night to her own Lodgings; and I was inform'd by her Coachman, who drove home her Chariot, that she intended to lodge with *Heluidia*.

You are a Master in the Art of Love, my dear *Ovid*, and do doubtless comprehend, what the most significant expressions, would be too dull a Pencil to depaint to you. I past the whole night in measuring the length of my Chamber over and over with my large paces; and next morning *Agrippa* did me the honor to give me a visit. I know not what more, said he, approaching me, to alledge to *Cæsar*, for the farther retardment of his Commands. Our Prætor is now infallibly dead; and last night *Aurelia* advertis'd the Emperor by *Terentia*, that his designs and commands in your favor, were entirely conformable to her own desires. Do you tell me, my Lord, said I, interrupting his discourse, that *Aurelia* has assur'd the Emperor, she gives her free consent to our Marriage? Yes certainly, said *Agrippa*; and does likewise

likewiſe preſs the accompliſhment of it with all the earneſtneſs, her modeſty can diſpence with. I am much oblig'd to her, anſwered I, for ſo generous a complaiſance; but ſhe may honor ſome other with it, if ſhe pleaſes; for *Aurelia* ſhall never be the Wife of *Hortenſius*. You are not, I fear, in your right underſtanding, reply'd *Agrippa*, aſtoniſht at my repartee, What can you deſire in a Woman, which you cannot find in *Aurelia*? She is full of Youth, Beauty, Wit, and allied to *Cæſar*, who preſents her to you with his own hand, and for a Portion, the moſt eminent Charge in the whole Empire. The Emperor may Portion her with the whole Empire it ſelf, if he pleaſes, ſaid I, but *Hortenſius* ſhall never ſhare any part in his Bounty.

Heavens! What can I alledge in your juſtification, reply'd *Agrippa*, when the Emperor ſhall juſtly reſent this unexampled contempt of his moſt gracious favors? I will tell him, ſaid I, that I am reſolv'd never to marry; that I have a natural antipathy againſt the Sex; and that nothing ought to be more free to a Man than the reſignation of his liberty. You ought to have declared ſo much before, ſaid *Agrippa*, diſpleas'd with my diſcourſe, and not to expoſe a Coſin-German of the Great *Julius* to the publick ſcandal of an open repulſe. This manner of proceeding is not capable of any excuſe; your friends will all diſown your intereſts, if you do not ſpeedily return to your ſelf; and do that with a ready complaiſance, which you cannot refuſe to do, without drawing upon your ſelf, together with an inevitable ruin, the indignation of an incenſed Emperor. I was furniſh'd, but with too many and too convincing

reasons, which I might have offered in my own defence, but a too just respect for that ingrateful one; for whom I ever had, and still retain an honourable Passion, hindred me from publishing her infamy. She thought perhaps to put this consideration to the extremity of the Test; or whether it were that she imagin'd it was not in my power to withdraw it, from the object, it had been so long setled upon, or that being really ignorant of the true cause of my resentments, she was desirous to clap a specious Mask over the visage of her foul fac'd Intrigue, she counterfeited a most extreme grief, for the repulse, I had given her solemn declarations. She sent me Letters, to confute that Capricio of mine, as she term'd it, sugar'd over with expressions, as would certainly have seduc'd me, had it been possible for artifice to have done it. I was transported beyond all patience at this last testimony of her treachery; and I think I should scarce have commanded the impetuosity of my rage, had I had an opportunity to have vented it; but *Cæsar*, discovering nothing in my proceedings, but what bore the character of Arrogance and Ingratitude, sent a party of his Guards to me, with a Commission to Convoy me out of *Italy*, and an express command likewise to forbid me to return, till he was pleas'd to recal me.

You are now acquainted with the secret of that Adventure, which with so much injustice, has fixt upon me the title of *Indifferent*. But, my dear *Ovid*, see the capriciousness of my destiny: the Image of *Aurelia* is scarce yet defac'd out of my Soul; rage and contempt ought to have banisht it out of all her dominion, the very instant I discover'd her Treasons; but a heart condemned by heaven to a

rigorous

rigorous fate of constancy, is deaf to all admonitions, and insensible of all advantages, which are offered for its disingagement. I must avouch, to the shame of my judgment, that I am not yet possest with a due resentment of *Aureliaes* ingratitude; I conserve neither a Love, nor an esteem for her; but that despight, which now usurps the place of both, is a greater Tyrant to my repose, than those ever were: And could you imagine what object malitious fortune should now present to this despight? *Cepion*, that very *Cepion*, who is the Author of all my misfortunes, and from whom I have deriv'd so many fatal injuries, is at this hour in the Isle of *Thalassia*.

You tell me a wonder, said *Ovid*, What design has invited him to visit this inhumane Climate? I know not, reply'd *Hortensius*, but he landed yesterday in the evening; and lodged last night at *Lentulus* his quarters; I fancy'd I saw *Cepion* afar off walking with him, as I return'd from waiting upon Ladies to their Lodgings; but the little probability of such a truth lessening the credit of my eyes at such a distance, I could allow none to so strange a Vision. Whereupon I sent one of my Servants to be inform'd of the reality of it, who affirms that which my eyes did make a doubt of; *Cepion* is in this Island, and I must either be forc'd to endure the sight of a person I hate above all the World, or desert a Solitude, which I begin to take delight in, and have expended too much cost and time in cultivating it, to leave it without a sensible regret.

As *Hortensius* was speaking this, he espy'd *Lentulus* at the other end of the Galery, and with him his Rival, whose sight he so much abhorred. *Hor-*

tenſius could not Maſter the firſt motions of his horror; he ow'd a reſpect to the place, which ſomething reflected upon the perſon, who was in his own houſe; and never did man more religiouſly maintain the Laws of hoſpitality, or the devoirs of civility; but at this time, being incapable of obſerving either, he haſtily ruſh'd into *Ovid*'s Chamber, and ſhut the door after him. *Lentulus* had a particular kindneſs for *Cepion*, from whom he had received an important advice, which nearly concern'd his ſafety; & this ſole motive had brought him into *Thaliaſſia*. *Lentulus* was toucht to the Soul, to ſee in what manner he was treated by *Hortenſius*, What frenzie has invaded your friend? ſaid he to *Ovid*: Is he ſubject to theſe diſtempers? Or is it our ſight, that has brought them upon him?

Cepion is able to reſolve your doubt, reply'd *Ovid*, ſmiling upon *Lentulus*: he of the three is the perſon, whom this proceeding, I preſume, does leaſt ſurpriſe. I ſwear to you, ſaid *Cepion*, I am no leſs ſurpriz'd at it, than either of you can be. *Hortenſius* has been formerly of an opinion, that a certain perſon expreſt too great a kindneſs for me in a circumſtance he was not capable to digeſt: I thought I had not omitted any thing to undeceive him of his error: But he has ſince teſtified ſo ſcornful a contempt for the Lady, who was the ſubject of that conteſt, that though he thought himſelf not oblig'd to credit my proceedings, yet his own mutability in deſerting his Miſtreſs, ought to have diſſipated thoſe clouds of jealouſie, which hung ſo long over his head. You relate to us nothing but falſe appearances, ſaid *Ovid*; he that would ſatisfie his credulity with them, would conclude

conclude *Hortenſius* were in a fault; you could not prevent any perſons having a kindneſs for you; you did not endeavor to improve that kindneſs; nay you contributed all that lay in your power to extinguiſh it. But *Cepion*, but the Moon-light Adventure in the Garden of *Mecœnas*; the Aſſignation in the Arbor at the end of the Great Terraſs, pray tell us, does it deſerve in your opinion the thanks, or embraces of *Hortenſius*? *Cepion* ſtood mute for a while at this reproach of *Ovid*; then ſuddenly lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven; Oh! ye juſt gods, cry'd he out, What is this, I hear? How? ſaid he, fixing his eyes intentively upon *Ovid*; Is *Hortenſius* acquainted with the Encounter of the Grand Terraſs? So well, reply'd *Ovid*, that he was even an ear-witneſs to it. It was he who made that noiſe, and gave you the Alarm, that forc'd you to leap over the Terraſs; and it was that aſſurance of your felicity, which caus'd him to judge it would not be any diſcretion in him, to diſturb it, by marrying the perſon, who was propoſed to him.

With that *Cepion* walkt towards the door, whereat he had ſeen *Hortenſius* enter. Grant me the liberty, I beſeech you, ſaid he, to confute the moſt unjuſt opinion that ever ſuſpition yet harbor'd in her jealous Brain. *Aurelia*'s virtue is unblemiſht with the crimes with which you charge it; ſhe affects you moſt paſſionately; and ſupports all your reproaches with a goodneſs, that merits your higheſt adorations.

Ovid wiſely imagin'd that *Hortenſius* would be deſirous to convince *Cepion* of an error, or be convinc'd by him of his own; and judging that *Lentulus* would be a ſufficient Umpire in the caſe, he

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silently stole from them, and slipt undiscover'd out at the door, which descends into the Garden. He was scarce out of the house when a young Slave, who waited on *Rosilina*, came from his Mistress to enquire for him. *Lentulus* spy'd the Boy, at the entrance of a door, which *Hortensius* his Servants had open'd, to look into the Room for *Ovid*. He run to him, to ask him his business. I have brought a Note from *Rosilina*, said the Slave, to a *Roman*, who lodges here. Give it me, said *Lentulus*, and I will deliver it to *Ovid*. The Boy knowing that *Lentulus* was a particular friend of his Mistress, made no difficulty to give him the Ticket he brought. *Lentulus* walkt a little aside, that the Slave might not see him open it, and with an earnest curiosity casting his eyes upon it, he found these expressions.

"Your *Thalussian* Mistress is resolved to grant "you the private interview, you beg'd of her. "Fail not to render your self this night at the "same Wilderness where you writ the Verses, you "know of; all things shall be so disposed, that "you shall enjoy your desired satisfaction without "disturbance.

Herennia did not declare her self in the Billet to be the Lover, it spoke of; but jealousie would not suffer *Lentulus* to doubt it could be any other. He saw her, as she came out of the Wilderness, which the Ticket made mention of; and found her reading something, which he judg'd to be the Verses, it specifi'd; and she her self had told him, that what she was reading, did treat of a Love-intrigue.

He is now fully convinc'd, that *Herennia* is not only unfaithful, but that *Ovid* too is the secret Ri-

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val, he ſeeks after. Whereupon he reſolves to render himſelf at the appointed Rendezvous, inſtead of the new Lover; and after he had returned an anſwer to the Slave, by one of *Hortenſius*'s Servants, That *Ovid* would not fail to obey the orders which were ſent him, he went forth in a furious rage, and left *Cepion* and *Aureliaes* Lover the liberty to entertain each other without Witneſſes, or conſtraint. The amorous *Ovid* had nothing leſs in his thoughts, than what was projecting againſt him. He was ignorant of the Rape, *Tiſienus* had committed upon the Letter of *Sulpicia*; he knew not what a Monſter was hatching in the jealous breaſt of *Lentulus*, and thinking upon nothing but the charms of *Roſelina*, and the pleaſant Intrigue he was like to be embarkt in, he ſacrific'd to this Divinity all his deſigns and adorations. He found not his fair Goddeſs at her own Temple, and was told by her Servants, that ſhe was gone forth to take the Air in the Wood, which border'd upon the ſhoar. He run thither with all the ſpeed, the Wings of his deſires could carry him, that he might not looſe the opportunity of *Lentulus* his abſence. He ſearcht all the beaten tracts, nor left he thoſe unviſited, which were leaſt frequented, but could not retrieve the fair Game: He hunted back again upon the foil; and deſpairing at laſt to gain a view of it, he was ready to return to *Roſelinaes* Lodgings, to ſee whether ſhe were to come back thither, or no; when ſeveral loud cries gave his aſtoniſh'd ears the alarm from the neighboring ſhoar. He run with a precipitate haſte to the place, from whence he thought thoſe cries were ſent; where he ſaw a young Lady of exquiſite Beauty, ſtrugling by violence to diſengage her ſelf from a man

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in whoſe Arms ſhe was detained an unwilling priſoner; who, having perforce gain'd her liberty, came running to *Ovid* for ſuccor: he interpos'd himſelf immediately betwixt the Lady, and the man that purſu'd her, and catching him by the Arm; Whatever you are, ſaid he to him, who offer this unmanly violence to this young Lady; you have made choice of an ill place to execute your foul deſigns in. This Iſland is inhabited by many noble Heroes, who have an entire veneration for this fair Sex; and will all ſacrifice their lives at their feet, before any one of them ſhould ſuffer the leaſt injury.

The unknown employ'd no other language than a profound ſigh, to return an anſwer to *Ovid*'s diſcourſe, and ſinking down upon the Sands, gave cauſe to the *Roman* to judge, both by the paleneſs of his countenance, and the tracts of blood, which in divers places diſtain'd his cloaths, that he had received ſome dangerous wound. Whereupon *Ovid* chang'd his deſign from the oppoſing, to the relieving a perſon in ſo ill a condition. He ran towards the Sea for ſome Water to refreſh him; when a little farther he diſcover'd two men more, engag'd in a mortal Combat, whereof one, before he could come to them, fell dead at the feet of the other. He that remain'd victorious, appear'd ſo charming to the eyes of *Ovid*, that he conſider'd him as ſomething more than Mortal. He retired a pace or two backwards, and ſurveying him with admiration, he was going to expreſs the wonder of his thoughts in the beſt of his language; but the fierce unknown would not allow him the time; and not ſo much as vouchſafing him a look, rudely lanc'd himſelf forth in the purſuit of the fair Fugitive.

Fugitive. *Ovid* thought himſelf not oblig'd to interrupt his pious intent, to follow a Man of ſo little civility; wherefore he continued on his courſe towards the Sea; where he found a Shallop anchored on the ſhoar, and in her a Man, who ſeem'd to be her Pilot. *Ovid* askt him, if he could not furniſh him out of ſome of his Casks with a little freſh Water, to relieve a perſon, who lay gaſping for breath, at the entrance of the next Wood. The Mariner gave him to underſtand by ſigns, that he was both deaf and dumb; but by a quick gheſs comprehended his demands, drew a little Bottle out of his Pocket, fill'd it with water, and follow'd him to the place, *Ovid* had endeavor'd by ſigns likewiſe to deſcribe to him. They both employ'd their utmoſt skill to recall the Soul back again of the breathleſs Youth; which was fled from its ancient Harbor; but what *Ovid* at firſt thought only to be a ſwooning Fit, prov'd in the end, a real Death.

The Mute made a horrid kind of bellowing and confuſed noiſe at the ſight of ſo diſmal an object. *Ovid* pointed to the place likewiſe, where the other dead Man lay, and leaving him to exerciſe his charity about their Corps, was reſolv'd to gain ſome clearer evidence of ſo ſtrange an Encounter: and purſuing the tract, he had ſeen the unknown Lady take, he diſcover'd her in the great Road, which paſt thorough the mid'ſt of the Wood; and the ſtrange Youth, whoſe excellent Meen had ſurpriſed him ſo much before, upon his knees at her feet; who by the ſigns, he ſaw him expreſs at a diſtance, ſeem'd to be an earneſt Suiter to her for her ſtay: But ſhe ſeem'd neither to be mov'd with his Charms, nor his Intreaties, and angrily flinging

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ing out of his Arms, kept on her way upon the Road she was in. *Ovid* by a cross cut gain'd the advantage of her speed, and overtook her, just as her weariness forc'd her to sit down upon the ground, to ease her delicate limbs. Forbear, sweet Stranger, said he to her, to afflict your self in this manner; you are here in a Sanctuary of safety; and you shall find in this Island four or five *Romans*, who will as freely lay down their lives, if an honorable occasion shall call upon them, in your defence, as in their own; I am very much oblig'd to your generosity, reply'd the Lady, in a kind of corrupt Latin; I have no more Enemies, whose violence I fear; and though the persecution I now sustain, invirons my Soul with greater horror, than that the Heavens have so lately deliver'd me from, yet I do not think that it will compel me to have recourse to the famous Arms of the *Romans*. No, Divine *Agaritha*, (said the beautiful Youth following the Lady at a distance, who fled from him) you need employ no other Arms, than your inflamed eyes, to destroy the unfortunate *Herennius*. *Ovid* fixed his eyes intentively upon him, when he heard him pronounce the name of *Herennius*; are you, said he, the Son of *Herennius*, who followed *Sertorius* into *Spain*, at the time of *Sylla*'s tyranny? Yes, Sir, reply'd the Youth, I am the same, you mention. Do you know *Lentulus*, said *Ovid*, who commanded the *Roman* Forces in the last Expedition against the *Getes*? I have great reason to know the person, you name, answered *Herennius*, since he may challenge not the least share in the first misfortunes of my life. You are arriv'd in a place, where you have more friends perhaps, than you imagine, reply'd *Ovid*; give me leave to

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be your Guide to a Houſe not far diſtant from hence, where I ſhall preſent you with a view of ſome perſons, whoſe ſight, I ſuppoſe, may requite the pains you ſhall take in going to them. He requeſted the fair Stranger, to give them the favor of her company too; which ſhe granted, *Ovid* lent her his hand to raiſe her from her humble Seat, and to conduct her likewiſe towards the houſe of *Horſenſius*: The brave *Herennius* offered to take her by the other hand; but ſhe rudely thruſting him aſide, How dar'ſt thou approach me Traitor? ſaid ſhe; aſpire no more to the honor of touching that hand, which I have given thee but too often for my repoſe, and thy glory. Is it poſſible, *Agaribba*, reply'd *Herennius*, that ſo many humble Petitions for a Pardon offer'd up, ſo many Tears ſhed at your feet, ſo many times my Life hazarded in your ſervice, and this day eſpecially againſt your moſt mortal Enemies, ſhould not have the power to deface out of your thoughts, the memory of a weakneſs, ſo often expiated by an unfeined repentance? Is it a Crime unpardonable in a perſon of my age, to give ear or credit to the flattering diſcourſes of the firſt Princeſs of the Univerſe; which to have entertained with ſcorn, would certainly have been judg'd an unpardonable rudeneſs in me? I believ'd (though too ſoon) you were dead: and my ſubmiſſion to the Charms of a Princeſs, who ſubjugates to her Laws all Hearts, that dare approach her, cannot properly be term'd an inconſtancy, but, in the worſt ſence, a too haſty oblivion only of your Death. Go perfidious wretch, ſaid the enraged fair One, interrupting him, excuſe not thy levity in the opinion of my death; the ſolemn proteſtations of thy Love, and the memory of thy infinite misfortunes

fortunes that treacherous Love has involv'd me in, ought to have induc'd thee to examine strictly each particular of a report, which ought so nearly to have concern'd thee. But thou wert pleased doubt of my life, because it opposed an obstacle to thy new Amours: thou did'st fear my reproaches would have alarm'd thee, from which my death would have secur'd thee; and thou did'st flatter thy self with the pleasing thoughts of that, which thy inconstancy persuaded thee to hope for. The name of the first Princess of the Universe, had raised a Contest betwixt a paleness and a blush in *Ovid*'s Face; he thought no person had any right to that Title, but the Daughter of *Augustus*. He was about to ask *Herennius*, who that Princess was, he spoke of; but the fear of rendring his curiosity too remarkable, caus'd him to defer it to a fitter opportunity. Whil'st *Ovid* was framing a thousand conceits to himself in his suspitious fancy upon the Words of *Herennius*, and the young Lover by an ingenious confession and submission excusing his error to his incensed and irreconcileable Mistress; *Hortensius* received from the Mouth of *Cepion* the Relation of a Mistery, which after the turbulent agitation of so long a storm, brought a gentle calm to his thoughts.

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THE RELATION OF Cepion.

YOU made a right judgment, said *Cepion* to *Hortensius*, my insensibility was nothing but a dext'rous faint; but this faint had not for its object, the person, you ascrib'd to it. I have lov'd *Helvidia* since the first hour, my Soul was capable of an impression of love; and I got a particular friend of mine to sound the intentions of *Mecœnas* concerning the disposal of his Neece, whose beauty began to eclipse the lustre of the resplendent *Terentia*, who much desir'd to see her cloyster'd up in a Convent of Vestals.

Helvidia is not design'd for Marriage, (reply'd *Mecœnas* to my friend, who, without naming me, endevor'd to gain a clear intelligence of his resolves) and whosoever shall go about to inspire her with contrary sentiments, shall not at all oblige me. Your resolution surprizes me, said my friend, I see all other persons, whom their Princes favor has plac'd in an eminent Orb, aspire to contract themselves alliances, whil'st is in its Zenith, to support their in-

terest in the World, if it should happen to decline. My Maxims are opposite to those of ordinary Favorites, reply'd *Mecænas*, I am not ambitious to receive for the full benefit of *Cæsar*'s favor towards me, the pleasure only of flattering my self with the fancy of it: A Roman, who perhaps on terms of equality would esteem himself honor'd by my alliance, will think he offers a glorious Sacrifice to my favor, in demanding my Neece of me. I will not charge my honor with so scrupulous a vanity, and that I may not render my self suspected of an ambition or forecast, whereof my soul is uncapable, I would remove from the Court, or inclose within the grates of a vestal Cloyster, all such young Ladies as shall be under my protection.

This Declaration produc'd, in the heart of *Helvidia*, those effects in my favor, which many years services might have despair'd of meriting: It mutiny'd, and thought it lawful to revolt against the tyranny which was impos'd upon its liberty: and as I am naturally bold, and ambitious of enterprizing difficulties, that which render'd *Helvidia* propitious to my desires, made them soar a pitch likewise above the highest flight of ordinary Lovers. Yet we judg'd it a part of discretion, to conceal our Amour under the securest disguise we could invent for it. *Mecænas*'s credit commanded a great power with the Emperor, and he might have suppress'd me by open force, had I attempted to justle it. We agreed, the better to delude the *Argus*-ey'd World, to make Love, as I may say, by cross purposes: And then I began to affect that insensibility, wherewith a long time *Aurelia* herself was deceiv'd: she was then a friend of *Helvidia*, but not her confident: And *Helvidia* was us'd to say, that the infallible way to pre-

serve

serve a secret from being betray'd, was always to be the Mistriss of it herself: I saw her oftner at *Aurelia's* apartment, than *Mecenas's*; and this private disguise I put upon my visits, allow'd me the liberty to make them with more frequency and security. I was much indebted at that time to the generous proceedings of *Aurelia*; she was ignorant of the cause that so often invited me to her Lodgings, and she is naturally of a sweet and affable disposition; but I perceiv'd, that this sweetness and this affability, insensibly gave place to their opposite qualities. *Helvidia* perceiv'd it, as well as I; and without seeming to take a particular notice of it, she ask'd her the cause. Can you ask me such a question, said *Aurelia?* Have you eyes, and do not see, after what manner that young Insolent treats me? He seems to have made choice of me for a Subject, to exercise all his incivilities on; he disdains to give me his hand to lead me in publick; he opposes all I say, or do; and it is sufficient to cast him into a humor of contradiction, if I but open my mouth in any place, where he is. *Helvidia* gave me information of the complaints were fram'd against me; but though I could not allow them to be just, yet I began to carry my self with that respect towards *Aurelia*, as I was accustom'd to do, when she was best satisfi'd with my proceedings.

You must force your self, said *Helvidia*, in a circumstance of this importance, to act a part contrary to your inclination. We must make use of the House of *Aurelia*, for the place of our interviews: affect a complaisance to all her desires, speak all the obliging things to her, a real Amour could dictate. Oh! Madam, said I, interrupting her, you do not well consider what you command me; it so ill becomes a

perſon of honor to act the Lover, when he is nothing leſs, that I know not how to expreſs the diſorder of my thoughts to you; and you are ſenſible, that the ſame diſorder in the thoughts of another, generally derives its ſource from the Motions of the heart; and all reaſonable creatures, have not alwayes the reaſon to be the Maſters of them. *Helvidia* laugh'd at my ſuſpicions, and gave me a little check for the preſumption I had of my own Merits. My Friend, ſaid ſhe, is too prudent to love firſt; and that which I interpreted a diſorder in the heart, was only a point of nicety, which ſhe conjur'd me to wave, and ſatisfie her requeſt; I obey'd it, and endeavor'd to make the will of *Aurelia*, the ſquare of all my actions. I was diligent in paying all thoſe little ſervices to her commands, which can bear the conſtruction of nothing but ordinary civilities towards a perſon, one has not a paſſion for; but do aſſume another character, when Love enters on the Theatre. I applauded all ſhe ſaid, I often took occaſion to extoll her beauty. About this time the Emperor took a progreſs to *Tuſculum*, and as *Terentia* was alwayes the glorious Planet, which was fix'd to the motion of the Court, *Helvidia* was oblig'd to attend her. I diſcontinu'd my uſual viſits to *Aurelia*'s apartment in its abſence; but one evening having the honor to conduct ſome young Ladies, and *Aurelia* amongſt them, to take the air on the pleaſant banks of *Tyber*, they began to reproach me with my pretended inſenſibility; and this railery was the ſubject of the greateſt part of our converſation. I took great pleaſure in acting the part of a faithful Lover, under the perſon of the indifferent; which ſeem'd to be a private ſacrifice offer'd up to the ſhrine of my abſent Miſtriſs; I perceiv'd that *Aurelia*

relia did often change colour, and when I presented her my hand to conduct her to her chariot, she seem'd as if she had taken no notice of my civility, and so in a regardless manner refus'd me hers: But I judg'd it no policy to draw upon me the indignation of more than *Aurelia*, at that time, for having unadvisedly declar'd before, that I suspected *Aurelia* had had a kindness for me, I had been revil'd by them, as a young Fellow puffed up with vanity and self-conceit; I durst not discover my thoughts, but endeavor'd to seem satisfi'd, that *Aurelia* had not really seen me, when I offer'd her my hand. The Emperor return'd to *Rome* the day after. *Helvidia* came to visit *Aurelia*, as soon as she was disingag'd from *Terentia*; she found her in her Bed, and her voice so alter'd, that she judg'd her to be dangerously ill; which put her into such a fright, that she was scarce able to ask her, what her distemper was? The effect, said *Aurelia*, of the most malign influence, that ever the Heavens produc'd. Ask me no more, for I will rather dye, than make a larger confession of my Misfortunes. How? my Dear, reply'd *Helvidia*, can *Aurelia* keep any secret from *Helvidia*? Can you offer so unkind an injury to our friendship?

I deal with our friendship, said *Aurelia*, as I wish I could deal with my self; would the Gods were pleas'd, that at the expence of my life, I could conceal that from my self, which I refuse to reveal to you; let it suffice, that I am the most unfortunate of Women. *Helvidia* could gain no other answer from her that day, but one or two after she conjur'd her with such vehemency to confide a secret to her, which so much perplex'd her thoughts, that *Aurelia* suffer'd her obstinacy to be conquer'd by it. You

will doubtless accuse *Helvidia* of some injustice, seeing with what earnestness she urg'd a freedom from *Aurelia*, which she refus'd to practise herself; but she had violent presumptions of the truth, and supposing them to be well grounded, they might authorize a small dissimulation. *Aurelia* drew some Tablets out of her Pocket, and having studied a little time to digest her conceit, she writ the Verses I shall here recite to you.

Cepion began to repeat the same Verses, which *Hortensius* had found before in the Gardens of *Lucullus*; but *Hortensius* interrupting him after two or three words, I am as well acquainted with those Verses, as your self, said he, and I think I have them still in my possession.

You have them not, said *Cepion*: Oh! would it had so pleas'd the Gods, that you had kept them. *Helvidia* had a strong presumption, that I was the Ingrate, those Verses decyphred; they gave a character of my person, such as it could not merit; but the esteem, wherewith the goodness of *Aurelia* was pleas'd to honor me, did doubtless render her too partial a Judge in my favor. She propos'd a thousand questions to *Aurelia*, to draw from her a clear confirmation of her suspicions. *Aurelia*'s amorous distractions had reduc'd her to that critical minute, (so fam'd amongst Lovers) wherein the high swelling tyde of Passion, will not suffer the heart to keep any thing conceal'd within its centre. She made to her a sincere declaration of the Love she had for me, and in terms so passionate, that the heart of *Helvidia* was transfix'd with a tender compassion of her sufferings. She gave me an account of their converse the same day, in a Garden, where she was waiting upon the Empress, as she was taking the air, when I

was

was so happy to receive her hand; and as nothing can compare with the sweetness of her nature, it is a great trouble to me, said she, to see this poor Lady in that condition you have reduc'd her to: what she has told me, even pierces my very Soul; and I conjure you, by that respect you protest you have for me, to afford some relief to the afflictions she labors under. How? Madam, said I, not a little surpriz'd and startled, at her expression, are you weary of my heart, and willing to turn it out of your service? Will you transfer to *Aurelia*, the title and right you have acquit'd over it? I have no such intention, reply'd *Helvidia*, your heart is, and ever shall be most precious to *Helvidia*; but if without infringing my right to that heart, you could by some small compliances flatter a little the passion of *Aurelia*, I assure you, you would lay a sensible obligation upon me. Ha! Madam, said I, disturb'd with the thoughts of such an obligation, I have express'd already but too much of that compliance, you would now again condemn me to. If from the first Moment, I was sensible of the weakness of *Aurelia*, I had combated it with all my power, whil'st it was young, I had doubtless suppress'd it; but your commands compell'd me to caress, and suffer it to gather strength; the services, your orders enjoin'd me to render her, have given that encouragement to her distemper'd fancy, that she doubted not, as you know, to express it under her own hand. To violent diseases your Physicians are us'd to apply remedies of the same nature. I think, I understand *Aurelia* perfectly well, she has a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions of an amorous Passion; she has courage, and firmity of resolution; and if once the first has taken a full possession of her Soul, it will be impossible to

remove it; and therefore the best expedient would be, to pluck it up, and crush it, before it has taken too deep a root. Do not think upon so violent a course, said *Helvidia*, time will cure *Aurelia*'s distemper, without the help of so rough a Physitian. She has virtue; she understands, that from *Cæsar* she must expect a husband; and I do not desire you, to flatter her Passion out of any doubt I have, that she will not be able to surmount it without your assistance; but because I apprehend, the visible marks of your neglect do inflame and exasperate the wound, she has unfortunately receiv'd. I would have you allow her virtue time to act according to its own dictates, and owe the conquest to its self. I objected many things more to *Helvidia*, to make her sensible of the danger, to which her compassion expos'd us, but all my remonstrances were to no effect: She carry'd me the next day to *Aurelia*, and charg'd me with greater apprehensions of her danger, than I had conceiv'd before; she made a sign to me with her eye, to maintain that in my discourse, which she thought convenient to advance in hers; and when she perceiv'd I was refractory to her commands, she testify'd, by the sudden alteration of her countenance, a displeasure, which had almost congeal'd my blood within my veins; and like a sullen cloud, totally eclips'd the usual serenity of her smiling affability even to the very day, you had that long conference with the Emperor. You may judge by what I tell you to day, that I told you no untruth then, when I assur'd you, that I had employ'd my utmost endeavors to invest you in the possession of *Aurelia*. I was so persecuted with the importune compassion of *Helvidia*, that I could have given any thing that was most dear to me in the world, besides herself, to have purchas'd

that'd a short truce from it. It was from the Mouth of *Helvidia*, that your Mistriss first understood that act of generosity you express'd in her favor to the Emperor, *Helvidia* being then with *Terentia*, when *Cæsar* reported it to her. Oh! cruel Gods! exclaim'd *Aurelia*, in a dolorous Note (when the Niece of *Mecœnas* inform'd her of your proceedings) is it not enough to satiate the cruelty of my destiny, that I am forc'd to love that, I ought to hate; but that I must likewise be guilty of an inexpiable ingratitude towards that, I ought to love? Oh! cruel *Hortensius*, (went she on, with a torrent of tears flowing from her eyes) why art thou so unkind, to intrude such bitter resentments in amongst those insupportable afflictions, which already overcharge me? These resentments may not be unprofitable, reply'd *Helvidia*, if you would but a little consult your reason, *Hortensius* is a person, in whom Merit and Love contend for the nobler title; and if the generous resignation, he has made of his own desires unto yours, has on his part protected you from a husband, opposite to the inclinations of your own will, you will not be able to protect your self long from one, whom anothers will shall impose upon them. *Cæsar* is oblig'd to offer a husband to the Cousin German of the great *Julius*, and it is not probable, that he will cast his regards upon *Cepion*, to honor him with that alliance. The charges and dignities, which he will annex to the possession of your person, will require a Man of more experience to support their weight and lustre, than the Ingrate, you love, is capable of. Ought not the violence, you will be forc'd sooner or later to impose upon your inclinations, to seem less cruel to you on the part of a generous person, whose adorations you have

have often before receiv'd at your feet, than on this of some proud morose stranger, you never saw? Go on, my Dear, said the languishing *Aurelia* to *Helvidia*, go on, and make me understand what I owe to the generosity of *Hortensius*: I with scorn entertain'd that Love, he has given me so many glorious proofs of; I forbid him my house, and in the height of all these ill treats he has receiv'd from me, he has refus'd to take a just revenge of my abuses: make me sensible what care and regard he had of my honor, when I had so little for it my self. He might have discover'd to the Emperor, the passion I had for his Rival; he knew it, and my carriage towards him, did not oblige him to conceal it, yet he never gave him the least intimation of it.

Ovid came in, as *Cepion* was in this part of his Relation; See, said he to *Hortensius*, presenting to him the two strangers, if I do not deserve the honor of being sent forth upon all expeditions for discoveries? Have you ever seen a nobler couple, than here I bring before you? *Hortensius*, with much impatience, desir'd to hear the end of *Cepion*'s discourse, and *Ovid* had not oblig'd him, by coming to interrupt it: But as he was a person of the greatest civility in the world to strangers, and those which were presented to him being of that quality, as to attract his chiefest consideration, he receiv'd them with all the demonstrations of a courteous welcom. You observe, and doubtless not without admiration, said *Ovid* to *Hortensius*, addressing a Salute to the Brother of *Roselina*, that this young unknown is a Masculine Beauty in our Sex: you need but cast your eyes upon him, to confirm your remark; for the first sight of him was like to have made me turn Idolater, and offer incense to an unknown Deity. But your admiration

will

will be greater, when I shall tell you, that it is not his person only which ought to render him thus worthy of your consideration; you behold in him that young *Herennius*, the apprehension of whose ignominy, caus'd the fair *Herennia* to attempt so audacious an enterprize. *Cepion* presently knew *Herennius* to be the same, whom *Ovid* spoke of, he gave him a thousand caresses; and the three *Romans* thought it convenient to send for *Lentulus*, to take his part in so fortunate an encounter. *Hortensius* order'd a Servant to go to him, and to inquire privately likewise, if *Roseline* were at home. I shall be asham'd to look that great General in the face, said *Herennius* to *Cepion*; the manner whereby I rob'd him by my flight of a Prisoner, (whom the Laws of *Mars* had consign'd into his power, and his generosity accumulated with his favors) carries with it the too just Marks of an ingratitude; which would inviron me with shame and confusion, did not the cause of my offence plead its own excuse. Behold there, Sir, said he, shewing him the fair stranger, behold the Motive, which summon'd me from your Camp, to give my attendance in another place; my first chains discharg'd me of your second; and I had a Master to whose commands my liberty was engaged, before the fortune of War had captivated it to yours. I must be forc'd to acknowledge before this company, said the Lady, interrupting him, that thou hast a great opinion of my discretion, or a very small one of thy own, since thou dost presume with such confidence to boast of the injuries I have receiv'd from thee. Thou hopest perhaps that the presence of these persons, whom I know all to be *Romans*, will impose a constraint upon my just resentments, but when they know their character, as well as thou

dost,

soft, they will conclude them to be too full of equity, to bear a Moderation. I will speak, I will utter all that a just despight can prompt to the Soul of a Lover unworthily betray'd; and violating the Laws of silence, as thou hast done those of honor and fidelity, I shall be more excusable, as a *Grecian*, in publishing to the World the shame of *Cæsar*, than thou, as a *Roman* by extraction, in dishonoring the house of thy Emperor. These words were like so many fiery darts, that carry'd flames of jealousie and distraction into the breast of *Ovid*; his suspicions would indulge no quiet to his restless thoughts; I am better read in Love, than you, said he to *Herennius*, (who was ready to reply to the reproaches of the fair *Greek*;) you ought never to attempt to conquer the rigor of your Mistriss by a contentious dispute, we must allow all Women in general the liberty of their smart Repartees, and to those, we love, a prerogative in that nature, above those, who are indifferent to us. Give me leave to give some instructions to the beauteous *Agaritha*, and do you second them by a respectful silence, which perhaps may prove a better Orator in your cause, than your tongue. In saying this, he took *Agaritha*'s hand, and led her up to a Terrass, which afforded a pleasant prospect to the Sea, hoping by some curious questions to gain from her a discovery of the subject of her indignation; but *Herennius* understanding from the two *Romans*, that the person who had made that discourse to him, was the famous *Ovid*, he follow'd him up to the Terrass. You are a Judge too renowned in the case of Love-differences, said he to him, not to be fear'd by the guilty; and therefore I cannot give my consent, that my fair Enemy should preingage you in favor of her cause; but if you must understand

understand what the crimes are wherewith she charges me, and whereof in effect I am partly chargeable, I had rather make an ingenuous confession of them my self, than suffer her to aggravate them in the recital. That which you are now going to make, said *Ovid*, is too criminal a secret, I fear, to find a favorable Judge. Sit you down upon that stony bench, (added he, in causing him to sit) and make a sincere confession to us of all your faults, and perhaps we may prove so fortunate Advocates for you to this fair one, as to obtain your pardon; and your story will be the most agreeable diversion, we can pass the time with, till the arrival of those persons, whose company we have sent to beg, to honor yours. *Herennius* would not give them the trouble of an important intreaty, and *Hortensius* thinking that his Relation would be soon interrupted by the coming of *Lentulus*, was satisfi'd to defer the sequel of *Cepion*'s till a little longer time; the company being all plac'd upon the Terrass, the charming *Herennius* began his discourse in this manner.

THE

THE HISTORY OF *Herennius* and *Agaritha*.

THis illustrious Lady, said he, pointing to *Agaritha*, has honor'd the Isle of *Lesbos* with her birth, and is descended in a direct masculine Line from the first Princes of *Greece*. I learnt my exercises in the Capitol City of this Island, where the Father of *Agaritha* made his ordinary residence. I saw *Agaritha*, and as it is scarce possible to see her, and not love her, my youthful heart without resistance yielded up its liberty to the first of her regards. The Nobility of her descent borrows no support from the favors of Fortune, which has endow'd it but with small possessions, and this did facilitate the Suit I made to her Parents for their consent. Our Marriage was concluded, and my felicity was no longer to be defer'd, than to the happy Minute, I should be able to make good what I had propos'd. I took one of *Agaritha*'s chief Relations along with me to the Frontiers of the *Getes*, where the scatter'd relics of all that small wealth, the Misfortunes of our House had left me, was deposited. I fell sick in this journey, but as I had propos'd nothing, but what truth

truth could attest for me, the Parents of *Agarista* thought her so well bestow'd upon me, that they employ'd all imaginable diligence to hasten the consummation of my felicity. The weakness my sickness had left upon me, would not permit me to return to *Lesbos*, as soon as the impatience of my love desir'd, whereupon the *Grecian*, I had in my company, seeing the will of the Gods themselves, had dispens'd with my duty in so fatal an occasion, conjur'd by my ardent intreaties, engag'd his faith to me, to re-instate me in the possession of my Mistriss; she had been solemnly betroth'd to me before, and I on my part renew'd to him all the most sacred assurances, I was in that circumstance capable to make. Upon this intelligence, my Mistriss did me the honor to leave *Lesbos*, to come to the place where the Malice of my distemper forc'd me to attend her. Her short Sea-Voyage was fortunate; I advanc'd, as well as I was able to meet her, and hop'd in a few dayes to join her; when I understood that a Party of the *Roman* Army had surpriz'd her, and carry'd her away Prisoner amongst many others, on whom they impose the infamous title of Slaves. I leave you to judge, what a relapse this news reduc'd me to. I sent to the Captain of the Slaves, to petition him that *Agarista* might be expos'd to ransom, and I would have redeem'd her at the expence of all that Fortune had left me in the world. But my Mistriss was a treasure above a ransom; she was design'd for the Emperor, and a Convoy was ready to conduct her to *Rome*. This barbarous inhumanity heighten'd my former distemper to a perfect phrensie. I put my self in the head of some revolted *Getes*, and forgetting I was of *Roman* blood, I atchiev'd such honors against the Army, *Lentulus* commanded, that I ren-

der'd

der'd the name of *Roselin*, (which I assum'd, and was the name of my Uncle by my Mothers side,) both famous, and redoubted to the *Romans*. Love and Revenge inspiring me with courage, I out-braved temerity itself. I attempted to set the Prisoners at liberty, they were hurrying away to *Rome*; in which audacious enterprize, I was taken my self, and design'd for one of those memorable Examples by which *Lentulus* hop'd to conquer the obstinacy of the rebellious *Gaules*. You have heard by what means I was deliver'd from that danger; and how *Lentulus*, who is really endu'd with a brave Soul, vigorously embrac'd that opportunity, to reduce those Opiniatres by the principles of a generous Magnanimity. He restor'd to me the name of my Ancestors, to extinguish that of a Gladiator out of my thoughts, which I was ready to be branded with. He offer'd me Employs in his Army, and if I had been only a Rebel, I might have been the inseparable companion of his fortune and glory; but I was a Lover, and resolv'd to sacrifice a thousand Lives, had I been Master of them, or free *Agarithas* from the ignominious chains of her slavery. I durst not impart my design to *Lentulus*, who pretended a great respect for my sister; and I was afraid, that the kindness he expres'd to me, would have caus'd him to have oppos'd a bar against my dangerous resolutions. Whereupon I privately deluded the obliging care, *Lentulus* had of me, and stealing in disguise out of his Camp, sometimes committing my flight to Sea, sometimes to Land, according to the best conveniences I could meet with for speedy travel, I at length arriv'd at the Suburbs of *Rome*, and had by my diligence prevented the slow Motions of the Slaves, who were not yet come; nor suffer'd to take

long,

long Journies, for fear of impairing their Beauty, and Complections, by the laborious toils of his disorderly Travel. The name of *Herennius* was not yet defac'd out of the memory of true *Romans*, and I had Relations in *Italy*, who I hop'd, would not disown their own Blood: Besides repos'd great confidence in the favor of *Lentulus*, if I should have occasion to make use of it; and above all, I assur'd my self of the Justice and Equity of *Cæsar*. I entertain'd my self with these pleasing fancies all the way betwixt *Tusculum* and *Rome*, which was the Road, by which the Slaves were to make their triumphal Entry into the City; when I discover'd coming forth of the Suburbs thereof a rich and magnificent Chariot, with a proud Guard attending it: I stopt to take a view of it, when a glorious young Lady, who was seated in it, putting her Head by accident out of the door, on the side that I was of, happen'd to cast her eye upon me from whence she did not remove it in a good space; and then expressing a gesture of admiration, I assure you, said she to another Lady, who was with her, that this is the original of my excellent Peice, I value so much. At these words she commanded the Chariot to stop, and making me a Sign to come to her, askt me who I was. I am a *Roman*, Madam, said I, though fortune has made me and my Country long Strangers to each other. What profession are you of? reply'd she. I ought to profess the Honor of a *Roman* Knight, said I, but through some misfortunes, the recital whereof would require too long an Audience; my profession at present is that of a Knight really Errant, who fears he shall never arrive to a happy end of his Adventures.

A Cavalier, who seem'd to have the conduct of the party that convoy'd her, approach'd the Chariot with a low and respectful bow, and humbly entreated the Lady who spoke to me, to consider, that he should incur the Emperors displeasure, if he did not conduct her to *Tusculum* in good time; whereupon, with an obliging bow of her head, taking as it were her leave of me, she commanded her Coachman to drive on. I went to some Slaves, who run by the Chariot side, to inform my self who the Lady was, that had discourted with me. Who is she? answered they, with looks expressing an admiration of my ignorance; Do you not know the Emperors Daughter? you have all seen the Princess *Julia*, you know what dazeling Rayes the shafts from her eyes into those of all such as behold her, the complaisant sweetness of her carriage, and the mellifluous Charms which with her Words flow from her Lips. What concern, said I to my self, can the Daughter of *Cæsar*, have with thee, a Passenger, whom she accidentally meets upon a common Road? Why should she make a stop to talk to thee? Why should she ask what Country or Profession thou were of? It was not *Julia* certainly, thou did'st see, it was a Vision without doubt, and what thou did'st take to be a real Encounter, was nothing but a deluding Dream. I understood by mine Host where I lodged, that the Emperor had commanded the Princess his Daughter to retire to *Tusculum* upon a difference, which she had had with the Prince *Marcellus*, whom both himself and the whole Empire designed for her Husband. And a few days after I was inform'd by common report, that the same Prince had cast himself at *Augustus* his Feet, to obtain a repeal of those Commands;

mands; and that the ſame day the Princeſs was to return to the Court. I had a deſire to ſee her make her entry, and out of an itch of vanity, or more properly infidelity, which I have a thouſand times ſince accus'd with an unfeined grief and repentance, I took care to appear more ſplendid and conſpicuous than ordinary. As ſhe alighted out of her Chariot, the Prince *Marcellus* gave her his hand, to conduct her to her Chamber. I preſſed amongſt others to ſee her; ſhe again took notice of me, and made the like Sign to me, as ſhe had done before, upon the Road to *Tuſculum*.

This exceſs of Civility in the firſt Princeſs of the Univerſe, and towards a perſon of no Conſideration, nor Note, ſtruck me with an admiration, I am not capable to expreſs. I inſinuated my ſelf into the acquaintance of one of her Attendants, who was a Kinſman of mine Hoſt, and he promiſed me to admit me to to the ſight of the Princeſs, at the next convenient opportunity: and one day, when ſhe was walking by the River *Tyber*, with no other Company than her Maids of Honor, he came and advertis'd me of it. I haſtn'd thither with ſpeed, and us'd all my endeavors to render my ſelf remarkable to her; which was not difficult to be effected. *Julia*, as you know, has an action very airy and free, and her eyes, like Harbingers to her Greatneſs, take up all places where ſhe is, for their entertainment: They had ſoon found me, and their Princeſs askt me, if I were not the perſon, whom ſhe had ſeen upon the way, as ſhe was going to *Tuſculum*. Yes, Madam, ſaid I, I am the ſame, who charm'd with your Bounties All-divine, would willingly ſacrifice my deſpicable life to the juſt acknowledgments, my meanneſs

ſhall always be oblig'd to pay to them. Preſerve your life for ſome worthier occaſion, reply'd the Princeſs, ſmiling upon me, I am no lover of bloody Sacrifices, and it would be a great loſs to the World, that a perſon of your Meen and Compoſure, ſhould be ſnatcht out of it in the flower of his Youth. She ſeem'd to be ſenſibly toucht with all the paſſionate paſſages of my Relation, and interrupting me, as I was repeating that of my Sifters bold Enterprize; I cannot applaud, ſaid ſhe, this Maſculine Bravery in Women; it is ſo juſt a Propriety of the other Sex, that methinks, it is always an unnatural uſurpation in ours, what pretence ſoever you color it with. But, I cannot deny, but the action of *Herennia* has I know not what of heroick in it, which infinitely pleaſes me; and I will ſerve you for your Sifters ſake. Come ſee me to morrow, added ſhe, ſeeing the Prince *Marcellus* at a diſtance, who was coming to wait upon her. I ſolemnly proteſt, and too often have I made this ſolemn proteſtation to the jealous and revengeful *Agaritha*, that the ſupernatural Graces of that Princeſs, did with their luſtre, dazle and charm all the faculties of my Soul. But I call the Divinity of Love to witneſs, who is, and ever was, my moſt adored Deity, that all the time I mention, I never had any other regard for this Princeſs, but as I hop'd by her favor to arrive at a means to obtain the liberty of *Agaritha*; but I ſoon had cauſe to believe, that the Heavens envyed me the pleaſure I took in the thoughts of that hopeful deſign; for I was told at the Slave-Office, which I viſited every hour of the day and night, that thoſe which were expected from the *Getiſh* Camp, were Shipwrackt; and that ſo inconſiderable a number of them had

eſcap'd

eſcap'd, that it was not thought worth the trouble of ſending them to *Rome*. I askt with ſymtoms of a deathful deſpair in my countenance, whether a beautiful *Grecian*, named *Agaritha*, were in the Catalogue of the living, or the dead. The names are not yet known of the one, nor the other, reply'd a perſon, who belong'd to the Office; but if that *Agaritha*, you mention, be handſom, as you ſay, ſhe is certainly periſht. I thought this diſmal News would have put a period to my life; the conformation whereof a day or two after, had almoſt induc'd me to employ my Sword to effect what my grief was too ſlow in executing. This fatal accident had totally rais'd the character of *Juliaes* Charms out of my memory; I had no other thoughts than of reſtoring to my Siſter an unfortunate Brother, who was now the ſole ſupport and Guardian of her Orphan Beauty; and I left my melancholy quarters to ſeek a convenience for my journy, when paſſing through the Piazza, which is before the Pantheon, I ſaw the Princeſs, who was then come out of that Temple, walking under ſome Trees, which in pleaſant Walks, are rang'd before it. She diſcover'd me almoſt, as ſoon as I had her; and commanding her Servants to call me unto her; What is the reaſon, ſaid ſhe, you did not come to me, as I order'd you? Alas, Madam, anſwer'd I, with tears ready to ſtart out of my eyes, I have no more need of the protection, you did me the honor to promiſe me; *Agaritha*, for whom alone I thought to have taken the preſumption to have beg'd it, is no longer in the World. Is it poſſible, reply'd the Princeſs, that any body ſhould be ſo much concern'd for the death of a perſon, they deſign'd for a Wife? You have

not had time to practice with *Agarithe* one of those Intrigues, which gives Love that firmity of settlement in the Soul of Lovers; you demanded her in Marriage upon the very first motions of your Love, and obtained her upon the first of your demands, did you not, of her Parents? Yes, Madam, said I, interrupting her, with more transport than respect; but the injurious Heaven forbid the Banes of my felicity. That's nothing, said the Princess, you have not had sufficient proof, or knowledge of her, to desire her possession with that vehemency and ardor, you pretend; Do not leave *Rome*, for Heaven seem'd to charge me with your protection and conduct, when it offer'd you to my view upon the Road to *Tusculum*; we want not fair Ladies here, to whom you may devote your self, without the consent or displeasure of *Hymen*. But, Madam, said I, if I may dare to presume to be of an opinion repugnant to yours, I should affirm, that you impose upon me the most rigorous Law, that Man is capable of being bound to: For can a Lover be confin'd to a destiny more severe, than an irrefragable despair, of ever possessing his Mistress? You are dull of apprehension, said *Julia*, I wish you nothing less, than a rigorous destiny; stay in *Rome*, I tell you; and if you please, you may add your self to the number of divers young Gentlemen, who without the stipend of a mercenary Service, are entertain'd in my Family. I embrac'd the offer, she made me, with all the marks of an humble joy and respect; and the chiefest employ of those places, was to exhibit an obsequious diligence and assiduity towards her person. The first day that I was to give my attendance, I was struck with wonder to find in the Princesses

Closet

Closet the Portraiture of a *Cupid*, which I had procured to be drawn by an exquisite hand at *Lesbos*, and deliver'd to my Mistresses. She observ'd my admiration; you know this Piece, I see, said she to me, and I believ'd the first moment I saw you, that you could not be a Stranger to it. I know it most assuredly, Madam, said I, but cannot imagine how it should come to the honor of being in the place, where I see it. If the person that plac'd it here, said a Lady, interrupting our discourse (whom the Princess had a particular respect for, and I knew afterwards to be *Sulpicia*) had imagin'd it would have produc'd the effects it has done, would have been better advis'd, than to have brought it hither. These words dy'd the Princess Cheeks with a scarlet blush, and casting an angry look upon her, Must you always be talking of that Man? said she to her; are you not satisfi'd, that he has occasion'd a quarrel already? But you will have him as well present as absent, create a new one betwixt us. Ha! my dear Princess, reply'd *Sulpicia*, in a rallying tone, if that which I say to day, attracts your displeasure upon me, it must be for some cause far different from that, which would have attracted it some days ago. Who can forbear, went she on smiling, to smile a little sometimes at the pleasant manner, whereby we see Love play with the Policy of Lovers? This person of so eminent experience makes you a present of a Picture of Love, to the end, says he, that the representation of the God of Love, should preserve in your thoughts the memory of the Lover: And for this cause he conjures you to cast your eyes often upon the Picture; and because you have too often comply'd with his desires, you now grow quarrelsome with me.

me. You will never leave this idle raillery, said *Julia*, clapping her hand before *Sulpicia's* Mouth; let us talk no more neither of the effects it has produc'd, nor the party that gave it us.

The Relation of *Herennius* was here interrupted by one of *Ovid's* Slaves, who came running up the Terrass with a more than ordinary speed. Oh! ye good and mighty gods, cry'd he out, I give you thanks, that the News is not true— Of what News talk you? said *Ovid*; and what makes you interrupt us in this rude manner? Sir, reply'd the Slave, pardon me, for I am yet quite besides my self. I went along close by the Sea-shore, to see if I could discover any Marks of a Combat, which I was told, had been newly fought there; where I found *Tisienus*, who, methoughts had something of dismal and horrid in his countenance; he knew me to belong to you. Go boy, said he, and bury thy Masters body, who has now receiv'd the just reward of all his Crimes. I was not able for a while to stir any limb I had, at the apprehension of these mournful words, and seeing *Tisienus* make hastily away from me, after he had spoke them, I endeavoured to follow him, to gain a clearer understanding of them; but he went so fast, and my surprize had so disarm'd my legs of their strength, that I could not possibly overtake him. Fortune guided me hither, where, thanks to Heaven, I find, that *Tisienus* has only made a trial of my love to my Master. *Hortensius* and *Ovid* lookt one upon another at this Relation of the Slave; which included more than one Mystery, but they could not on a sudden penetrate into the consequence; for one of *Hortensius* his Servants came all in a fright, to tell him, that *Lentulus* was newly murder'd in one of the Walks of the Wilder-

Wilderneſs, and carried home to his houſe. *Cepion* ran thither, and the reſt of the Company followed him; where they found *Herennia*, *Adiamante*, and *Junia*, at the foot of the Stairs. The young *Herennius* knew his Siſter by the light of the Torches, which diſplay'd a glorious day over all the houſe; he was agreeably ſurpriz'd at ſo much a deſir'd, but little expected Encounter. He ran to her with open Arms, and incircling her in his tender embraces: *Herennia*, ſaid he, my dear Siſter, have I found you in this barbarous Iſland! *Herennia* was ſtartled at the action of her Brother, but coming to know him, and the name of Siſter, which he pronounc'd, confirming the report of her eyes, Ah! *Herennius!* Oh! my dear Brother, ſaid ſhe, bedewing his Cheeks with her overflowing Tears, in what a deplorable condition do you find me? Her redoubled ſighs would not ſuffer her to utter a word more. They all went up together to the Chamber of the wounded *Lentulus*. He had then fortunately with him a very skilful Surgeon, whom he had brought from the *Getiſh* Camp: This man with ſuch good ſucceſs employ'd his Art, that in a ſhort time he reduc'd him out of an (almoſt) mortal ſwound, into which his great loſs of blood had caſt him. He ſearcht a deep wound, which he had a little above his Heart, and was judg'd by him to have been given with a Ponyard, *Herennia* aſſiſted his labor with a ſorrowful diligence, which reduc'd her to a weakneſs almoſt equal, to that, of the expiring *Lentulus*; and thinking that in the countenance of the Surgeon, ſhe had diſcover'd the wound to be mortal, ſhe gave a loud ſhreek, and was dropping in a ſwound into the Arms of *Adiamante*. *Lentulus* turn'd his languiſhing eyes towards the place,

from

from whence the cry was ſent; and ſeeing *Herennia* ready to drown her labouring Soul in a torrent of her own tears; It is not to me, Madam, ſaid he, with a feeble Voice, that you ſacrifice thoſe pretious tears, but to the deſpight of having been diſappointed of a more pretious aſſignation. *Herennia* redoubled her cries at this reproach of her Lover, and turning her ſelf towards *Junia*, ſee, ſaid ſhe, at how dear a rate I purchaſe your friendſhip. When I underſtood by the return of my Slave, that the Ticket, I writ to *Ovid*, came to *Lentulus* his hand, I apprehended ſome diſmal effect of our folly. I ſought after *Lentulus* all day, to free him from the diſquiet, I fear'd that Billet would beget in him: But alas! I could not find him, till his fury had foreſtall'd my deſigned prevention. But tell me, cruel one, ſaid ſhe, caſting a tender regard upon her wounded Lover, tell me, has the character of my Love left no impreſſion in thy Heart, able to ballance this weak ſhadow of an infidelity? What have I done? What have I ſaid, ſince the firſt moment thou haſt known me, that ſhould induce thee to believe, that it is ſo eaſie for my heart to turn Traitor, and abjure its firſt principles? *Ovid*, who as ſoon as he heard himſelf nam'd, had advanc'd towards them, to inform himſelf on what occaſion his name was introduc'd into the Scene, addreſt his Suit to the diſconſolate *Herennia*; but ſhe turning her head away on the other ſide, and thruſting him from her with her hand, retire out of my ſight, I beſeech you, *Ovid*, ſaid ſhe; your preſence does exaſperate my affli ions; ask *Junia* an account of what you deſire to know.

Len-

Lentulus's Surgeon finding that these discourses disturb'd that repose, which was necessary for him, desir d those, that were engaged in them, to defer them to a more seasonable opportunity. All on a sudden were silent, and withdrew into another Chamber, where they resolv'd to spend the night, being unwilling to remove farther from the brave *Lentulus* in the condition they saw him.

The end of the Second Part.

THE

THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXILES.

The Third Part.

IT was not only in *Thaliaſſia*, where the famous *Ovid* had an influence over all the great Concurrents, which ennobled that before inhoſpitable Climate; but the Court of *Auguſtus* it ſelf was governed by his Genius, and though an Exile, as he was, and like a Planet ſhot from his glorious Orb, there were few actions of importance exhibited upon that grand Theatre, wherein Fortune did not aſſign him one of the principal Parts.

The Emperor had for ſome days ſo totally dedicated his diſquiet thoughts to his reſentments againſt his Daughter *Julia*, that he had not time to make any ſerious reflection upon the Combat of *Craſſus* and *Ovid*. He regarded it at firſt, as the effect only of ſome private quarrel; but a more intenſe conſideration afterwards repreſenting to his memory the hour and place of that nocturnal Encounter, perſuaded him, that nothing but Love could have ſo ill contriv'd the circumſtances thereof.

Theſe thoughts poſſeſt him with a furious indig-

nation

nation; for he imagin'd, that if Love oblig'd them both to draw their Swords, both were equally guilty of an audacious preſumption, in making love to the Daughter of their Emperor: And not being able to digeſt the affront, a Subject ſhould put upon him, in daring to croſs a deſign, he had form'd in favor of *Marcellus*: he gave command that *Craſſus* ſhould be ſecur'd, and all his Papers and Writings ſeiz'd, and brought to him: They gave him no information of what he thought to have found in them; but they diſcover'd ſome other things of an equal concernment to his repoſe.

Amongſt a great many Papers of Love-verſes, which *Craſſus* had dedicated to *Terentia*, he found ſome fragments of a Letter, wherein he read the following Lines.

"Employ all your poſſible endeavors to cure "your friend of his Paſſion; The Heart of *Teren-*"*tia* is fixt upon an object, from which no power "is able to remove it. I dare not commit his "name, to the hazard of Paper; but let it ſatisfie "you, that though I do not declare him to be the "party you ſuſpect, it is one than whom the "Earth cannot preſent a worthier to her affecti-"on.

The Emperor was highly inflam'd at the ſight of theſe Lines; he could not apply to himſelf the expreſſion of a Lover, or worthy to be belov'd; for his Paſſion for *Terentia* was now no Secret; and it could not be ſaid of him, that he was not one of thoſe Lovers, which might be ſuſpected.

He went muſing, and biting the Lip into one of the Gardens of his Palace, whither he commanded *Agrippa* to follow him; and after ſome moments

of

of a Silence, which seem'd to bespeak an awful attention, Did you never love any thing, *Agrippa*, said he; and is the indifference, you profess towards Women, as sincere, as you pretend? *Agrippa* blusht, and willing to divert the discourse, The care of the Universe, Sir, said he, employs your great thoughts too much, to leave a place there to entertain such a curiosity: *Judea* and *Capadocia* petition you for Kings; *Armenia* is dissatisfied with theirs; and we are inform'd by the *Parthian* Embassadors——— Let us refer the Affairs of the Empire to another season, reply'd *Cæsar*, interrupting him, *Terentia* has betray'd me. Some young fellow or other, who brings no other Charms with him, than the variety of a new Lover, has made this ingrateful One forget what she owes to the Master of the World; which corrodes my Heart with mortal resentments; and it is a second trouble to me to be destitute of a person, to whom I may communicate them; and I could wish to find in *Agrippa* a Soul so sensible of the Passion, his Emperor labors under, that he might judge him worthy of that confidence, he is willing to repose in him. I hope, Sir, reply'd *Agrippa*, that it is not so absolutely necessary for *Agrippa* to be verst in all the Mysteries of Love, that without those Maxims his Emperor cannot judge him worthy of any confidence: But, Great Sir, grant me your permission to tell you, that you do an injustice to the Wife of *Mecænas*; that she never lov'd any person but *Cæsar*; and that all appearances opposite to her fidelity, are either Chimera's, or Forgeries. Read this, said the Emperor, giving *Agrippa* the Paper, which had so much embroil'd his thoughts; and when you

have

have perus'd it, tell me, if I have done *Terentia* an injury in ſuſpecting her fidelity.

The ſight of it put *Agrippa* to the bluſh the ſecond time, who ſtanding a while, as if he had been in ſuſpence what to anſwer; but at laſt aſſuming courage, I am entring perhaps into a way, Sir, ſaid he, to hazard the total ruin of that credit, you are pleas'd to honor me with: for the Hearts of Sovereigns, are places ſo tender and delicate, that he that preſumes to touch them, incurs an eminent danger of his own head; but *Agrippa* will rather renounce his life, than behold his Emperor involv'd in a perplexity, which in a few ſyllables he is able to diſſipate; I muſt therefore beg your pardon, Sir, a ſecond time, to tell you, that you unjuſtly ſuſpect the loyalty of *Terentia*. And that you may not doubt the reality of what I aver, I am the perſon whom this Paper adviſes to cure himſelf of his Paſſion. You the perſon? ſaid the Emperor. Yes, Sir, reply'd *Agrippa*, I am the ſame perſon; And perhaps this temerity may plead before your Greatneſs, its juſtification in a moments diſcourſe, if you ſhall be pleas'd not to diſdain it an Audience; Which was of too ſenſible a concern to *Ceſar* to be deferr'd. Wherefore entring into a Grot that was near him, he ſignified to *Agrippa*, that he could not too ſoon diſſipate the ſullen Cloud, which hung over him; when *Agrippa* began his diſcourſe in this manner.

THE

THE HISTORY OF Agrippa.

I Shall not, Sir, justifie before you my Passion for the Wife of *Mecænas*: he is my friend; he merits the particular esteem of all whom he honors with his friendship; and though nothing could render him worthy of it, but the favor, wherewith you dignifie him, that alone ought to attract to him the respect and veneration of the whole Empire: But, Sir, you are sensible your self of the Charms of *Terentia*, you are not ignorant of the effects they produce, and how much a Miracle it would be not to forget in her presence all considerations that ought to balance the power of her Beauty.

Ovid first caus'd my Soul to take a particular cognisance of that, which it had always endeavor'd to conceal from it self. We were one evening walking by the *Tyber* side, where *Ovid* produc'd a new Work of his composure, and was reading it to me; when *Terentia*, who with divers other Ladies,

dits, had made choice likewise of her Walk on the same side, past by us.

Oh! that divine Creature, said *Ovid*, transfix as it were with admiration, those enchanting eyes, that sweet air, those tempting lips, that charming countenance, in fine, that perfect contexture, and epitome of all Beauty. You pay but half a Sacrifice to that Divinity, said I, interrupting him, you ought to have spoken of the vivacity of her Wit, that ingenious and pleasant raillery, wherewith she seasons the most serious Affairs; that elegance of Speech, and that Eloquence, which without study, and sometimes her own knowledge flowe from her lips, with that natural grace, that our greatest Orators may gather from them the chiefest Flowers, which embellish their Art. It is very pleasant methinks, said *Ovid*, smiling in my face, to see you add so glorious a varnish to the first draught of my rude Pencil; and I have believ'd a long time, that a person of the temper of *Agrippa*, could not every day converse with the Wife of *Mecenas*, and not resign to her Charms the greatest part of his liberty. You let your suspitions fly too far at random, said I, I am so sensible that *Terentia* is the Wife of *Mecenas*, that I dare not be sensible of any Charm in her, inconsistent with that quality. The same reason, reply'd *Ovid*, which you oppose to your love of *Terentia*, would be the chiefest motive to induce me to attempt it. *Mecenas* is a person worthy of Love, he married *Terentia* for Love, and he is most passionately enamour'd of her; And these, upon a just balance, are the true dispositions, which a Man of Merit ought to desire in a Mistriss; and methinks a temptation should invade the sacred *Augustus* himself, whose Soul is

so susceptible of the impressions of Love, to experience the pleasures of unthroning a Subject of *Mecænas* his Merit. Let us speak of *Cæsar*, said I, interrupting his bold discourse, but with that veneration we speak of the Gods, without all prophane applications. The inclinations we remark in him, agree so well with the characters of an heroick virtue, that we ought to reverence them in him, as some of its noblest Properties; but that which oftentimes in a Subject may pass for a blameless action, in a Prince assumes another Character; and for the former to contain himself within the bounds of security, he ought not to suffer his Tongue to touch any action of his Sovereign, which it may prophane by an irreverence of expression.

Ovid had too much apprehension to prosecute a discourse any farther, which I had given such a check to, and so for a while, we diverted it to another subject, and ended our conversation for that day; but my thoughts remained so full of those Idea's, his discourse had imprinted in them, that it was impossible for me to banish them from thence. The great Merit of *Mecænas*, which had serv'd till then for a Bridle to curb the exorbitancy of my desires, did now begin to spur them on, and indulge them a loose Reine. I with impatience expected the hour, wherein I might see *Terentia*, and having by chance surpriz'd her, as she was bestowing some Caresses upon her Husband, who left her, and was going forth, to wait upon your Majesty; I grew so jealous, that I could not forbear to begin a quarrel with her upon it.

You do not consider, with what you reproach me, said she, smiling upon me; A Woman is so unfortunate,

fortunate, when she is forc'd to counterfeit a Love, she is not really sensible of; that for her own interest, she ought to strain all the powers of her Soul, to ingraft that real sensibility in it. Why counterfeit Love, Madam, said I, wise Ladies exempt themselves from that trouble, and confine the duty they owe their husbands, within the bounds of an honorable complaisance. A complaisance! said *Terentia*, what then without Love, and out of the sole compliment of a pure complaisance, must a Woman transact all the precious Minutes of her Life with a Man, receive his Caresses, and——No, no, *Agrippa*, these thoughts diffuse horror through all my veins; a Woman must either have a Love for her husband, or resolve to sacrifice the whole content of her life, to the tortures of a racking despair and inquietude. These two extremes, Madam, said I, may have a *medium*; a Wife places an esteem upon that, in a husband, which may really challenge her esteem: she may allow him a Love too, if you will, such as we attribute to the Merits of a faithful Friend: But as that kind of friendship does generally leave a *vacuum* in the heart, she may make choice of a discreet and prudent Lover to fill it up, who balancing all concerns betwixt her and her husband, may convert that ceremonious complaisance, you made so ingenious an observation upon, into another *species*; and though different from Love, yet bearing as near a resemblance to it, as it acts without constraint, or repugnance. Madam, I speak of the heart only, said I, seeing *Terentia* in some concern; and when one assigns that for the limit of his conceptions, he may without temerity allow them a large Field to expatiate in.

The arrival of some Ladies interrupted our farther converse, but *Terentia* gave me to understand two dayes after in the Princess *Julia*'s apartment, that she had revolv'd the effects of it in her curious thoughts. Some Persons, were pleas'd to think well of the endeavors I employ'd for the re-inflating the Princess *Scribonia* in the good grace of the Empress, I told them, they deserv'd as little praise, as they had cost me trouble. A little counsel, which the Princess did me the honor to believe, was faithful and sincere, had accomplish'd that great work. Your counsels, said *Terentia*, are of great force, and Heaven seems to entail success upon them. That same Heaven, Madam, I fear, reply'd I, fixing an intentive regard upon her, would check my vanity, should I presume to entail a belief upon your curious remarks. For is it possible, that my counsels are capable of the effects, you attribute to them? I know not, reply'd *Terentia*, if in all other things besides, your endeavors may be so happy, as they have been in reconciling the Empress to *Scribonia*; but be it fortune, or design, I know by my own experience, that your counsels imprint a deep character in some hearts, that give ear to them.

Who would not have believ'd, Sir, that these words were design'd to encourage my hopes? I retir'd my self, to digest them at liberty, into the Gardens of *Lucullus*, where I found *Ovid*, who ask'd me, if I had not encounter'd some Ladies in my walk. I had not seen any; and instead of an answer, I ask'd him the reason of his question; The reason is, said he, because I have just now found a Letter in the Cittron-Grove, which some Lady or other has drop'd; and in saying so he gave it me, where I read the following Lines:

"The

"*The more I combat my Enemy, the more I despair* "*of Victory, my dear* Tullia; *The reflections, which* "*ought to infuse courage into my Soul, disarm it of all* "*resolution; and if the arrival of some Ladies had* "*not interrupted the converse, which I had yesterday* "*with* Agrippa, *I had reveal'd to him all the secrets of* "*my heart. I must abandon it to its own inclination,* "*which proposes nothing to me but a glorious fall; but* "*yet I hope to preserve my self so secure from the dan-* "*ger of the real Precipice, that I shall need to fear no* "*other reproaches, than those which my virtue or loyalty* "*shall raise against me; And if those should be seconded* "*at last by a just remorse, could that give me more di-* "*straction or trouble, than the resistance I have hitherto* "*made with so much glory and fidelity?*

Judge, Sir, I beseech you, what the imaginations were, that invaded my thoughts, at the sight of this Paper. I had oftentimes seen *Terentia*'s writing, and I believ'd it was her character. Are you, said *Ovid*, who perceiv'd a disturbance in my countenance, the Party, who sustain the attacks of the combat, this Letter mentions? Or had it already succeeded to your glory? I know not, my dear *Ovid*, reply'd I; but the Party, who writ it, is the only Person in the Universe, I ever lov'd, or ever shall love. I do not ask you, who that Person is, said *Ovid* with a smile, for I know you will name her to me without my importunity, and not deprive a friend of so slight a satisfaction. I am endu'd with all the qualifications, requisite in a real Confident; I am inur'd to all the most delicate intrigues of Love, I participate in the sufferings of Lovers, and my brains are luxuriant in invention. Why do you therefore scruple to ac-

quaint me with the ſecret? I know not how to ſet an eſtimate upon my ſelf, and I expect you ſhould make it your requeſt to me, to lend my attention to the curioſity you have to impart to me.

It is hard for a Lover, Sir, to wave the occaſion of diſcourſing of his Love: I diſcover'd to *Ovid* all the Cabinet-counſels of my heart. Your condition is more happy, ſaid he, than you apprehend it to be; *Tullia* entertains ſome good will for me; and ſince it appears by this Letter, ſhe is a Confident of *Terentia*'s, I dare promiſe you an aſſurance of a faithful intelligence. Let us firſt ſaid I, in order to the intelligence you mention, endeavor to diſcover who that fortunate Lover may be, in whoſe favor *Terentia* declares herſelf.

Ovid would perſuade me, it was my ſelf; but I durſt not flatter my hopes with ſo erroneous a preſumption. We recall'd to our thoughts each individual perſon, that ſeem'd to affect a diligence or devotion to the ſervice of *Mecœnas*; and not being able to fix our judgments upon any one in particular, I referr'd the reſolution of our incertitude to the reports of *Tullia*. I conjur'd *Ovid* to give her a viſit the ſame day, and went my ſelf to give order for the Juſt, which about that time I caus'd to be ſolemniz'd in memory of your Victories over the bloody Aſſaſſins of the great *Julius*.

The Victor was to receive the prize of the Courſe from the fair hand of *Terentia*, by the order of *Mecœnas*, by whom all occaſions of ſignalizing your glory, were no leſs ambition'd, than by my ſelf: Never did his divine ſpoil charm the eyes of *Rome* with ſo dazling a luſtre. Divers Kings, and Sons of Kings, who aſſiſted at that Triumph, cry'd out aloud, That the ſole wonder of *Rome*, was the glorious Wife of

Meca-

Mecœnas. I had the honor to reconduct her back to her Apartment, charg'd with all the Transports of Love and Lovers Raptures, and at my coming forth, I met *Ovid*. Methought he endeavor'd to avoid me, and seem'd troubled at my encounter. How now? *Ovid*, what means this strangeness, said I, presenting my self to him. Have you any bad news, of which you fear to be the Author? Neither good, nor bad, answer'd he, but only that *Tullia* and my self have had a small quarrel; and I cannot wheedle the secret out of her, wherein you are concern'd. You have begun this quarrel very unseasonably, said I; And if you had had any respect for me, you would have manag'd a Person with more prudence, on whose interest, you know, mine have so necessary a dependance. I must confess, I am in a fault, reply'd *Ovid*, and that was the reason, I was desirous to shun you; but you now begin to have a sensible apprehension of Love, I have a most passionate one for the daughter of *Cicero*, and I suspect her to be guilty of a treachery towards me; and you cannot be so void of judgment your self, as not to comprehend, that such a suspition is able to deprive me of it.

I was forc'd to take this excuse for full payment, and content my self with casting some reproaches upon my destiny. But the next day after the Empress gave a Ball, which was treated with a Noble Collation; where I perceiv'd that *Ovid* was not upon such ill terms with *Tullia*, as he had persuaded me. I discover'd them making Love to each other by private signs; *Tullia* passing by him, gave him a secret pinch on the arm; which *Ovid* observing I had taken notice of, took notice himself of the stolen favor; but in a Moment after, his subtlety gave place to his Love; for when *Tullia* came to take him out

to dance, he could not forbear, by a paſſionate geſture, to return her thanks for the honor of that obliging expreſſion of her kindneſs towards him.

I could refrain no longer, then at the end of the Aſſembly, to exhibit unto him, the Indictment I had drawn up in my diſtracted thoughts, againſt his treaſon. I did not importune you for your aſſiſtance, ſaid I to *Ovid*; it was you your ſelf, who without my ſollicitation, made a voluntary offer of it to me. If you had had any private reaſon to repent your ſelf of ſo generous an action, you might with the ſame freedom have repeal'd it, and I would have return'd it back again to you, and not impos'd upon you a neceſſity, of offering me ſo unworthy an abuſe; but I fathom the Myſtery. You have taken your ſelf the advice, you not long ſince ſo frankly gave me, to love *Terentia*; Her charms have made a conqueſt of your heart, and for that reaſon alone you have thought fit to make a friend of my integrity, the ſubject of your Perfidy. You do me a great deal of honor, reply'd *Ovid*, with a flattering kind of ſmile, to regard me with an eye of jealouſie; but yet as great as it is, it cannot ſeduce my vanity, I am in deſpair of ever meriting it; and for no other cauſe did I pretend a quarrel with *Tullia*, than that I might not be the Herald of ſuch unwelcom News, as I aſſur'd my ſelf that would be, which ſhould denounce to you an Emperor for your Rival. An Emperor? cry'd I, ſtarring back. Yes, ſaid *Ovid*, an Emperor; *Auguſtus*'s greatneſs is inthron'd in the centre of *Terentia*'s heart; and you have not a Man for your Rival, who would ſacrifice his life at your feet, rather than diſpute that glory with you. But, *Ovid*, ſaid I, has *Auguſtus* ever expreſs'd any inclina-

clinations for the Wife of *Mecœnas?* All *Rome* is inform'd, he has fix'd them in another place. The Emperor, reply'd *Ovid*, owes only to his own Merit the Paſſion, he has given birth to; which he has neither improv'd, nor cultivated yet by any particular addreſs; nay, he is wholly ignorant of its effects, and it is believ'd that *Terentia* herſelf would more than half die with confuſion, did ſhe ſuſpect, he were the leaſt ſenſible of them. See here what *Tullia* writ to me the ſame day, you ſent me to employ her to gain the ſecret from *Terentia*. The Letter, which I found in the Gardens of *Lucullus*, and you read, was loſt by *Cicero*'s daughter; and ſince this other, which you may here peruſe, I have had ſome converſe with her, who gave me a full account of all I have here repreſented to you; having ſaid this, he produc'd a Letter, of which the fragment that fell into your hands, Sir, was a part.

Ye great Gods! What do you tell me? ſaid *Ceſar*, Can I believe you? And can it be poſſible, that I made my ſelf the object of my own jealouſie? You may judge, Sir, reply'd *Agrippa*, by the ſequel of what I have to ſay, of the truth of my report. I could not acquieſce in the ſole teſtimony of *Tullia*; and as I endeavor'd to purchaſe a clearer evidence of my Misfortune, I am able to render your greatneſs a clearer aſſurance of your felicity.

Revolve in your Royal imagination, I beſeech you, Sir, the deplorable condition, the diſcourſe of *Ovid* reduc'd me to: I conſider'd you as my Maſter, and glorious Patron, but ſtill as an envy'd Rival in my Miſtriſſes favor; And as under one of theſe forms you might with Juſtice command me to revoke my preſumptuous Love; under the other you baniſh'd out of my thoughts the Memory of all reſpect

ſpect and obligations I ow'd you, I darted a thouſand reproaches, a thouſand imprecations at my Stars, ten thouſand Murmurs againſt Heaven for having form'd you ſo amiable: I do not fear to declare theſe extravagances to you, ſince I have now ſurmounted them; and the more violent my tranſports were, the duty which triumph'd over them, will, I hope, merit a more favorable cenſure in your Auguſt thoughts.

Ovid would not leave me all that night; and though he were moſt ſenſibly touch'd with my afflictions, yet he did combate them with ſuch diſcourſes, that it might be wiſh'd for the delight of *Rome*, that he had ſtill conſerv'd a due Reſpect and Memory of them. What do you think, ſaid he, to oppoſe againſt the Merit of your Emperor the coldneſs, which he yet entertains for the beauty of *Terentia*? Alas! do you imagine, that this coldneſs will be ſtill proof againſt that tender Paſſion, which *Terentia* will not be able long to diſguiſe under the Maſk of ſo violent a Conſtraint? She is the admired beauty of the Empire, and *Cæſar* has a piercing judgment; ſhe cannot long remain expos'd to the deſtiny of loving by herſelf: And perhaps, at this very Moment, we are now diſcourſing, the cloud, which muſt of neceſſity be ſhortly tranſparent, may be remov'd from *Cæſar*'s eyes. He tells her the Univerſe has no fitter object for *Cæſar*'s Love, than the immortal charms of the Divine *Terentia*: Then your deſigns, which hitherto may paſs only for innocent attempts, will become unpardonable crimes. Be adviſ'd in time, and do not diſpute the title of *Terentia*'s Love, with the Maſter of the Univerſe, whoſe heart ought to be ſacred to you, ſince it is ſtamp'd with the image of *Cæſar*; and the leaſt

forfeit

forfeit you shall make of that obedience you owe him, will be chastis'd as a criminal ingratitude in a person of *Agrippa*'s quality.

Ovid shew'd himself but too true a Prophet in his Predictions; you have been pleas'd to tell me since, that it was at that Just, where *Terentia* first began to charm you: but as I was ignorant of any such matter, and my wound too new, to receive a cure from the hand of reason, I had no regard to his too real Divinations.

I tormented my self all night with such restless distractions, and being inform'd the next day, by some Spies, which I alwayes maintain'd about *Terentia*, that she was to go to the Temple, you gave me leave to dedicate unto *Neptune*, I posted thither with an impatient speed. The Sacrifice was not begun, and whil'st it was preparing, *Terentia* diverted herself by a walk under the Trees, which in many pleasant Groves are rank'd about that Fane.

You need not ask, said she, as soon as she saw me, what kind of devotion has invited *Agrippa* hither; he knew that *Cæsar* is preparing for his Voyage into *Asia*, and is come to offer Sacrifice to the God of the *Cærulean* Empire, to purchase calm weather for his own Emperor. And, Madam, said I, are you come to purchase Storms and Tempests! I am too good a *Roman*, reply'd she with a surprizing blush, to offer up to the Gods such sacrilegious Vows. And too clear-sighted, Madam, said I, to regard the glory of *Cæsar* with an eye of that indifferency, as perhaps some other good *Romans* do.

Terentia was so discompos'd with this little reproach, that it was a long time before she could frame an Answer; but at length recomposing her self,

ſelf, you have attack'd me more than once, reply'd ſhe, with ſuch myſterious diſcourſes: your Advice againſt what I owe to *Mecœnas*, your flattering character, and your diligence, cauſe me to ſuſpect, ſome private end is the Mark, they are level'd at. You now make your reflections upon *Auguſtus*, and may it not be poſſible, that great *Cæſar* may honor with a generous compaſſion the innocent inclinations of his humble Handmaid?

I was now ſo diſorder'd my ſelf at this queſtion, that for a quarter of an hour, I loſt the total uſe of my tongue, when *Terentia* with a ſerious look making a deſcant upon the diſtraction, ſhe ſaw me in, you are ſurpriz'd, I ſee, ſaid ſhe, to hear me propoſe, ſo unexpected a Problem to you. And perhaps you will ſay, that my late Manner of converſing with you, has not prepar'd you to entertain it: But *Agrippa*, the Paſſion I have for *Auguſtus*, has ſomething in it of ſo noble and ſo pure, that I can own it without the reproach of a guilty bluſh: And I ſhall confeſs that my heart receiv'd the image of *Cæſar* from my tender years, that this impreſſion has grown with me, and that the Emperor has no engagements either in War, or Love, wherein it does not challenge a private concern. And does he entertain the like for me? Speak, and do not keep my Soul any longer in ſuſpence; The purity of my intentions ought to leave no impure ſuſpitions in yours. I love *Cæſar*, as we love the Gods; and I ſhould believe, I ſhould be guilty of an impiety againſt them, ſhould I love him otherwayes. Speak, *Agrippa*, and give me a clear explanation of that which the muteneſs of your tongue, and the eloquence of your eyes, gives me ſome apprehenſions of. Oh! Madam, cry'd I, my eyes and my tongue are but the too fatal interpreters of my thoughts. *Terentia*

Terentia did without doubt penetrate the ſenſe of this Exclamation; ſhe bluſh'd, and pretending the Sacrifice was ready to begin, ſhe took the occaſion, and enter'd briskly into the Temple, leaving me without the power to follow her. I had diſcover'd in her eyes, a kind of, I know not what deſpite, mix'd with a reſervedneſs and diſdain, which I was no longer able to ſupport. I went home to my houſe, where I found your Orders to ſummon me to your preſence; With a feeble and languiſhing motion I paid obedience to your commands, and I thought that day would have put a mortal period to the cauſe of it; for, Sir, you commanded my attendance for no other, than to confide to me the ſecret of your new Amour.

I did not render my ſelf guilty of a treaſonable Crime in oppoſing it, but I told you at the ſame time, that I was deceiv'd, if *Terentia* did not embrace it with all the concerns of a reciprocal Paſſion: But this conſtraint was ſo repugnant to my nature, that it ever apprehended with horror the neceſſity of often renewing it. A little after I made my Expedition into *Sicily*, on which the contemplative Judges of other Mens Actions took the liberty to ſpend their verdicts at their pleaſure; And I am return'd, thanks to the great Gods, ſo perfectly cur'd of my folly, that I hope they will inſpire more dutiful principles into me, than to diſpute the Juſtice or Merits of my Cauſe, with my glorious Emperor.

I had ſeveral times reſolv'd to declare to you the ſecret Crime, my Love tempted me to commit againſt you; but as that declaration would have only ſerv'd to have aſſur'd you of your felicity, (and that I found you had an undoubted aſſurance of before) I judg'd it unneceſſary. My Crime, Sir, is

now

ſelf, you have attack'd me more than once, reply'd ſhe, with ſuch myſterious diſcourſes: your Advice againſt what I owe to *Mecœnas*, your flattering character, and your diligence, cauſe me to ſuſpect, ſome private end is the Mark, they are level'd at. You now make your reflections upon *Auguſtus*, and may it not be poſſible, that great *Cæſar* may honor with a generous compaſſion the innocent inclinations of his humble Handmaid?

I was now ſo diſorder'd my ſelf at this queſtion, that for a quarter of an hour, I loſt the total uſe of my tongue, when *Terentia* with a ſerious look making a deſcant upon the diſtraction, ſhe ſaw me in, you are ſurpriz'd, I ſee, ſaid ſhe, to hear me propoſe, ſo unexpected a Problem to you. And perhaps you will ſay, that my late Manner of converſing with you, has not prepar'd you to entertain it: But *Agrippa*, the Paſſion I have for *Auguſtus*, has ſomething in it of ſo noble and ſo pure, that I can own it without the reproach of a guilty bluſh: And I ſhall confeſs that my heart receiv'd the image of *Cæſar* from my tender years, that this impreſſion has grown with me, and that the Emperor has no engagements either in War, or Love, wherein it does not challenge a private concern. And does he entertain the like for me? Speak, and do not keep my Soul any longer in ſuſpence; The purity of my intentions ought to leave no impure ſuſpitions in yours. I love *Cæſar*, as we love the Gods; and I ſhould believe, I ſhould be guilty of an impiety againſt them, ſhould I love him otherwayes. Speak, *Agrippa*, and give me a clear explanation of that which the muteneſs of your tongue, and the eloquence of your eyes, gives me ſome apprehenſions of. Oh! Madam, cry'd I, my eyes and my tongue are but the too fatal interpreters of my thoughts.

Terentia

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I did not render my self guilty of a treasonable Crime in opposing it, but I told you at the same time, that I was deceiv'd, if *Terentia* did not embrace it with all the concerns of a reciprocal Passion: But this constraint was so repugnant to my nature, that it ever apprehended with horror the necessity of often renewing it. A little after I made my Expedition into *Sicily*, on which the contemplative Judges of other Mens Actions took the liberty to spend their verdicts at their pleasure; And I am return'd, thanks to the great Gods, so perfectly cur'd of my folly, that I hope they will inspire more dutiful principles into me, than to dispute the Justice or Merits of my Cause, with my glorious Emperor.

I had several times resolv'd to declare to you the secret Crime, my Love tempted me to commit against you; but as that declaration would have only serv'd to have assur'd you of your felicity, (and that I found you had an undoubted assurance of before) I judg'd it unnecessary. My Crime, Sir, is

now

how ceas'd with my Love, and therefore they both cease to be longer silent; and here you have the whole secret of that fragment, which so much disquieted your Royal thoughts, most faithfully unmask'd before you. Judge now, Sir, I beseech you, if your reason tells you, you have done *Terentia* justice, in suspecting her of infidelity.

The Emperor attributed an entire confidence to the Relation of *Agrippa*, which perfectly reconcil'd his jealousie to his doubts concerning the Paper, which had come to his hand; but there was another, no less important, still inherent in his inquiet imagination. The discovery of a new Rival ever begets a new trouble in our fancy; and though in the height of its capriciousness he exhal'd complaints, when suited only with the resentments of a Lover abus'd, yet he was not assur'd if he had not, since the first birth of his jealousie, some just grounds to harbor a contrary belief. He imparted all his thoughts to *Agrippa*, who endeavor'd to calm them, with the best arguments he was capable of, he had made a most diligent inspection into all the concerns of *Terentia*, from the first Minute he had entertain'd any for her himself; And the love of *Oraste* had not deluded it, and therefore he conjur'd *Cæsar* to believe, that he had purchas'd no other advantage with all his assiduities, than a disdainful repulse of his rejected suit. The Emperor, whose Love, was as unquiet, as passionate, and desired only to find repose, was willing to be convinc'd by the reasonings of *Agrippa*: and testify'd no less acknowledgments to him, for this conquest he had made of his jealousie, than he had done before, when by those he had made of his most redoubted Enemies, he had establish'd him in the Imperial Throne of the Universe:

verſe: And haſtening to the Apartment of *Terentia*, he was inflam'd with impatience, till he had forced his unjuſt ſuſpicions to beg a ſubmiſſive pardon of her injur'd Loyalty; but he was diſappointed of his deſign, for ſhe was gone to viſit *Tullia*, at her delicate *Villa*, which her Father *Cicero* had left her near *Tuſculum*.

When theſe two Confidents ſaw themſelves in a capacity of enjoying each others converſation with freedom, *Terentia* declar'd to *Tullia* the diſgrace of *Craſſus*; and that ſhe was inform'd by ſome perſons, whom ſhe privately entertain'd near the Emperor, that he had utter'd ſome expreſſions before them, which his jealouſie ſeem'd to have forc'd from him. You know, ſaid ſhe, whether this jealouſie has any ſolid ground, or no, to ſupport it ſelf; and whether I am not able to apply an infallible remedy to his imaginary diſtemper, but he will not vouchſafe to have recourſe to it. He caus'd *Craſſus* to be arreſted; he commanded all his Papers to be brought to him, and examin'd them, without imparting to me the leaſt inkling of his deſigns. What could he have done more, had I been convicted of a criminal compliance? Oh! how unjuſt are Men? The moſt accompliſh'd among them become either Ingrates, or Tyrants, as ſoon as they imagine they have gain'd the leaſt intereſt in our affections, you do not conſider, ſaid *Tullia*, interrupting her at what Mark you level your complaints. Jealouſie is the infallible Herald of a violent Paſſion, and I ſhould have had a greater for *Ovid*, than I now have, if when I put his to the teſt, I had found it of the ſame temper with *Ceſars*. I muſt confeſs, reply'd *Terentia*, that a little jealouſie is inſeparable from a great love; but do you underſtand, with what kind of

jealouſie

jealousie I would have *Augustus* possest? I would have him jealous of his own Imperial Grandeur; that he should fear, lest that should have a more powerful influence upon my inclinations, than the Merits of his Person; and that being exagitated without intermission by that active suspicion, he should employ the greatness it self, as an humble Suiter to me, to lend him my assistance to destroy it; yet all this should not make me forget the respect I owe to the grandeur of his Soul, and the illustrious character of his generosity; but elevating my own Meanness to meet his Greatness at the point, to which he should be pleas'd to debase himself below his own sphere, we would form a concurrence of spiritual desires, that should prevent the Lethargy of long and languishing Passions. But alas! it is not this noble kind of jealousie, but a sordid and injurious one, which *Cæsar* is guilty of, and with which he has already alarum'd the ears of the World, without vouchsafing to think mine worthy to receive from him the least whisper of it, and believing me to be light, ingrateful, treacherous ——— He believes you to be no such thing, reply'd the daughter of *Cæsar*, interrupting her, he only fears left the Merit, or Assiduities of a new Lover should make a breach in your heart; and as it is to that heart only, to which he has confin'd his pretensions, the least impression, any other should make there, he interprets, as an usurpation upon his own Prerogative. If you had not limited your favors to so narrow a circumference, *Augustus* would have thought himself more secure. There are certain Marks and Pledges of Love, after which a Lover cannot suspect his Mistris of unconstancy, without committing a mortal offence against her: But the gift of the heart, is not

of that number; there is no particular value to be set upon it, but in the fancy of the Lover only, who thinks himself possess'd of it; and as a Woman is seldom tempted more than once, to make a free donation thereof, and seldom wants the temptation of often violating it, she leaves always an apprehension in a sensible Lover, lest she should be mov'd by some powerful Motive, to embrace the latter, as being most obvious. Oh! *Tullia*, cry'd the Wife of *Mecænas*, I could be angry to see you frame such gross conceits on so delicate a Subject; the gift of the heart is so far from leaving any just scruple in the Souls of those that love, that it is only capable to assure their repose. All Pledges of Love, which are not included within it, are the effects of a weakness, which I think none ought to be guilty of, if they can avoid it, and that one may be guilty of more than once, since it is not voluntary and unconstrain'd. But that Love, whereof all the Passions acknowledge the Empire of reason, has I know not what in it of so noble, and so pure, that it will not admit the allay of any base or ignoble thought, and would make a greater scruple of the least infidelity, than your Libertine Ladies do of the greatest Crimes.

As *Terentia* had with these last words concluded her delicate distinctions, a Servant came and advertis'd *Tullia*, that *Varentilla* and *Fulvia*, attended by *Horace*, *Virgil*, and *Cornelius Gallus*, the Prætor of *Egypt*, were come from *Rome* to wait on her. *Terentia* was come thither to entertain her unquiet thoughts with that pleasant solitude, and was not then in a fit humor for a general converse. But the Train was compos'd of too many illustrious Persons, not to be receiv'd with all the demonstrations of an obliging respect and welcom. *Fulvia* was daughter

to that renowned Tutor of *Augustus*, whose glories with himself were buried in the common ruines of the bloody Triumvirate: And the Emperor desirous to repair in her the Misfortunes of her Father, made but little difference in appearance betwixt her, and the Princess his daughter. *Vaventilla* was her Kinswoman, and had married the Head of the *Claudian* Family, which has since given *Cæsars* to the Empire; and it is thought, that she preceded *Terentia* in the heart of *Augustus*. The two Friends went forth of their flowry Cabinet, where their converse was, and advanced to give a reception to the noble company.

They found them in a Basse-Gallery, which open'd with a stately Portal, and was wainscoted with cedar, and hung round with divers rich pieces, representing the most Memorable Actions of her Fathers life. His famous pleading for *Roscius*, which oblig'd him to flie into *Greece*, to substract himself from the fury of *Sylla*; the applauses and congratulations, he receiv'd at *Athens*; his triumphant return into his own Countrey, and his honor for preserving it from the bloody attempts of *Cataline*: His journey towards *Pompey*, and that barbarous death he sustained, which branded with an eternal ignominy the Posterity of those that inflicted it.

Had the Painter, said *Virgil*, upon the survey of those pieces, consulted my Memoires, he had not omitted the adventure of *Milo*. I caus'd it not to be here inserted, reply'd *Tullia*, because I have heard some reports, that in that encounter, the artifice of *Hortensius* triumph'd over the eloquence of my Father. It is a Fiction, said *Virgil*, he did not gain that cause, though he gain'd no small honor by it; you were not in the World, when it was a witness

to

to that grand tryal; and therefore you are ignorant doubtleſs, of the circumſtances of it; which I ſhall give you a faithful account of, when you pleaſe to command it; and by it convince you, that your renowned Father, never did any thing more remarkable and glorious.

The time was never unſeaſonable to lend attention to what *Virgil* had to ſay. *Terentia*, with an obliging expoſtulation, complain'd of his unkindneſs, for deſigning to reſerve that Relation for *Tullia* only. And *Virgil*, who underſtood very well the extent of that complaiſance, we ought to exhibit to our Sovereigns in the perſon of thoſe, they have an eſteem for, told her ſhe might command what ſhe pleas'd, and he was ready to obey. The Company mov'd towards a Walk, which repreſented a continued Arbor, or green *Umbrella*, under which in the moſt ſcorching heats of Summer, you could not be incommoded by the Sun. *Virgil* plac'd himſelf betwixt the four Ladies: And *Horace* and *Cornelius* guarded the end of each Wing, and ſo marching all a-breaſt, *Virgil* began his recital in this manner.

A

MEMORABLE ACT

OF

Cicero.

IT is not ſo long, ſince the famous *Cicero* dy'd, but that his glorious Memory may be yet preſent, to the thoughts, and almoſt the eyes, of the perſons, that honor me with their attention. Few are ignorant, I ſuppoſe, how *Claudius* having been ſurpriz'd in a female diſguiſe in the Palace of the great *Julius*, *Cicero* publickly cenſur'd this licentious Audacity; and that *Claudius* being ſince elected Conſul, omitted no occaſion to exerciſe a Mortal Revenge upon him for this Affront. He perſecuted him both in his eſtate and reputation, forc'd him to turn Exile, and flie to *Dirachium*, and had perhaps made his Fury the bloody Executioner of his Malice, had not *Milo* put a period to his rage, by putting one to his life.

Milo had committed this Homicide in the juſt defence of his own Life, and the Laws of all Nations, pleaded a Pardon for him; and to ſupport the juſtice of his Cauſe, he had made it a Client to *Cicero*,

ero. At that time there was in *Rome* a fair *Athenian*, celebrated there under the name of *Plautia*, to whom the Orator *Hortenſius* dedicated both his love and eloquence; and who by the excellence of her wit, and a thouſand other admirable qualities and charms, had purchas'd the Fame of a matchleſs Prodigy in her Sex.

Hortenſius told her, for a piece of pleaſing News, that he was choſen to ſuſtain the Accuſation againſt *Milo*. Do you not tremble, ſaid *Plautia* to him, at the thoughts of encountring an eloquence, which has ſo often been victorious? It is not the firſt time, reply'd *Hortenſius*, that I have enter'd the Liſts againſt it. There are few cauſes of note, which are not divided betwixt *Cicero* and my ſelf; I pleaded againſt him for *Antony*, for *Aſinius-Pollio*, and divers others. We were Antagoniſts in the Tryals of *Lucius-Murena*, and if I may without the opinion of vanity, repeat what *Rome* herſelf has publiſh'd, it was not *Cicero*, whom her loud acclamations proclaim'd the Victor. That was, reply'd *Plautia*, becauſe in thoſe encounters, you did not plead for the condemnation of the Murderer of *Claudius*. *Cicero* will paramount himſelf, and think it a ſupreme glory, to wreſt out of the hands of Juſtice ſo notorious a Criminal; and if you will be adviſ'd by a Friend, wave, if you can, ſo hazardous an engagement.

I neither can, nor ought to wave it, reply'd *Hortenſius*; I am choſen to demand ſatisfaction for the blood of *Claudius*, I ſhould betray it if I ſhould be ſilent; and beſides, our profeſſion has that advantage over all others, that it may gain reputation, but loſe none, though it loſe a cauſe. If I ſhould ſurmount the eloquence of *Cicero*, I ſhould purchaſe

immortal honor; and ſhould mine receive a foile from his, it would receive no blemiſh in the overthrow; our ardor and zeal ſupply the place of a proſperous ſucceſs, and never Orator yet was charg'd with the partiality or petulancy of a biaſſed Judge. I am not of that opinion, reply'd *Plautia*, there are ſome qualities, which a perſon of honeſt principles ought to dedicate his whole life to the acquiſition of; the labour they coſt, ought not to deter us from the purſuit of them; and it is more glorious to miſcarry in that, than to think we can live with honor without them. But Eloquence is not of that predicament, which has no motives to compel us to addict our ſelves to its profeſſion. It neither inſpires us with honeſty, nor equitable thoughts, nor conſtancy or reſolution in Adverſities; but on the contrary, it may corrupt and vitiate the candid temper of an ingenuous Soul. For an Orator does oftentimes make it his ſport and recreation to patronize an unjuſt cauſe, and hopes he may eaſily perſuade others to believe, what he ſeems to believe himſelf. It is therefore nothing, but the choice of the Will; and when it turns to the confuſion of him that made it, it leaves him convinc'd of his own ignorance, the baſeneſs of his ſpirit, and the weakneſs of his judgment.

Theſe words, pronounc'd by a perſon *Hortenſius* moſt ardently affected, made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion in his thoughts, that leaving *Plautia*, he went in haſte to find out *Cicero*. You are a Perſon of too honorable Principles, ſaid he to him, not to approve of the preference of Juſtice, before all the advantages one might hope to obtain by force of a vigorous Eloquence. And it is a glorious one for me, to be thought worthy of the honor of arguing an opinion

againſt

against you: If mine should be convincing, what immortal Laurels would Fame plant upon my Temples? And should you refute it, I should learn by my defeat, to assure myself of Victory in other encounters with the same arms which gave it me. But *Cicero*, the advantageous success wherewith you see, I might flatter my thoughts, ought not to efface out of them that just remorse, which would certainly attend it. *Claudius* was a vicious Man, and *Milo* has oblig'd all good Men, by freeing *Rome* from so corrupt a Member, by an action he was forc'd to commit in the just defence of his life. I will not plead for his condemnation; and either the error or partiality of the Judges, may, perhaps, over-rule the force of your reasons: I would not have you therefore expose *Milo* to that danger; he stands justify'd already in my thoughts, and I shall be ready to declare, that on the examination of the Fact, Justice oblig'd me to pronounce him innocent.

The Enemies of *Cicero* pretend, that an itch of Ambition would not suffer him to embrace this offer. He had already made some laborious reflections upon the Cause, and assur'd himself of a victorious success; and would not, say they, lose neither his labour, nor the fruits he expected to reap from it. But I know, that was not the Motive; he apprehended, that he might be accus'd of some juggle, or underhand dealing, if in the face of Justice, where the Murderer of *Claudius* was brought to a publick Tryal, the Advocate for the dead Person, should observe a wilful and suspected silence; and therefore he was resolv'd to plead; and *Hortensius*, who fear'd the reproaches of *Plautia*, and saw himself supported by the credit of *Cato*, to whom the dead Person was Nephew, us'd so much artifice,

that, as *Tullia* expreſt it, he triumph'd that day over the Eloquence of *Cicero*. He caus'd falſe informations to be given to the Senate, which oblig'd them to ſend ſome armed Bands to keep the People within the bounds of their duty: Theſe Soldiers being gain'd by *Hortenſius*, did by their inſolencies ſo diſturb and interrupt *Cicero* in the moſt material parts of the cauſe, that *Milo* was not only condemn'd to baniſhment, and a ſevere mulct ſet upon his head, but likewiſe expos'd to an eminent danger of his life.

I made my return juſt about that time from *Sicily*, where the generous bounty of the illuſtrious *Mecanas* had grac'd me with a conſiderable Employ. The reputation of *Cicero* was not unknown to me, I had an ardent ambition to have the honor of being inroll'd in the number of his Friends, and *Manlius* preſented me to him the very ſame day, wherein he had loſt his cauſe for *Milo*.

Whence come you? ſaid he to me, as ſoon as he underſtood who I was; Go build your ſelf a Cabin upon the ruines of *Mantua*, and turn Heardſman there to ſome wealthy Graſier, if you want ability to keep one your ſelf; and bury your glory in the ſmoaking ruines of your Countrey, rather than breathe the corrupted Air of this pernicious City; which triumphs now in nothing, but treachery and injuſtice. The Senate, that once renowned Aſſembly, now tamely receives its decrees from the Uſurpers of Supreme Authority, wherewith it oppreſſes the innocent, and juſtifies the guilty: Flie, flie, wiſe ſtranger, from a Climate ſo barbarous and inhumane.

Manlius had heard what had arrivd to him; what? *Cicero*, ſaid he, does your animoſity againſt

Claudius

Claudius, ſurvive the date of his life? And do you imprecate *Rome*, becauſe an unexpected revenge has honourably entomb'd his aſhes in the Urn? It is not *Claudius*, when I now conſider, reply'd *Cicero*; for had he been the deareſt of my friends, the revenge of his death notwithſtanding would never have appear'd to me the leſs unjuſt.

Then he briefly ſummon'd up to us the Points upon which the juſtification of *Milo* ought to have been eſtabliſh'd, and how *Hortenſius* himſelf made a ſcruple to ſuſtain the Accuſation againſt him: What! ſaid *Cicero*, the Accuſer of the pretended Criminal declares him innocent, and ſhall the authority of *Cato* have the power to pronounce him Guilty? *Hortenſius* could not find amongſt all the querks and jingles of his profeſſion, a pretence ſufficient to render the death of *Claudius* puniſhable: And becauſe he was Nephew to *Cato*, the Senate denounces it ſelf the mortal Enemy of his Murderer? Ha! my dear *Manlius*, what Age do we live in? I have juſt now ſent *Milo* a Sum to diſcharge the weight of his unreaſonable Fine: which honor obliges me to pay, ſince he owes his condemnation to the ſole ambition I had to expoſe the equity of his cauſe to the judgment of the world. Had I been ſilent, he had been free; and the ardor, I expreſs'd, to vindicate his innocence, has condemn'd it. I will retire to ſome Deſart, to expiate amongſt dumb Animals, the crime of my Loquacity; and *Rome* ſhall no more behold me in her Pulpits, till ſhe become again what ſhe was in the dayes of our Fathers, which is as much as to ſay, ſhe ſhall never behold me more. Our Vices have exaſperated Heaven; it has averted from us theſe benign influences, which formerly render'd us virtuous, juſt and ſincere; deſolate *Rome* draws near

her

her ruine, ſince the Gods permit her to draw upon her crimes their indignation; and I ſhall ſpeedily prepare an Elegy to deplore her *Cataſtrophe* with more reaſon, than *Virgil* has at this day to deplore the deſolation of his *Mantua*.

Manlius combated, with all the Arguments he could frame, this obſtinate reſolution of his Friend; and though I was not ſo well known to him, to aſſume the preſumption of giving him counſel, yet I could not forbear to uſe theſe expreſſions; Sir, ſaid I, the more vicious you judge *Rome*, the more reaſon you have to make your ſelf a Preſident not to abandon her. What will become of her, if all the brave and honeſt *Romans* you are acquainted with, ſhould put on the ſame reſolutions as you do, to proſcribe themſelves from their Countrey, and leave her a prey to ſo many devouring Monſters? It is the duty of the vertuous, to protect her, when publick Vices attack her; and you muſt give an accompt to the Gods for the impunity, to which your abſence ſhall expoſe the crime of Libertines.

Cicero was pleas'd to accept in good part my Remonſtrances, and honor them too with expreſſions they could not merit. But beſides, that he was immoveably fix'd to his reſolutions, he had ſo much incommoded himſelf by the liberal diſburſment he had made for *Milo*, that he had reduc'd his condition to a neceſſity of ſpending ſome time in a Country retirement. He withdrew to this place, which was not then what his own induſtry, and the curioſity of his worthy daughter have render'd it ſince. Alas! I had cauſe to oppoſe my moſt powerful reaſons againſt this retreat, which has coſt me ſo many ſighs, and melancholy hours: and my divining Soul ſeem'd before-hand, to give me an ill-reliſhing taſte of the various misfortunes it prepar'd for me. Theſe

These last words of *Virgil* inflam'd the curiosity and attention of those that heard him, which would have oblig'd him to a second Relation, had they not seen appear at the end of the Walk, the Emperor, the Princess *Julia*, the Prince *Marcellus*, and the Illustrious *Agrippa*.

Tullia hasten'd to present her self unto them; and wholly surpriz'd with that unexpected honor, testifi'd her acknowledgments by a confusion in her countenance, which express'd as much eloquence, as one of her Fathers most studied Orations could have done. The Emperor was naturally affable and courteous, and had his thoughts been less perplex'd and incumber'd, would, in obliging terms, have retaliated that obliging Air of satisfaction and joy, which *Tullia* express'd in his reception. But they were wholly fix'd upon the Wife of *Mecœnas*; when discovering her at the farther end of the Walk, who partly out of surprize, and partly disdain, had not advanc'd to receive him, he left *Julia* with the Daughter of *Cicero*, and like a complaisant Lover, mov'd his condescending Greatness towards her. The Air of the Campagne, Madam, said he, approaching her, has already, methinks, render'd you singular, you take no delight to follow the company; and had I follow'd your example, I had this day in vain left *Rome*, to purchase yours. I know, the duty and distance I owe my Emperor, reply'd *Terentia* coldly; and I shall not assume the confidence to approach him, without his special command. Ha! Madam, said *Cæsar*, interrupting her, it is not such a cold respect you owe him, but one of a little more love, and a little more sincerity. Forget he is Master of the Universe, but remember that he has given you his whole heart, that you owe him all yours; and

that

that you cannot acquit your self of your obligations towards him, as long as you entertain the addresses of *Crassus*, and encourage them by constituting him the Guardian of your choicest secrets. I never consider'd the addresses of *Crassus*, reply'd *Terentia*, but as an office of friendship, whereof your bounteous favors for *Mecœnas*, and my self, have given Presidents to the whole Empire; and if they are level'd at any other mark, I scorn to give them entertainment in my thoughts. You are the most spiritual of all Women, Madam, reply'd the Emperor; and it is not hard for you to captivate as well the understanding, as you have done the heart, of a Prince, over whom you reign as Sovereign Empress. But, Madam, said he, (shewing her the Verses he had taken from *Crassus*) were these consecrated to you without your knowledge? and if you accepted the Sacrifice, could you without a crime flatter the audacious fancy of a Rival to *Cæsar*?

Terentia was surpriz'd at the view of these effects of *Crassus*'s love: she thought it had not been so durable, as to cause him to make such passionate reflections. I know not, said she, whither these Verses were compos'd for me, I never saw them before; and I really believe, some other Person to be the Subject of them. But, Sir, though it were true, that a young inconsiderate Person should be guilty of the folly of entertaining a Passion for me, could *Cæsar* fear a Rival of so small consideration? Upon what grounds, Sir, do you raise your apprehensions? Upon the preference, the Merits of *Crassus* may challenge over *Cæsars*? Upon the propensity, you have found in me, to violate either my word, or my duty? Upon my natural levity, or the character of my amorous inclinations? Oh! Sir, can you know me, can

you

you esteem me, and yet be capable of such injurious suspitions?

Cesar was willing to be convinc'd of his error, and hastily gave credit to all, *Terentia* was pleas'd to have him believe: and whil'st he was pleading a Pardon for the injustice he had committed against her innocence, in framing an unworthy suspicion of it, *Agrippa* was retir'd into the same Grove, where a little before *Terentia* and *Tullia* had entertain'd their private converse. There he broke open a Letter, which was deliver'd him upon the Road, and he knew to come from *Ovid*. *Horace*, who had follow'd him, found him reading the Contents of it, which advis'd him to an action which he had often had a design to execute.

A Man may know that *Tullia* is taken up with some extraordinary affairs, said he to *Horace*; if you could have commanded the freedom of her conversation, you would not have done me the honor, at this present, to have sought after any other. I apprehend you, reply'd *Horace*; you railly me upon my libertine humor; and you ingeniously reproach me, that Love is not the Divinity I sacrifice to. A Person, reply'd *Agrippa*, who should only become acquainted with you by the voice of publick Error, would be apt, perhaps, to cast that reproach upon you; but an intimate Friend to *Ovid*, knows how to give you your due character. I am not ignorant of any of your Triumphs, and I can testifie, that you are not less favor'd by Love, than any other of the Diety. *Ovid* is a great Master in the Art of Metamorphosing, reply'd *Horace* with a smile, and doubtless he took me for the River *Alpheus*, or the Nymph *Salmacis*, when he character'd me for an Amorist. He took you, said *Agrippa*, for his dangerous Rival, and

he

he has found so few that merit that title, that he could not confound them in summing them up. I know you have stolen from him the heart of *Tullia*, and that she being seduc'd by the gayety of your humor, has made the charming *Ovid* understand, that he was not born to be alwayes the first to dissolve the bands of an amorous intrigue. You relate to me a pleasant Fable, Sir, reply'd *Horace*; and you doubtless forget, that it is a famous Debauche, who has the honor to talk to you. To punish you for your dissimulation, said *Agrippa*, making him sit down by him, you shall recount to me without excuse, or delay, the particulars of your Amour, which I was never perfectly inform'd of by *Ovid*; who, I observ'd, could never discourse of it without trouble; and therefore I was willing to indulge his vanity that satisfaction, as not to press him to so unpleasing a recital: But since I know, you are able to surmount all troubles incident to tender Lovers, I shall not observe that Punctilio with you. I know upon what occasion the Emperor is come hither, and we may have the liberty of discoursing above an hour without interruption.

Agrippa's Merits might so justly challenge the respect of the whole Empire, and *Horace* stood indebted to them for so many favors, that it would have been a piece of rude ingratitude in him, to have oppos'd the least delay to his desires. He told him by way of a gallantry, that he was so inur'd to Victory, that he conquer'd all he attack'd; and by the command of *Agrippa*, keeping the Seat he had plac'd him in, he began in this manner.

THE HISTORY OF Horace.

THE World has incurr'd an error in judgment, my Lord, in that it has made of me; which believes that good cheer is the ſole Deity I idolize: who have neither guſt, nor deſires, but to delicious Novels; and only regard Love, as an intermeſs, or preparative to quicken their appetite for the better reliſhing voluptuous varieties of a luxurious Table. This draught does nothing at all reſemble me. Liberty is that I ſeek at Feaſts, more than the delicacies of their entertainments; and if a Man in the whole courſe of his life were endu'd with a Soul ſo brutiſh, that it were capable of no other inclinations, than what a gourmandizing appetite ſhould inſpire into it, I ſhould be found oftner at the private Tables of my Friends, than in their Halls at their publick Banquets.

Theſe practices may divert a Mans thoughts from more ſerious Reflections, or Employs, but cannot di-

veſt

veſt them of all propenſity to generous actions, or noble and tender Paſſions: And his reaſon is the more refin'd by them, ſince he does not aſſociate himſelf with his Friends, but to make a more open profeſſion of it: And a Man is ſo far from falling into thoſe Vices, which infect his nature with brutality, by this frank overture, that a Man is really more a Man, when his Soul is totally unmask'd of that diſſimulation, which is generally practis'd by Perſons of a more reſerv'd converſe.

I had made ſome remarks upon theſe diſtinctions in an Ode I compos'd in the praiſe of a magnificent Banquet, made by the generous *Mecœnas*; and this Poem was receiv'd with ſo much applauſe, that a Critick ought to have been very audacious, that durſt have cenſur'd it. *Ovid* glory'd to be that audacious One; and being one day in the preſence of the Princeſs *Julia*, he omitted no kind of Raillery wherewith he did not play upon me, for dedicating my *genius* wholly to *Bacchanalian* Revels and Triumphs.

What do you find in it ſo ridiculous, ſaid I to him? Is not the fertile Vine, which is Mother to the delicious *Falernian* Grape, as worthy of the nobleſt Idea's of a Poet, as the Flowers, you combine into an odoriferous Poſie, and therein preſent us with a *Clita*, or an *Hippolita*? This Allegory, reply'd *Ovid*, has relation to a paſſion of the Soul, much nobler than that of a gluttonous appetite; and it is more glorious for a Poet to teach Lovers the gentile Art of Loving, than Debauchees, the moſt ingenious method of improving their Debaucheries. Love, ſaid I, ſurprizes the frolick ſpirit amidſt the jollity of his Cups and Banquets, as it attacks the Melancholy in his ſolitary and ſullen retirements. The delight a

boon Companion takes in being regal'd, and a Lover in being lov'd, have nothing of incompatibility betwixt them. It is only a going in queſt after Pleaſure more than one way, and arriving at it by two different Roads. They are two different Roads indeed, reply'd *Ovid*, and no Man can ever ſo deceive himſelf, as to believe, that to arrive at the *Elizium* of Love, he muſt travel through the ſordid Vail of a brutiſh voluptuouſneſs. It is a rare way indeed to charm a Lady, to accoſt her with thoſe nauſeous and brain-ſick Raptures, wherewith the drowſie Souls of the boon Companions, you mention, are alwayes intoxicated? Would it not be a commendable excuſe, think ye, when a Lady ſhould deſire her ſervant to pay a double aſſiduity and diligence to her ſervice, to oppoſe to her commands, a neceſſity of going to a *Bacchanalian* Rendevouz? And do you think, ſhe would not have great reaſon to be highly ſatisfi'd with this obliging Compliment, I ſhall not ſee you to morrow; I muſt ſpend the whole day in drinking with my Friends: where I ſhall encounter a thouſand pleaſures, which as you are not capable to give me, you are not like to ſhare with me; and ſome pleaſant Table diſcourſe, or other diverſions, will abundantly ſupply the want of your company.

This ſatyrical raillery of *Ovid*, which he heightned by his drolling way of delivering it, and the Princeſs *Julia*'s ſeeming paſſionately to eſpouſe his quarrel againſt me, did ſo nettle me, that I was reſolv'd to ſtudy a revenge. I knew he affected *Tullia*, and I found her a Perſon moſt worthy to be affected. I deſign'd, if it were poſſible, to diſappoint him of the heart of that fair one. I was not ignorant how ſenſible he would be of ſuch a loſs; and I was ambitious to demonſtrate to him by convincing

reasons, that ingenious Debauchery is not inconsistent with the charms of Love.

I was acquainted with the Daughter of *Cicero*, as one is acquainted with Persons of Quality, whom they see in the Court either about the Empress, or the Princesses. I apply'd my self with all diligence to gain a more particular acquaintance with her. I endeavor'd to oblige her by my ready services, and the first occasion I encounter'd, was at the Feast of the *Bacchanales*, which was that year govern'd by my directions; I made all the Parts of it allude to that Proverb of *Cicero*,

Sine *Baccho* Friget *Venus*;

Without the help of lusty Bacchus, *Love*
Grows cold, and cannot our dull spirits move.

And allegorizing to the sense of the Proverb, I caus'd a *Cupid* to be plac'd upon one side of *Bacchus* his Statue, and both of them to be mounted upon one triumphal Chariot. They seem'd to have made mutual Presents to each other; *Cupid* was crown'd with clusters of Grapes, and carried a great Glass in his hand, instead of his Bowe; and a great-belly'd Bottle serv'd him for a Quiver, for his Arrows, and *Bacchus* wore the Quiver and Bowe, which *Cupid* wanted. Divers young Maids, habited like Painters, representing the *Menades* and *Graces*, mix'd one among another, followed the Chariot, and with a disorderly kind of order exchang'd employs with each other. The *Menades* distributed amongst the People, those Gallantries, which it only belong'd to Love to bestow; and the *Graces*, officiously offer'd, to fill up full Glasses to any, that would receive them.

You

You were then upon your Voyage towards *Sicily*, my Lord, and since *Ovid* has not related to you the particulars of our Cor-rival-ship, you are ignorant perhaps of that, which happen'd at that Feast. *Tullia* publickly declar'd, that she was oblig'd to me, for giving so glorious a revive to the memory of her Father; and whether *Ovid* was desirous to put a slurr upon this favor of hers towards me or no, or only to railly me, I know not, but he compos'd a Poem, intituled,

LOVE IN A RAGE.

Where feigning, that that God had fram'd Complaints against my Sacrilege, he made him thunder out severe Menaces and Imprecations against me.

He had carried this piece of Gallantry to *Tullia's* house, when she happen'd not to be at home; and had left it upon a Table in her Chamber, that she might find it at her return. I came thither a little after *Ovid* was gone; a young Slave, whom I had gain'd to my interests, told me, he had lately been there, and shew'd me the Paper he had left behind him. The indignation I conceiv'd to see my self so much abus'd, rais'd the choler of my Muse, and snatching up Pen and Paper, upon the same Title of *Love in a Rage*, I drew a draught of *Ovid's* inconstancies. I folded up my Satyr, in the same form he had done his; I laid it upon the same Table; and just as I had finish'd my Cheat, *Tullia* came in.

Ovid usher'd her, and had told her by the way, as they came, that he had left in her Chamber, a new emergency of his extravagant fancy. She thought to have found, what he spoke of, in the Paper, which lay in the place of the other, and snatching it up hastily, began to read,

Love in a Rage,

Come Rage and Fury, bring your flaming darts,
Your Chains, your Arrows dy'd in bleeding hearts,
All the immortal Tortures, which you forge
In your dire Shops, the Crimes of Men to ſcourge,
And arm'd with all th' offenſive tools of Fate,
The honor of my Altars vindicate.
A thouſand juſt complaints each hour invade
My tender ears, by youthful Beauties made
Againſt th' Ingrate——— ——— ———

Theſe firſt ſeven Verſes were copy'd word by word out of *Ovid*'s Paper, which he quietly gave attention to, but interrupted her at the eighth. You do not read right, Madam, ſaid he, it is not

My tender ears by youthful Beauties made,

It is,

My ears, and Heav'ns, by Youth and Beauty made,
To ſee themſelves a Homage forc'd to pay
To Bacchus, *and his Rendevouz obey.*

Read it your ſelf, ſaid *Tullia* interrupting him, and tell me, which moſt needs correction, your Memory, or my Eyes. He took the Paper, and finding the Verſes chang'd, was ſo ſurpriz'd, that he knew not what to ſay. Are you now ſatisfi'd, ſaid *Tullia*, whether your Memory or my Eyes are moſt treacherous? Your Eyes are faithful Judges, reply'd *Ovid*, and my Memory has not betray'd me; but here

here is a Myſtery, which I cannot unriddle. Theſe words inflam'd the curioſity of *Tullia*, and taking the Paper out of his hand, ſhe began again to read:

Come Rage and Fury, bring your flaming darts,
Your chains, your arrows, dy'd in bleeding harts,
All the immortal tortures, which you forge
In your dire ſhops, the crimes of Men to ſcourge,
And arm'd with all th' offenſive tools of Fate,
The honor of my Altars vindicate.
A thouſand juſt complaints each hour invade
My tender ears by youthful Beauties made
Againſt th' Ingrate; who being the forlorn
And doleful Objects of his treach'rous ſcorn,
Do 'fore my Altars the ſad Victimes lie
Of broken Vows, and martyr'd Conſtancy:
So many pow'rful Charms did I impart
To this Ingrate, that the moſt ſtony heart
Was forc'd with melting ſighs and flames to meet
The perjur'd Vows, he laid down at its feet.
The doctrine of my School refin'd his wit,
And in his Soul ingrafted Maxims, fit
To make it capable to be the Owner
Of all true principles of Love and Honor:
The pleaſure of the ſenſes, the tranſports
Of wit and mirth, the ſmartneſs of retorts;
An endleſs Mine of amorous deſires,
A flame, to light, and quench, a Veſtal's fires:
In fine I all my talents to him lent;
And how has he ſo vaſt a treaſure ſpent?
He by his black Inconſtancy has made
A thouſand falſe Apoſtates in the Trade;
A thouſand wav'ring hearts revolt from me,
By the example of his treachery.

Each injur'd Beauty now does fearful grow,
And ev'ry Lover for a Traytor go.
My name it ſelf a terror does infuſe.
How did not his diſloyalty abuſe?
The matchleſs bounties of a glorious Belle,
Whoſe name I for ſome reaſons ſhall conceal.
[The Princeſs *Julia*,
What have not Fulvia, Corynna, *rare*
Floricia, *and* Emilia *the Fair*;
Valeriu*s two Siſters*, Creon *the Slave*,
Done to oblige this moſt perfidious ——?
Who catch'd all in the ſnares of harmleſs Love,
Did the effects of his foul treaſon prove.
When to an object (he deſigns t'enſnare)
Such ſolemn Vows he of his Faith does ſwear,
Of Homage, and of Love, that you would ſay,
Eternity, before it, would decay,
As if of Janus, *or of* Proteu*s race,*
Into two diff'rent ſhapes he parts his face.
One ſide does repreſent unto your eye
The zealous Picture of ſincerity.
The other, like ſlie Renard, *on you ſmiles,*
To ſee what Fools Love catches in his toils.
Then in the cheat he triumphs, and his wit;
Nor fearing my ſcorn'd pow'r, does judge it fit,
(As well as us) for nothing but to be
The ſcourge of Amorous Credulity.
Oh! worthy to the Rack to be condemn'd,
To which I all unworthy Lovers ſend:
May Malice, Rage, and Jealouſie invent
Daily new tortures for his puniſhment.
May he lie languiſhing, and ever mourn
At Beauties feet, for nothing, but its ſcorn.
May nothing, but deluding hopes controul
His beſt deſigns, and tantalize his Soul:

And

And to complete all his misfortunes, may
All Objects, which his smooth-tongu'd baits betray,
Knowing their error, breake th' enslaving chain,
And nothing ever from this hour retain
For the Ingrate, but horror and disdain.

It is not without cause, said I, when *Tullia* had finish'd the reading the Verses, that Love is so much enrag'd against that Lover, since he appears to be guilty of so many enormous crimes. Those, reply'd *Ovid*, briskly intertupting me, who impose this Rage upon Love, are so little capable of understanding him, that none ought to judge of his opinion upon their inconsiderable testimonies. They were without doubt in an elevated vein, when they belched forth this Satyr, which is the froth rather of the giddy fumes of a stumm'd bottle, than a just reproach to Love. I know not what the persons are, you speak of, said I, without seeming at all to be mov'd, but methinks they have delineated so lively a draught of ingratitude, that they cannot be ignorant of the opposite virtue, that they have Souls capable of noble passions; and that if they have found so ingenious a way to divert a Mistriss, and destroy a Rival, the froth of the bottle, which has inspir'd this Art into them, seems to me to deserve a place amongst the most politick stratagems of Love. To divert a Mistriss, and destroy a Rival? said *Ovid*, Heavens! Can that sort of People aspire to so vain-glorious a conceit? Do they not understand, that living only for themselves, Women know not whether there are any such Animals in the World or no? That they regard their pretensions to Gallantry, but like vanishing Dreams hatch'd in the *capricio* of an elevated brain; and that a tender Lover,

would think he could not injure his Miſtriſs more, than to ſuſpect, ſhe could have the leaſt complaiſance for a perſon of that ſtamp. Be he of that ſtamp, or any other, ſaid *Tullia* interrupting him, I agree with you, that a Lady, who has a pre-engagement upon her, will not eaſily yield a complaiſance to a new Amour; but if I had a Lover, I ſhould not love to ſee him ſo much an Opiniator, as to think, nothing elſe could pleaſe me: I would have him ſuſpicious of every thing, be jealous of the ingenuity of theſe Verſes, apprehenſive of ſome ſecret deſign in them, and in fine create to himſelf a thouſand little cares and dangers upon Subjects of the leaſt moment or probability. No Man upon earth, Madam, reply'd *Ovid*, comprehends the uſe and force of the cares and inquietudes you mention, better than my ſelf. But a Lover, Madam, becomes oftentimes more criminal, in applying them ill, than in not reſenting them at all. We ought to underſtand the temper of the heart, we endeavor to charm; and if it be true, that Love derives its generous birth from the ſympathy of Souls, the Perſon I ſuſpect to be the Author of thoſe Verſes, I ſhall never triumph over a paſſionate and ſenſible Lover.

I could then neither refute this Prophecy, nor comprehend what *Tullia* thought of it; two or three of the Ladies, who were cited in the Verſes, came to give *Tullia* a viſit, who made an earneſt ſign to us, not to mention a word of the premiſes before them. But the day after, my little Intelligencer came and brought me a Letter, which ſhe had gain'd by ſurprize from a young *Grecian*, who ſerv'd *Tullia*, and by whom ſhe ſent it to *Ovid*; I open'd it, and read the following Contents.

I be-

"I begin now to be inroll'd in the number of your "Caſt Miſtriſſes, your inconſtancy makes thoſe ordina- "ry toures; and you cannot longer love me, ſince Ho- "race cannot make you jealous. My Women inform'd "you, that he was two hours alone in my Chamber du- "ring my abſence; and you ought to have ſuſpected, that "he employ'd them in changing your Verſes; and ſo "apparent a deſign to undermine you in your negligent "ſecurity you regard only as a Poetical vanity. Was "it your part to make ſo weak a remark? and are you "not aſham'd to be fool'd into ſo eaſie a perſuaſion of "that, which it is mine, to employ a thouſand cares and "ſtratagems to beget in you?

I thought it not expedient to allow *Tullia* the leiſure of making in Perſon theſe Reproaches to my Rival; I was doubtful of the ſucceſs. Whereupon I beg'd the favor of *Cepion*, who was our common Friend, but much more mine, than *Ovids*, to take him along with him to *Domitius*'s houſe, where he had deſign'd a Treat both of Munificence and Pleaſure to entertain his Friends: and at this time, *Tullia* leaving *Rome* to ſpend ſome dayes at this *Villa* where now we are, I ſeconded the reſentments which ſhe had already conceiv'd againſt him, with a declaration of my own Paſſion for her. I had by a ſmall gift or two above a month before, engag'd the Artificer to me, that made her Chariots; and I had experience of his Fidelity not long after; for, by deſign, her Chariot broke at the entrance into the Wood, which lies upon the right hand, as you come hither. I had caus'd a commodious Tent to be pitcht in that Wood, and prepar'd a Treat in readineſs not improper for the occaſion, which was attended with a Set of choice Muſick; and all things falling

falling out as ſucceſsfully as I could deſire, I was there at hand to help *Tullia* out of the perplexity ſhe was embroil'd in. She was ſurpriz'd to meet on the Road with ſo unexpected an aſſiſtance. I told her, this was a preparation for one of thoſe pleaſant Debauches, which *Ovid* ſo often upbraided me with, that I waited for ſome of my Friends, with whom I had deſign'd to recreate my ſelf that day; but that I was highly oblig'd to them for their negligence, ſince the Gods had ſent me now much more agreeable company to ſupply their places; and juſt as I utter'd theſe laſt words, the Collation was ſerv'd in.

Tullia commended the elegancy of it, and told me, that if we made no other Debauches than thoſe, Ladies might be proud to participate of them; we pretend, Madam, ſaid I, ſo much to the honor of their companies at them, that they can afford us no real ſatisfaction, or guſt, without them. But *Ovid* is an Heretick in our Myſteries, who never underſtood them in their purity. I have an ambition to preſent you with a true draught of them, which you will find far different from that you have already receiv'd from him. I gave a ſign to the Muſick to ſtrike up, which they obey'd by an harmonious, yet brisk *preludium*, that much reviv'd the ſpirits of *Tullia*, after her little diſaſter upon the Road, and was followed with a Conſort of divers voices, which ſung theſe Verſes:

A train of Servants trouble does create,
Who with their eyes devour us, and our meat,
Staring upon us like ſtarv'd Harpy-Elves;
Be gone, and let us eat our meat our ſelves.

What

What? think ye, cannot we without a Spie
Upon us, eat, or drink? Avant, for I
Love Secrecy as much at boards, as beds;
Bacchus, as well as Love, makes jealous heads.

My Servants were order'd before to retire upon this Sign, and the Muſick went on:

Oh! how their abſence, does our hearts revive!
Their greedy eyes, which look'd, as they'd etrieve
Each bit we eat, devour'd us up alive.
Let's ſpeak, we are alone, let's freely vent
Our thoughts, our ſecret Love, or Diſcontent,
And baniſh Fear; for Bacchus *muſt excuſe*
All thoſe, who frolick at his Rendevouz.

Tullia ſeem'd to be a little ſtartled, when ſhe ſaw all my Servants withdraw, and the ſenſe of the laſt two couplets confirming her ſurprize; Oh! cry'd ſhe out, I have now a clear proſpect of your intentions; the hazard I now run of my reputation, and the breaking of my chariot, are too much to be ſuſpected, not to give me a juſt apprehenſion of ſome deſign. Oh! Madam, ſuſpected of what? ſaid I, of an innocent deſign, of making you a paſſionate declaration of Love: Is this an attempt, which you ought to have a fearful apprehenſion of? You abuſe the confidence, *Horace*, ſaid *Tullia*, I was willing to repoſe in your Generoſity; and had not I ingeniouſly ſuffer'd my ſelf to be deceiv'd, when I was brought hither, you had not had now the opportunity of making Diſcourſes to me, ſo void of diſcretion, or ſincerity. Madam, I call the Gods to witneſs, ſaid I, I never made any in my life, ſo full of ingenuity and candor; and if you vouchſafe not to

underſtand them ſo, you will do their Author a great injuſtice, who loves you more, than ever any perſon yet could pretend to love you. Neither the Corrivalſhip of ſo fam'd an Oppoſite, as *Ovid*, nor the Prerogative he may plead to Antiquity, have power to diſcourage me in ſo glorious an attempt. It is a whole Month, ſince I have ſnatch'd at all opportunities of opening this preſumptuous Declaration at your feet; but the aſſiduity of my Rival has always countermined mine: till now Fortune has at laſt befriended my languiſhing impatience, with this bleſt one out of his preſence. Receive then the humble Petition of my Love, without rigor, or diſdain; my Rival only comes to make repetitions with you, of what he has preach'd in the Cloſets of all the Ladies of *Rome*. His method of making Love can pretend now no longer to the charms of a ſurprize, or the glory of a firſt offering, which are advantages mine comes attended with into your ſervice; and though you had no other deſign in allowing it a ſmall apartment in ſome bie-corner of your heart, than preſenting an Aſſociate, to Love, of my qualifications, he has preſented you with Graces enough, to merit from you ſo generous an acknowledgment.

Juſt as I had ended my Diſcourſe, *Ovid* ſurpriz'd us with his unexpected arrival, who having met (as he was coming from *Domitius*'s) *Tullia*'s Coachman, who was return'd to *Rome* to provide another Carriage (for that which was broken) for his Coach, was inform'd by him of the accident which had happen'd to his Miſtriſs, and he was now come to compliment her eſcape. The circumſtances he found her in, could not chooſe but give him an unkind welcome. The Pavilion, under which we were,

were, seem'd to be imboss'd all over with the embroidery of divers-colour'd flowers; which joining their natural Perfumes with many other rich essences, wherewith divers curious Jarrs and Caskets were fill'd, and plac'd in odoriferous ranks about it, seem'd to render it an *Elizium*, almost equal to that he had in his own Works prepar'd for happy Lovers. The Musick was some of the choicest, that belong'd to the Emperor; and the relicks of our Collation declar'd, that without vanity it might pretend both to Magnificence and Curiosity. But *Ovid*, who was not accustom'd to lose the possession of a heart, wherein he once had gain'd an interest, imagin'd that the passion he had for *Tullia*, was a sufficient security to assure him of the right he claim'd in hers: And when he understood she had receiv'd no hurt by the accident of her Chariot, he seem'd to have no more concern for any thing else, than when he us'd to find her alone in her Chamber: I was not wanting to make *Tullia* sensible of this coldness and insensibility of his; you see, Madam, said I softly in her ear, that the Protestations of Love, which are render'd you at a Debauch, are more sincere than those you are wont to receive in your private Closet; your Chariot broke by an accident, which only expos'd you to the hazard of honouring this place a few hours with your glorious presence; and the Gods, by a special Providence, design'd me for your assistance. *Ovid* has surpriz'd us together, and is not jealous; but I, Madam, I am of his shadow only; and would willingly purchase at the too inconsiderable value of all that I am worth, the felicity of entertaining you one moment longer without such envious witnesses. Be you then, Madam, an impartial Judge, and declare, which in your opinion,

nion, merits the character of the most sincere and the most passionate Lover.

This discourse exasperated the thoughts of *Tullia*, which were already dispos'd to harbor a prejudice against *Ovid*, who had return'd no answer to her last Letter; and as she was ignorant of the cause, she imputed that to him as a crime, which was only an artifice of my Love. She began to railly upon him after a manner, which could not choose but trouble him, and I perceiv'd at that instant he was scarce able to digest it with patience. But he has since told *Cepion* (who related it to me again) that he conquer'd that impulse of his disdain, as a frensie, which he thought would call his reason in question, to have shewn himself capable of it. How? said he to my Friend, could I imagine that a Soul, who had been train'd up by my Maxims to the Mysteries of Love, should be debauch'd by *Horace*? The Gods seem'd never to suffer me to awake in a Morning, but to recount to my Mistris the dreams they inspir'd into my fancy at Night, she finds that the devotion I have for her, causes me to pay a daily one to the temple she frequents. She neither makes a visit, nor takes walk, whereat my diligent observance does not attend her. My regards, my discourses, the happy raptures of my Muse, all offer sacrifice to my Love; I neither think, nor act, but to improve its interest with her. *Horace* is a Libertine, whose whole life, like a Comical Representation, is divided only into divers Scenes, of Play, Banquets, Revels, Publick Spectacles, and other lewd diversions. What leisure could he find to cultivate a Love-intrigue? or what frensie or *capricio* could invade *Tullia*, to prefer such a Rival before me? This *capricio*, if it might be call'd one, deriv'd its birth from the converse of that day, I now men-

tion.

tion. *Tullia* has told me since, that she found the declaration of my Love very singular; which I found means afterwards likewise to illustrate, with two or three Gallantries more, as unexpected, as the Treat in the Wood. We accompanied *Tullia* home to this *Villa*, for I understood, that her Chariot would return so late from home, that such a Convoy would not be unwelcome to her. At a convenient place upon the Road, she was encounter'd with a Troop of counterfeit Shepherds and Shepherdesses, with the sound of divers Countrey Instruments, with a kind of rustick triumph, conducted her home to her house; and some of them disguiz'd like Gypsies, danc'd before her after the Gypsie-manner; and these divertisements employing her time before Supper, a Set of Comedians, who pretended they had lost their way, and beg'd entertainment there that night, took up most part of it, in representing the furies of *Ajax*.

I counterfeited the ignorant, and made protestations that I was surpriz'd at these comick Novelties; but this was too course a spun web, to delude a judgment of *Ovids* perspicacity. He rag'd, he reproach'd *Tullia*, and interpreting her denial of having given the least consent, or encouragement to these rustical diversions a criminal dissimulation, he was almost arriv'd to that point of jealousie, as *Tullia*'s wishes could have exacted from him; but as her innocence was wholly unworthy of his accusations, and he thought he discover'd the real marks of it in the motions of her countenance, he relaps'd into his old Lethargy, of a calm security and repose.

We return'd both together to *Rome*, where some commands of *Mecœnas* detain'd him much against his will, at the time of *Tullia*'s sojourn in the Countrey. My diligence was not wanting to give that the

colour

colour of a negligence, which I knew to be a bare neceſſity; and redoubling my bounty and inſtructions to the Slave I had gain'd to my devotion, I played my game ſo well, that *Ovid* had no opportunity of juſtifying his long abſence, nor *Tullia* of receiving any Letter from him; but was abſolutely convinc'd, that he was the moſt cold and tepid Lover in the world. As this error and remiſsneſs of *Ovid*'s Love gain'd ſtrength daily in the imagination of *Tullia* to his prejudice, I endeavor'd as firmly to fix in it an oppoſite character of my own. There did not a day paſs, during her abſence from *Rome*, wherein I did not regale her with ſome novel diverſion, or other. I found out a young *Grecian*, who had a moſt excellent voice and method in ſinging, and I preſented her to her. I underſtood ſhe had deſign'd a day of hunting with two or three Ladies more her Neighbours, I met them, as by accident, at their Rendevouz, with a Pack of Hounds, whoſe beauty and harmony far excell'd any they had with them; and having entertain'd them with that ſport, in a greater perfection than they expected, I gave them a noble Treat, to refreſh the pleaſant toils they had undergone in the purſuit of it. Theſe obliging Services, my Letters, my diſcourſes, and the reſentments of *Tullia*, which neither the preſence, nor diligence of *Ovid* endeavor'd to qualifie, wrought the effect I deſir'd. In fine, my Lord, my ſuit was not diſpleaſing to her; and the firſt alarum *Ovid* took of it, was from two or three Strophes, I had compos'd in the tranſports of a little debauch, which *Tullia* was pleas'd to honor with her preſence. I ſhall repeat them to you, and you ſhall judge whither he had not ſome cauſe to be diſturb'd.

Inchant-

Inchanting Circe, Bacchus's *Queen divine,*
In whose fair hand a sparkling glass of Wine
Such charms creates, as ravish with delight
The glutted sence of humane appetite.
What a rich tincture (that does far outvie
The Ostrean *purple, or the* Tyrian *die*)
The juyce of the Falernian *Grape does fix*
Upon the lustre of those glorious cheeks!
Oh! how those Eyes out-sparkle that? And dart
Two flaming Globes into my scorch'd-up heart!
And teach us too that Bacchus *has his Charms,*
As well as Love; and does with pow'rful Arms
In his Debauches, frolick Beauty store,
To conquer what, it but attack'd before.

I could wish, my Lord, you had been an eye-witness of the astonishment of *Ovid*, when by the indiscretion of one of my Guests, he arriv'd to the knowledge of these Verses, and that *Tullia* was the Subject of them. He went immediately to give her a visit, and being neither able to give credit to the report of his own senses, nor even the testimony it self of our Mistriss; How, Madam? said he to her, Is *Tullia* the Object of *Horaces* intoxicated fancies? Did she command him to write *Madrigalls* for her? Was she sent, at the *Bacchanalian* Ceremony, when his Good-fellow Muse was dub'd her *Laureate?* In a word, Does she love *Horace?* What Mystery have you discover'd in this adventure, so worthy your admiration, reply'd *Tullia*? Have not the Gods been prodigal enough of their bounties towards *Horace*, to render him an Object amiable in the eye of our Sex? And am I the first of Women, whom his charms have surpriz'd? But, Madam, re-

ply'd my Rival, I have long lov'd the adorable *Tullia*, and you have given me leave to believe, that I was not hated of her: But, said *Tullia*, you neither expreſt a concern, nor jealouſie towards your Rival; and Love cannot lodge in a breaſt, out of which thoſe two ſenſible Gueſts are baniſh'd. Ah! Madam, exclaim'd that afflicted Lover, if that were the only reaſon you could alledge for a ground of this extravagant ſeverity, it would have long ſince vented it ſelf in a thouſand reproaches, and ſo ill-humor'd a converſe have had its abortive birth long before this unhappy Minute: But you never lov'd me, a real Love does never terminate in ſo excentrick a Point; no, no, you are not unconſtant, this pretended levity, is only the vizard-mark to your real diſſimulation. What? have I ſtudied hearts ſo long, to be ignorant of their character? Can a Miſtriſs, like a Bird out of its Cage, flie from me, and I not ſee which way ſhe takes her flight? Love, ungrateful Love, get thee another Panegyriſt, provide thee another Hiſtorian, I am no longer able to trace thee through thy myſterious Meanders, which are as blind as thy ſelf; or, I ſhould more properly ſay, that thy chiefeſt Myſteries, are nothing now, but myſtick *Chimera's*. It is in *Horace*'s power to leave *Ovid* deſtitute of a Miſtriſs; thou haſt no longer eſtabliſhed Laws to govern by, ſince Fortune ſits at the Helm, and ſteers at her pleaſure the Fate of Mortals.

Agrippa found this Exclamation ſo pleaſant, that he was forc'd to interrupt *Horace* with a loud Fit of laughter; I am ſo well acquainted, ſaid he, with *Ovid*'s tranſports, that, as much a Friend as I am to his concerns, I believe, as you ſay, his affliction would have prov'd my diverſion, had I been a witneſs to it.

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It is not possible, my Lord, reply'd *Horace*, to represent to you the pleasant extravagancy of it. He thought that the whole Adventure, had been only the abortion of a delusive Dream; he came to me, and ask'd me seriously, if it were true, that *Tullia* lov'd me; and whether it were not only a Project to render me more obsequious and circumspect for the future; but when, by the air of my countenance, and the cold reception he found from her, he was convinc'd, that I had usurp'd the Throne, he had been so long in possession of, he vented his rage in such vollies of imprecations, as better deserv'd to be inserted in his Work, than all his Elegies.

Horace could no longer dilate himself on the circumstances of his triumphs; for one of *Agrippa's* Servants came to advertise his Lord, that he thought the Emperor expected his attendance. They found him with the Ladies in a spacious Meadow, whose flowry head reposing it self betwixt two chrystal Arms of *Tyber*, was crown'd with a rich Ballister of white Marble. The Emperor had purposely drawn all the company to that place, to the end they might not discover, that which was preparing to entertain them in another; and having detain'd them there until the evening, he on a sudden surpriz'd them with the most delightful object their eyes were capable of.

All *Tullia's* house seem'd to be inclos'd in a case of stars, compos'd by an infinite number of torches, which cover'd it over, that it resembled a Flaming Castle, rais'd there *extempore*, by the force of some Magical Enchantment. The inter-spaces betwixt the lights were form'd with red canvas, stamp'd with divers figures, which by the reflexion of torches plac'd behind it, represented so many flaming

Prospects. The Walk of the Gardens were fill'd with Pyramids, and Figures, rais'd by the same artifice. And from the top of a high Turret, which crown'd the House, at a certain sign the Emperor caus'd to be given, a thousand hissing Dragons and Serpents took their flight into the clouds, which on every side presented, to the astonish'd eyes of the Spectators, the glorious name of *Terentia* in characters of fire and flames.

But yet this Wonder was no Miracle. The power of Monarchs, as great as it is, must subscribe to the Laws of Impossibility: For *Cæsar* had only apply'd that to this occasion, which he had long before prepar'd for another; But the Mystery being unknown to the Ladies, Oh! Sir, cry'd *Terentia*, the Heavens employ themselves on all occasions to work Miracles for you, and they have certainly some supernatural design in this they here represent unto us. It is rather you, Madam, reply'd the amorous *Cæsar*, who are so precious to the care of the Gods, as being the greatest Miracle in the whole Catalogue of their Works, who has oblig'd them to Present us with this Scene of Wonders. The Gods, reply'd *Terentia*, do indeed accumulate with their favors, when the hands of the mighty *Cæsar* vouchsafe to distribute them to me.

These discourses, or the like, having entertain'd them, till they came to a large Portal, which conducted them into a fair Hall, they past into it under an odoriferous Arch fram'd with the beautifullest Flowers, and richest Greens the Universe could afford, where a Table attended them, laden with the variety of the choicest rarities, wherewith nature could furnish it. A Ball, worthy the Magnificence of *Cæsar*, coucluded this Royal Treat, perform'd by

that

that illustrious Company in a Room wainscoted all round with Looking-glasses of the purest Chrystal, which multiplying the Gallantry of so many noble Objects, exhibited divers representations of that, which at that time was singular in the Universe.

The unexpected Arrival of *Aurora*, who, ambitious to be a Spectatrix of so glorious a Triumph, peep'd in upon them at the Window, prorogued this illustrious Convention: Ten or twelve light Chariots richly gilt and figur'd, convey'd them back to *Rome*; *Cæsar* and *Terentia* mounted one: The Princess and *Marcellus*, by his command, were plac'd in another: *Tullia*, (who would wait upon her noble Guests to the Gates of the City) *Fulvia*, *Varentilla*, *Agrippa*, *Horace*, the Princesses Maids of Honor, and the Officers of *Cæsar*'s Train, sorted themselves, either according to their quality or inclination, whil'st *Virgil* alone, preferring the devoires of an entire friendship, before all the triumphs and delights *Tullia*'s house could satiate him with, follow'd *Cornelius* to *Tusculum*, whither the presence of *Cæsar* had oblig'd him to retire.

He was fallen into disgrace with *Cæsar*, and had receiv'd a command from him, to absent himself from his presence for ever. He went to *Rome* to make an humble Address, and was desirous to interest *Terentia* in his Suit: And to confer with her, he had follow'd her to *Tullia*'s *Villa*; but the Emperors Arrival had prevented his design, and oblig'd him, as I said before, to retire to some neighbouring place.

When he saw *Virgil*, he began to oppose himself, as earnestly as he could, against this demonstration of his generosity and friendship. Return, return,

ſaid he, my dear *Virgil*, to the place where I thought I had left you; and affect not the company of an unfortunate Wretch, whoſe diſgrace may prove contagious. Sovereigns love to ſee the Acts of their Indignation authoriz'd by the Suffrages of Perſons of Honeſty and Honor; and you caſt a reproach upon *Cæſar*, when you conſerve a kindneſs for a Man, whom his diſpleaſure has condemn'd to his eternal hatred. *Virgil* is not a perſon ſo conſiderable in the Empire, reply'd *Virgil*, as to deſerve to have Spies to attend his Actions, or Excurſions. The Policy, you ſpeak of, concerns only ſuch, as either by their Birth, or Employs, are deſtin'd to ſtand, as living Examples, before the People. And what in a Perſon of that Remark and Quality would be held for a neceſſary Prudence, would be condemn'd as a ridiculous Vanity in one of mine. Your Honor is dazled by your Modeſty, ſaid *Cornelius*, and you are doubtleſs more conſiderable in the Opinion of *Cæſar*, than your own. The Fame of a Poet is oftentimes as neceſſary to ſignalize the glory of Heroes, as their own virtue; And thoſe, who now admire the Valor of *Achilles*, had perhaps never heard of his Name, had not the Pen of *Homer* eterniz'd it. Theſe kind of Flatteries, ſaid *Virgil*, intoxicates the Reaſon, and byaſſes the Pens of the greateſt part of Authors; who fanſie themſelves to be the Authors indeed of the Fate and Deſtiny of Heroes and Princes, and murmur againſt the ſmall regard the World has of their Merits, as a moſt criminal Injuſtice. But to frame a right judgment of things, what do we ſerve for? In what are Princes oblig'd to us? There was never yet a Poet ſo audacious, as to arraign the Vices of his Prince living, and with his Scepter in his hand, at the Bar of *Parnaſſus*; and the juſteſt Prai-

ſes

ſes he beſtows upon him, are ſuſpected of flattery and vain-glory. The contempt, or approbation of great Ones, does either depreſs, or elevate our works; and we ſing in vain their glorious Geſts, if the Publick Memoires give us the Lye. Theſe conſiderations alone, ought in my judgment, to degrade a flattering Scribler of all Favor with his Prince, who may acquire more true glory, than his pureſt Ink can fix upon him, by rewarding him for thoſe good intentions he ſtands in no need of. I would have a Perſon of Integrity be juſt to himſelf in the firſt place, give each action its due character, and without ſhaping one, as much for his own advantage, as his Princes, conſider, that he ſtands accountable for the Power, the Gods have inveſted him with, to none but themſelves, from the firſt Minute they rank'd him amongſt Crowned Heads. Would it had pleaſed Heaven, cry'd *Cornelius*, to have imprinted this Maxim in my Soul! I had then ſtill been in poſſeſſion of my Emperors good grace, and the Government he honor'd me with. But the luſtre of my place, from whence I ſtood towring over the heads of other Mortals, did ſo dazle the eyes of my underſtanding, that I could not diſcern the track, by which I climb'd the dangerous Precipice: and without conſidering, that not like the Sun, I was my ſelf the Author of thoſe Rayes, which my Greatneſs darted from its glorious Orb, it appear'd ſo boundleſs to me, that I perſuaded my ſelf it was abſolute and independent. And whil'ſt a juſt apprehenſion contain'd me within the limits of my duty, I ſet ſuch a value upon my ſervices, and eſteem'd them ſo important, that I fancy'd they might challenge that injuſtice for their reward, which was the ſole

effect of *Cæsar*'s bounty. But, said *Virgil*, interrupting him, what caus'd you to commit so grand an oversight? The Emperor has alwayes testify'd so great a kindness for you, that though the Gods had not destin'd him both for yours, and the Worlds Master, a Maxim of pure gratitude only ought to have fix'd all your endeavors to his service.

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THE HISTORY OF *CORNELIUS GALLUS.*

LOVE, my dear *Virgil*, reply'd *Cornelius*, is a weakneſs, which has always triumpht over the ſtrongeſt reſolutions of the greateſt Heroes: That alone has been the Author of my Crime; and from what alone I hope a pardon. You have heard me diſcourſe formerly of a fair Slave, which belonged to the Philoſopher *Volumnius*, and was made free by him, named *Cytheris*, whom you celebrated in one of your Ecclogues, under the name of *Licoris*; and who, I told you, accompanied *Mark Antony*, when the Male-content took his laſt farewel of *Rome*.

I have often ſince declar'd to you, with what an incredible grief I entertain'n the news of her flight; and you your ſelf were ſo ſenſibly toucht therewith, that in one of your Poems, you made your Muſe the chief Mourner of the dolorous obſequies of my Love; which ought not in juſtice to have been ſo effeminate, ſince I was only depriv'd of the ſight of an Object, which I could not chooſe, but

but adore; for as to a paſſion, or inclination towards any other perſon, ſhe was wholly incapable of it; and her Soul was as inſenſible of the Flames of *Antony*, as of mine.

But yet my jealouſie could not be convinc'd of the contrary; and the ſcorn and indignation, I conceiv'd at the thoughts of anothers being preferr'd before me, join'd to the buſie Employs of the charge *Ceſar* had conferred upon me, in a ſhort time baniſht the Idea of *Cytheris* ſo perfectly out of my breaſt, that methought no part of it lurkt behind to keep an unquiet poſſeſſion.

She was now longer the grief of my eyes, or of my thoughts. I eagerly followed my Sports and Recreations, and without diſtraction, dedicated my ſelf to the employs of my Charge. Which one day oblig'd me to aſſiſt in perſon at a Survey, which was taken along the *Nilus*, for the the facilitating the famous inundation of its fertile Streams: when one of my people came to me, and told me, that in one of the inhabitable Iſlands, with which that River is chequer'd all over, was heard the accent of an human Voice; and askt me if it were my pleaſure, that ſome one or other, ſhould go and inform himſelf of the truth of it.

The perſon that brought me this intelligence, wanted not ability for a more important employ; but a ſecret curioſity, the cauſe whereof I was ignorant of, poſſeſt me with a deſire, to go and make it my ſelf. I took a Bark, and boarded the Iſland; when I was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd, for the firſt Object my eyes were fixt on, was to encounter that ſame *Cytheris*, for whom I had had ſo ardent and ſo ineffectual a Paſſion.

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She was a little impair'd in her Beauty; and five or six years ſpace, wherein I had not ſeen here, is able to change the air of any countenance; but my Heart, through my eclips'd Eyes, diſcover'd her. A ſudden tranſport of joy and fear, which at the ſame moment invaded my Soul, ſuggeſted to me, that it was *Cytheris*, whom I beheld.

What new *Theſeus?* cry'd I out, or rather what inhuman Tyger, has abandou'd you in this inhoſpitable Deſart? Durſt *Mark Antony* commit ſo barbarous a Crime? Or *Cleopatra* ſo imperious a cruelty, as to lay ſuch commands upon her effeminate Paramour. And could the tame Gods hold their revengeful Thunder in their hands, and behold the Sacriledge? *Mark Antony*, reply'd *Cytheris*, interrupting me with a fair look, has not been the Arbiter of my deſtiny; I effected it my ſelf, and ſhall purſue it to the uttermoſt period of my life. Ah! *Cytheris*, ſaid I, ingratude never merited before ſuch glorious expreſſions. It was enough for you to play the cruel thief, to rob me of my Heart, and carry it in triumph after that Ingrate, without interdicting me the juſt liberty of reproaching his infidelity. You never had a perfect knowledge of me, reply'd *Cytheris* coldly; and your ſuſpitions now are as imperfect, as that was before. I did not follow *Mark Antony*; he did not abandon me; and if I had been capable of ſuch a weakneſs for one of the two, perhaps I ſhould not have manifeſted it in his favor: But a certain repugnance, which at firſt ſeem'd to have no real foundation, and which ſince I have diſcover'd too juſt grounds for, caus'd me to regard the proſecution of your Amour, as a moſt troubleſome perſecution. It was that I fled from; againſt that did I endeavor to find a Sanctuary

ctuary. Come, my Lord, Come and take a view of that, the gods have here assigned me, and suffer me quietly to enjoy without the distra ion, or turbulent cares of the restless World; which consideration may perhaps convince you, that the love of Wisdom is the sole Passion my Soul has been sensible of.

As she uttered these last words, she conducted me by a little path, to the most pleasant solitude I ever beheld. The Trees of one continued Wood, which extending their spacious Arms to each other, like one large Umbrella, cover over the surface of the whole Island, seem on purpose to open them in in this place, to frame a delightful Walk for Natures diversion; which declining by an insensible descent, invites you into a pleasant Meadow, equally divided in the middle by the rapid streams of a Christal Torrent. *Flora*, which seem'd to have chosen it for her rustick Nursery, had enamell'd it all over with a sort of wild, yet beautiful Flowers, not common in those parts of *Egypt*; and the industry of a certain old Man, who with *Cytheris*, and one person more, were both the Subjects, and Sovereign of this charming Desart, had furnish'd it with all necessaries for the support of human life. There were two or three Cabins, which seeming to be built, more by advice of Nature than Art, with green Boughs and Branches, made but a weak resistance against the inclemency of the Air. There were likewise Beasts both wild and domestick: and a small Tract of Land, which cleansed from Weeds, and other trash, furnish'd this little Family with Corn, and all other Field, and Garden Provisions.

I fancied my self to be in one of those inchanted places, describ'd by the Poets; and looking some-

ſometimes upon *Cytheris*, and then upon the old Man (who taking no notice of me, follow'd, I know not what puddling employment he was then about) I began to rub my eyes, like one, who would endeavor to clear them of ſome cloud or miſt, that was before them.

You ſeem to be ſurpriz'd, my Lord, ſaid *Cytheris*, obſerving my aſtoniſhment, to ſee that a treaſure as this, lying even in the centre of your Government, and almoſt at the Gates of *Alexandria*, ſhould eſcape your knowledge; To enjoy this without diſturbance or contradiction, was it, that I renounc'd the pompous ſlavery, you offer'd me at *Rome*, and not to follow your Rival. Here neither the riſe nor the fall of Empires, creates in my Soul the paſſions of joy or ſadneſs. Here my liberty is neither attackt by fortune, nor love, and I breath the air of this hoſpitable Climate, perhaps with more true ſatisfaction, than you in all your glory, do that of *Alexandria*. Here I make a ſweet experiment, that the Gods with a prodigal hand ſhower down all thoſe bleſſings upon Man, that may render him happy, when man is ſo prudent, as to limit his deſires within the bounds of of their liberality.

This excellent diſcourſe begat in me ſuch tranſports of love and admiration, that I had not the power to Maſter them. I gave her a thouſand tender embraces within my incircling Arms; And oh! moſt divine Creature, ſaid I, worthy the adorations of the whole Univerſe, Come and reſtore to it that Miracle, this ſolitude has unjuſtly rob'd it of. You merit all the Empires of the World, but the Emperor, who has the power to Inthrone you in them, wanting the perfect knowledge of that Virtue,

tue, which may entitle you to them; Come at leaſt and repreſent in *Alexandria* the perſon of a glorious Empreſs; Come and reign an abſolute Sovereign over him, who reigns with abſolute authority over the Subjects of the *Ptolomies*. No, no, ſaid *Cytheris* to me, thruſting me from her with her hand, If the pleaſure of the gods had deſign'd me for the place, you propoſe, they would have elevated me to it themſelves; and ſo eſtabliſh'd my Anceſtors in it, that a juſt deſcent ſhould have conferr'd it upon me, had they not judg'd this condition more happy for me, to which they have now reduc'd me. I have ſpoken to you only yet in the quality of a Lover, anſwer'd I, but now you compel me to ſpeak to you, in the quality of the Prætor of *Egypt*; which obliges me to ſee Juſtice duly executed in this Province; and I ſhould infringe this duty, ſhould I ſuffer a barbarous Iſland to entomb alive a perſon, whoſe virtues declare to me, that ſhe came into the World only to command it. Both as a Lover and a Prætor, ſaid *Cytheris*, interrupting me, you ought to ſubmit to my will. Love is never unaccompanied with ſubmiſſion, and the Prætor of *Egypt* has no juriſdiction over a perſon of my Birth.

I was very importunate with *Cytheris* to draw her out of her Solitude, or at leaſt a clearer diſcovery out of her, of her intentions. But I was not able to move her to grant either of my requeſts: ſhe deſir'd me to return again to *Alexandria*, whither I carry'd my new re-inkindled Flame, which broke forth with ſuch violence, out of the embers it had bhen ſo long ſmothered in, that it was impoſſible for me to ſtay there above a day or two, without taking a ſecond Voyage to ſee her. She

ſhew'd

shew'd me all the ordinary employs with which she did divert herself. *Volumnius*, as you know, is a person generally accomplisht with all Sciences: who finding the Soul of *Cytheris* capable to receive all those noble tinctures, he had a desire to infuse into it, he had render'd her an absolute Mistris in all Philosophical erudition. It was this, which I found so charming in her, when first I began to have a passion for her; and which oblig'd *Volumnius* to enfranchise her. To this excellent ornament she had many others; and had as great a care of her education, as if her Birth had been known to him. She spoke naturally the Greek Tongue; play'd gracefully upon two or three instruments; limn'd and embroder'd in perfection; And the old Man that was with her, had procur'd all necessaries for her, to keep those admirable Talents in practice.

Do you not think, said she to me, that these employs are sufficient to entertain with satisfaction and delight the whole course of that momentary being, allow'd us here on Earth? And do you believe, that the glories and pleasures of your *Rome*, or *Alexandria*, are more really pleasures and glories, than those I enjoy in this solitude? Worldly diversions are the same to the Soul, that shows, or spectacles are to the Eyes. They draw it after them, tire it, but not revive it; they always leave a *vacuum* in it, which they cannot fill; and as they continually distract it with new desires, so do they banish from it all peace and tranquility. But, *Cytheris*, cry'd I, transported with an admiration of her virtue, how could you, being both of a Sex and Age so tender, arrive so early to considerations so solid? And having attain'd them, cultivate

tivate them in so wild a School as this is? Every person, reply'd the discreet *Cytheris*, has inherent in himself those necessary principles, by which he may attain to Wisdom. The skilfullest Artificer commits faults enough in his Art, to convince him, he is not infallible; yet those faults themselves lead him to perfection. Allow a man of that degree, modesty, and a desire of knowledge, and you shall render him wise in his Element. All other states of life, furnish those, that are in them, with the like advantages. For my own particular, I have experienced two or three different conditions; I was born a Slave, nor knew I, till after my Enfranchisement, how far my birth ought to have been remov'd from so inglorious an obscurity. From whence I learnt, that slavery is no real evil, since I supported it without regret; and an illustrious descent no real good, since I possest it, and yet was not sensible of it. *Antonies* love was a long time the sole felicity of *Cleopatra*, but not of *Cytheris*: And why? because that kind of love has no real commerce with true felicity: if it had, it would have wrought its effects in me, as well as in the *Egyptian* Queen; but the extravagant imagination and fancy of that Princess, caus'd her to regard that, as a great good, which mine represented to me, as a greater evil; and those kind of imaginations do create the greatest part of the felicity, or infelicity incident to Mortals. Possess them with the charming sweetness of a private life, and this mediocrity shall render them more happy than the dazling lustre of Crowns and Scepters: Place before them for their Object, Honors and Dignities, and they shall become the prey of an insatiable Ambition. I have made it a long time my chief study, to combat with-

within my self this capricious folly, and I find, that a Sovereign Power, is not so real a felicity, as a power within ones self, to regard the loss of it without regret. Ah! Madam, said I, (for I made no scruple now to give her that title) tell me I beseech you, from what glorious height you have stoopt to this humble disguise, that I may pay my due adorations to that virtue, which causes you to despise it. The state of my present being, is subject to great revolutions; fortifie it therefore with some eminent example, that if occasion should require, may prove an Antidote for me against the envious Malice of never constant fortune.

I judg'd by the motion of *Cytheris* her countenance, that she was about to satisfie my curiosity, when her companion came in haste to tell her, that *Ambiorix* (which was the old Mans name) was stung with a venemous Serpent: and that from the knowledge he had of such kind of wounds, he concluded he had not two hours to live. *Cytheris* grew pale, and running with great distraction to the Cabin of *Ambiorix* (whither I follow'd her) Oh! my dear Father, said she to him, What misfortune has arriv'd to you? Is it as fatal as *Phila* causes me to apprehend? And is it possible the gods will deprive me of your assistance and conduct? What name was that I heard you pronounce, my Lord? said *Virgil*, interrupting him; Was it not the name of *Phila*? I, reply'd *Cornelius*, the person, who together with *Cytheris* and *Ambiorix*, inhabited that Island, was so call'd. Oh! my Lord, added *Virgil*, speak I beseech you, Was not this Maid an *Athenian*? And did not the Orator *Antiochus* her Father, to elude the effect of some predictions, which were denounc'd to him, cause her to

he privately convey'd into *Sicily*; And did ſhe not under the name of *Plautia*, make ſome ſojourn in *Rome*?

She is the ſame, you ſpeak of, reply'd *Cornelius*, and whom you ſo lately mention'd in your recital of *Milo*'s Adventure. She gain'd an acquaintance with *Cytheris* in the houſe, from whence we lately came; where *Cicero* detain'd her, as a priſoner, to force her conſent to marry him; and near which, his neighbor *Volumnius* had another. *Cytheris* putting on reſolutions, to quit *Rome*, for the conſiderations before-named; *Plautia* conjur'd her to give her leave to accompany her. They came into *Egypt*; and this conformity of their fortunes, has combin'd them together in the bonds of ſo firm an Amity, that they are ſtill together in ſome part of the World, which my moſt curious ſearch cannot diſcover.

Oh! my Lord, cry'd *Virgil*, let us travel the whole Univerſe in queſt of this place. I can no longer lend attention to your diſcourſe; and can enjoy no felicity in any part of my life, but that I ſhall dedicate to the ſearch of *Phila*.

Would it might pleaſe the Gods, ſaid *Cornelius*, purſuing his diſcourſe, that at the expence of never ſeeing my ſelf more in the good grace of *Cæſar*, I might hope for a fortunate ſucceſs of ſo glorious a queſt: I would this very minute commence it; but it has coſt me already ſo many toileſome and unprofitable ſteps, that I dare not any more attempt it. Yet I requeſt you, not to defer to declare the reaſons you have to expreſs ſo tender a concern for *Phila*; and I ſhall willingly refer the reſt of my Relation to another ſeaſon.

Finiſh it, I pray you, my Lord, reply'd *Virgil*, I beg

I beg your pardon for having interrupted it; I was not Master of my sudden transport; but my reason has now re-assumed its Seat, and I entreat you to tell me, what became of the wound of *Ambarix*. It prov'd mortal, as he himself foresaw, said *Cornelius*; and before it wrought its last inevitable effect, he made a declaration to *Cytheris*, which, though it charm'd not my Love, yet it charm'd my Ears: I shall not represent to you, Madam, said he, that your birth challeng'd for your Grandfather, the renowned King *Viridomare*, which so long defended the liberty of the *Gaules*, against the usurpation of the *Roman* Tyranny: These considerations infuse generally more vanity than true wisdom; and he can entitle himself to essential Virtue, that can only claim it from his Ancestors. But I conjure you to remember, that the Gods have endu'd you with a firmity of courage, and a solidity of judgment above the ordinary capacity of your Sex: That they have bestow'd this Blessing upon you, not without mystery or design; and that they will exact from you a severe account of the Talents, they have given you. I made a faithful promise to the last of the Race, of the *Viridomares*, your Father, and my Master, to instill into your tender Soul, these laudable Principles. And now I shall dye with satisfaction, since I have so fortunately acquitted my self of my devoir; but yet I have done nothing, unless you crown it with a glorious perseverence. Establish the repose of my Soul after my death, by an invincible magnanimity; conserve your self always in such a state of Virtue, that you may be always a glory and satisfaction to your self; And above above all, Remember to keep this Maxim for ever engrav'd in the center

of your Heart, that you ought to be the Heir of the Sacred, and inveterate hatred of the *Viridomares* againſt the barbarous *Romans*; and that upon this condition, and no other, you receiv'd from your dying Father, that Benediction, which Heaven has decreed ſhould propagate the felicity of Children upon Earth.

Theſe laſt words concluded his life, and caſt *Cytheris* into an affliction, ſcarce to be imagin'd, much leſs expreſſed. The eminent danger to which this misfortune expos'd her, alone, deſtitute of all relief, or ſuccor, in a wild Deſart; and the ſuggeſtions of *Phila*, who repreſented to her, that after the death of *Ambiorix*, ſhe ought not to make a longer ſojourn in it, without calling her diſcretion and honor in queſtion, caus'd her to embrace a reſolution of ſeeking another Sanctuary. I invited her to a houſe of pleaſure, which ſome of the *Ptolemean* Kings had built ſome few miles diſtant from *Alexandria*, and the Governors of *Egypt* had preſerv'd for their own. There I learnt of her, that after the death of King *Viridomare*, who was ſlain by *Marcellus* in a ſingle Combat, the Prince his Son, whoſe Daughter ſhe was, had rov'd a long time from Kingdom to Kingdom, to implore their aid to recover his own; and ſeeing that he courted it in vain, he had, contrary to the cuſtom of that Nation, apply'd himſelf to the ſtudy of Philoſophy; That he had made choice of *Egypt* for his retirement; becauſe learning flouriſh'd no where then, but in *Greece* and *Egypt*, and he was too well known in the firſt of the two. That his Queen, who was then great with Child, travelling under the Conduct of *Ambiorix*, to find him out, had been encountred by a party of the *Roman* Troops, who made

made her a Slave, and sold her to *Volumnius*. That her Father had arriv'd to the knowledge of her death, without knowing any thing of her being safely discharged of the Burden she went with; and that being most most sensibly toucht with this last misfortune, he had confin'd the mournful Relicks of his life to that Solitude, from whence I had lately drawn *Cytheris*. That a few days before his death, he had been inform'd by a Slave, which *Volumnius* us'd oftentimes to send to search the Islands of *Nilus*, for Plants, whose Virtue he was desirous to experiment; That his Wife had left a Daughter behind her, and that *Volumnius* had caus'd her to be educated with great care and affection; and that dying, he had strictly charg'd *Ambiorix* to omit no endeavors for the regaining his Daughter out of the power of the *Romans*.

Ambiorix had with fidelity acquitted himself of this Commission, as I have told you; and fortune so ordering it, that *Cytheris* should take her secret flight out of *Rome*, the same day that *Mark Antony* left it, swelling with revenge and discontent, I was possest with a jealousie, that *Cytheris* had accompany'd. I am oblig'd hourly to pay the Gods a million of thanks, Madam, said I to her, when she had ended her discourse, that the veneration and zeal, you express for executing the last commands of your Father, has conducted you into a Province, where my duty obliges me to reside, and gives me now the opportunity to beg your leave to make a new Present to you of that fidelity and service, I devoted to you from the first minute I beheld you. The veneration, said *Cytheris*, which you interpret to be so favourable to you, includes more than one consideration; and if that which

chac'd me out of *Rome*, flatters your desires; that which fixes me to a due resentment of my Fathers Commands, forbids me to accept the faith of a *Roman*. You have made too admir'd a progress, Madam, said I, in the School of Science, to be Ignorant, that such resentments are unjust. Hate the memory of *Marcellus*, who, in giving that mortal wound to the King your Grandfather, gave the first to your dishonor: Hate the name of *Julius Cæsar*, who in conquering the *Gaules*, depriv'd you of the succor of all your Allies. But what Crime have I perpetrated? I that was not in being, when those Wars began, & who have ever ador'd you with a most pure and ardent Passion? This Passion, reply'd *Cytheris*, cannot work a Miracle, and make you no *Roman*, nor me not a Princess of the *Gaules*; these two qualifications include a formal contradiction to all your desires. The same contempt your Senate affects for the alliance of Queens, do I harbor for all that is not of a Blood Royal. The contempt you harbor, answer'd I, ought now to be extinct, in all the Nations of the earth. For as now there are none, that do not acknowledge the Power of the *Roman* Eagles, there are none, that have not espoused the Maxims of their Empire, and we see more Kings sollicite now for the honor of her Adoption, than we saw before dispute her Sovereignty. Those Kings did not descend from *Viridomare*, said *Cytheris*; if they had, they would have held their Authority and Honor more sacred. And if you desire from me a sincere declaration of my thoughts, I have alwayes had an esteem for your person; I am not insensible of the proofs and marks of your affection; and but too sensible of the despicable state, to which Fortune has reduc'd me, to fansie my self

in

in a capacity to reject the meaneſt dignity; yet Royal Blood can never forget the channel from whence it flows; and I ſhould diſdain the Nephew of *Auguſtus* himſelf, ſhould he be offer'd me, under the title of a ſimple Citizen.

Theſe words, were ſo many mortal wounds, both to my Fortune, and my Reaſon; and though *Cytheris* pronounc'd them, to no other end, than to extinguiſh my ambitious hopes, yet I imagin'd they taught me the infallible way to triumph over her. I caus'd my ſelf to be ſerv'd in the ſame ſtate, as formerly the ancient Kings of *Egypt* had been; I aſſum'd their Habit, I commanded my Statue to be erected in divers places of the City, and in fine, committed all thoſe Follies, which have ſo juſtly irritated *Ceſar*'s indignation againſt me.

Cytheris beheld the firſt Sallies of my extravagancies with grief, and employ'd all her power to reſtrain them. But the firſt error was ſucceeded by a ſecond. I ſaw her ſo ſenſible of the danger, into which I precipitated my ſelf, that I hop'd ſhe would endeavor its prevention, by favoring my deſires: and intoxicated with this frenzy, I gave an effuſe rein to my criminal audacities. *Cytheris* obſerving how I daily run from one extravagancy into another, was willing, I ſuppoſe, to ſtop the mouth of all cenſures, that might impeach her, of having contributed to them; and ſo ſtole one night privately away with *Phila*, and left me plung'd into the deepeſt abyſs of deſpair.

I demanded her from thoſe that could not reſtore her, and threatned ſuch as I ſuſpected, had convey'd her away. I employ'd in her queſt that diligence and authority, *Ceſar* himſelf would not have made uſe of, but on ſome ſpecial occaſion for the ſervice

of the Empire; I exercis'd unjuſt cruelties upon ſuch, as I ſent after her, and did not bring her back to me. What ſhall I expreſs more to you, my dear *Virgil?* I lov'd even to diſtraction, and I have loſt for ever the glorious object of my hopes. My paſſion is not unknown to *Cæſar*, and perhaps when he ſhall underſtand by *Terentia*, that Love alone has been the Author of my Offences, he may grant it a Pardon, for what a formal and deſign'd Rebellion could not expect one.

The end of *Cornelius*'s Relation, had brought them juſt to the Gates of *Tuſculum*; where he importunately ſollicited *Virgil* to acquaint him with the cauſe of that tranſport he had obſerv'd in him, when he nam'd *Phila* in his diſcourſe. But ſuch important Concerns occur to us in *Rome*, that they ſummon us thither; and we muſt awhile defer to make it appear, that *Virgil* did not diſcourſe of Love with ſuch eloquence, without having had ſome experience of its effects.

The End of the Third Part.

THE

THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXILES.

The Fourth Part.

SOvereigns are no less sensible of the offences, which touch the Heart, than of those, which wound their Honor, and Authority: And *Crassus* was as criminal in the eye of *Cæsar*, as the Lover of *Terentia*, as he would have been, as a Lover of *Julia*.

He banish'd him out of all places, his presence was requir'd in; and that he might not want a pretence to leave *Mecœnas* behind him at *Rome*, whil'st he went to visit *Tullia* at her Countrey *Villa*, he commanded him to see *Crassus* depart the City, before he return'd to it.

Mecœnas was naturally obliging, and he receiv'd *Cæsar*'s Command with an inward repugnancy; but not daring to disobey it, he endeavor'd the best he could to sweeten the bitterness of it. He went himself to find him out, with an intention to comfort him with all the real assurances of his faithful service. But *Crassus*, whose breast was the *Ætna* of its

its own flames, attributing the ſight of *Mecœnas* to another cauſe, prevented his civility by this rough Preface.

You may ſpare your ſelf the trouble, my Lord, ſaid he to him, to declare to me the reaſons of this viſit, my ſmall skill in Augury can divine them. *Cæſar*, who deſigns to give me a ſevere chaſtiſement, for the preſumptuous Crime I have committed, in aſpiring to the Love of *Terentia*, has commiſſion'd you to be my Judge. But, my Lord, when you ſhall underſtand, by what artifice I was trepan'd, and by what an *Ignis Fatuus* led to the top of this lubricious Precipice, on which I now ſtand, you will doubtleſs expreſs more Compaſſion, than Paſſion, for my deluded indiſcretion; I muſt avow, I had not the power not to adore an Object, the Gods had made ſo Adorable, that this Paſſion inſpir'd me with deſires, that theſe deſires were to be read in my languiſhing eyes; and that both my eyes, and my tongue, have often pleaded the cauſe of my Love before her. But I ſhould have confin'd it within theſe limits, and perhaps have conquer'd it too, had not ſome encourag'd it by the flattery of vain hopes and aſſurances.

Mecœnas was extremely ſurpriz'd with this diſcourſe; The Emperor had not told him any thing poſitively of *Craſſus*'s Love for *Terentia*, doubting he might have too jealous an apprehenſion for the Concern he ſhould expreſs for it, but had made only ſome ſlight reflections upon the circumſtances of the Combat betwixt him and *Ovid*.

He chang'd colour, when through the indiſcretion of *Craſſus*, he came to underſtand, that either *Cæſar* had been miſinform'd, or deluded his credulous ſincerity. And not knowing on the ſudden how

to

to deport himself, whether he had best, like a prudent Husband, to pretend he did not well apprehend him, or else to take the advantage of his error, and endeavor to draw a clearer discovery out of it, of what so nearly concern'd him, he continued silent for a while; but at last his curiosity surmounting all other considerations, he suffer'd this anxious Lover to believe, that in effect the Emperor had totally resign'd him up to his just resentments, and that nothing but a candid and ingenuous declaration could qualifie them.

THE

THE HISTORY OF Craſſus.

YOu need not employ either Promiſes, or Menaces, reply'd *Craſſus*, to oblige me to make the Declaration you deſire; for perhaps my concern and impatience is no leſs to publiſh it, than yours to hear it.

I ſhall not entertain you, with the repetition of the firſt beginnings of my Love, which is as ancient, as my Reaſon, and has been devoted to *Terentia* from the firſt moment my eyes, or it, were capable of being Judges of Beauty: but my Admiration never took its juſt Meaſures, till at the Marriage of *Domitius*.

You remember, doubtleſs, that it was celebrated at *Preneſte*, where the Emperor treated the whole Court three dayes together: you withdrew your ſelf one evening from the reſt of the Company, and came to take the Air with *Terentia* into a Garden, where, of one of the cloſeſt Walks I was poſſeſt before your Arrival, I did not underſtand your firſt diſcourſe,

course, but as you pass'd under a thick quick-set, which did separate us, I heard you say to *Terentia*.

You do me wrong, I never lov'd you more, than at this present; but do you not know that all things have their season? This, too day, is justly due to the visible transports of *Domitius*: and he would commit an offence both against *Cæsar*, and common custom, should he on the day of his Marriage with the Daughter of *Octavia*, express a coldness or indifferency. A few dayes hence the same custom will oblige him to another deportment, not but that he might be the Master hereafter of as much real Love, as at the present, but he could not again have the same opportunity to signalize and applaud the manifestation of it; And nothing is more scandalous to the eyes of indifferent Persons, than to see a Husband, who might command all seasons to testifie his kindness to his Wife, affect to make choice of the Publick. Why this Policy, and why these Precautions, said *Terentia*, interrupting him; Is Conjugal Love a Monster? And is it not a Crime that deserves the loudest reproach, to see a Husband draw a Curtain betwixt the eyes of the World, and his kindness for his Wife, and open it to let in that of anothers? And ought that Love, which both Heaven and Honor render legitimate, to be more shamefac'd, than that which both Honor and Heaven declare to be impudent? No, no, *Mecænas*, we ought not to accuse Custom for so grand an Abuse: The levity of Husbands is fed from a Spring, which [illegible] within the Confines of their own Leudness; and they establish those Laws at one time, which they abolish at another, it is because their imaginations inspire them with those Idea's before possession, which vanish as soon as their appetites are surfeited.

You

You labor'd, as I remember, by a thousand endearing Arguments to refute her jealousie, and using a thousand Caresses to plead for you; that her reproaches were unjust, you drew from her expressions so tender, and so passionate, that like *Parthian* Darts, flying backwards, they wounded the heart they were not level'd at. I felt unusual motions, and being seiz'd at the same instant both with a trouble and transport, I had never been acquainted with before, I stay'd a long time after you in the Garden, out of which I came the most Amorous of all Men living.

You encourag'd this Phrensie the next day, in a Treat you dedicated to the same *Domitius*, and the most noble of the young *Roman* Knights; I was one of the number, and I could not forbear to express my admiration, that *Terentia* had the goodness to honor it and us with her presence. Pray do not name a Wife, at this time, said you to me, and call to our Memory those Devoirs, which the liberty of this Assembly ought to efface out of it. When I am amongst you, I imagine, that what is permitted you, is not prohibited me. I give the rein to my Frolicks, I speak and act without constraint: And your expressions admonish me, that I ought to be more reserv'd. What injury does my Mirth do you? Alas! why do you endeavor to put it out of humor, by upbraiding it with the names of Husband and Wife?

[illegible] was not the sole Person in the Company, that [illegible]us'd her quarrel against you, and told you, that such a Wife as *Terentia*, ought always to be the fixed Object of your thoughts. This opposition exasperated you, and you made a Satyrical Invective against Marriage and its dependences. Not one of your

your Arguments escap'd my memory: and the next day I fram'd a Dialogue in Verse, which I intituled, *THE JUSTIFY'D WIFE*; wherein I demonstrated, that the tepidity of Husbands did authorize and justifie the levity and infidelity of their Wives towards them. I never pretended to a Talent in writing, but that of Poetry, is one of the first Miracles, Love works in us. *Terentia* finding these Verses in one of her Pockets, into which I had privately convey'd them, and reflecting that *Ovid* had the day before sustain'd the same Maxims at *Sulpicia*'s, conceited him to be the Author of them. She found him at the Princess *Julia*'s Apartment, whither I had the honor to wait upon her; where she told him railingly, that he was formidable enough to Husbands in the merit of his own Person, without the addition of his poysonous Maxims. *Ovid*, who call'd to mind the late conversation he held at *Sulpicia*'s, was oblig'd to make a direct Answer to *Terentia*'s imputation: which, the more it was prest upon him, the greater confusion it involv'd him in: For the same Morning he had sent *Sulpicia* a Copy of Verses on the same Subject. And thinking that she had lent them to *Terentia*, satisfy'd himself to tell her pleasantly, that he was glad to see Ladies applaud Lovers in the method of their Addresses. This owning of a Work, which I thought *Ovid* was oblig'd to deny, fill'd me with indignation. May a Man presume, Madam, said I to *Terentia*, to beg a sight of *Ovid*'s Maxims? I am yet but a Novice in the Art of Persuasion, and should be happy to receive the first Rudiments of that glorious Science, from so famous a Master. Let *Ovid*, said *Terentia* interrupting me, give you what instructions he pleases; but you must excuse me, if you receive them not from my

hands

hands; and I have put my self out of a capacity of committing the obligation you desire; for I have committed the Verses already to flames, you beg the sight of. You must give me leave, Madam, reply'd *Ovid*, to doubt the reality of what you expresse; for had you destin'd them to that punishment, you would have inflicted another upon your self, which was not to divulge it; and one is seldom guilty of burning that, which he religiously cherishes in his thoughts and memory.

This conversation was urg'd so far, and its intricate obscurity found my spirit so ill dispos'd, that it extracted poyson out of every flower of it. I fancy'd *Ovid* was my Rival; and that he had prevented me in my design of persuading *Terentia* to turn a fair Rebel to conjugal Sovereignty. A thousand actions, which till then I regarded with an eye of indifferency, and in effect were no other, now represented themselves to me in another shape. *Ovid* could not exhibit her the least testimony of a respect, which I did not interpret as a testimony of Love: nor could she allow him a favourable word, which I did not construe for a remarkable favor, one day in the grand Cirque he drop'd a piece of a Letter, which I catch'd up; wherein I imagin'd I read that, which certainly was not there; I could not disguise the rage this error ingrafted in my jealous thoughts. I became his opposite in all things; I spoke as little good of him, as ill will could afford: And when I raillied him, I did it with that vehemency and roughness, which fail'd but little sometimes of being the rude Ushers of a quarrel. *Terentia* took notice of it; and one day coming forth of the Empresses Apartment, as I was leading her to her Chariot, Are you, said she to me, *Ovid*'s Rival? Or is there some

other

other cause for the animosity, I observe, you have for him? You pike him upon things the most indifferent; and always make yours contradictions, the answer to all his assertions. I beg your pardon, Madam, said I, there is one assertion I never yet durst contradict, and we both agree that you are the most glorious beauty of the Universe. It was not a piece of Gallantry, I demanded of you, reply'd *Terentia*, but the cause of your contests with *Ovid*. You have divin'd it, Madam, said I, we are Rivals. And may one make so bold, as to ask, reply'd *Terentia*, who this beauty is, that is worthy to be the object of so noble a Rivalship? The most glorious of the Universe, Madam, said I. This phrase is familiar to all Lovers, answer'd your beautiful Spouse, who persuade themselves, that the common opinion ought to be led in triumph after theirs, and ascribe the highest attributes of beauty, to that which they Idolize in their own imaginations. But that I may be the more capable of judging, whether your Mistriss does really merit that title, or whether you do not take a prospect of her perfections through the optick of fancy only, I pray acquaint me with her name. I have nam'd her already, Madam, said I, and the distinction I made of that, wherein I agreed or disagreed with *Ovid*, has imparted you the whole secret. *Terentia* had a piercing judgment, and my languishing regards were no fit Sophisters, to delude it. She on a sudden eclips'd the lustre of those divine looks with a frown, which as often yet as I think upon it, darts a horror thorow all my veins; and briskly mounting into her Chariot, left me in such an agony and confusion, that I had not the power to move out of the place. You came a little after, and surprized me in my extasie: and seeing me in that

posture, leaning against a Pillar, my countenance changed, and my body almost as immoveable as the Marble, that supported me. You did me the honor to ask me, what it was, that had reduc'd me to that condition. I know not what answer I made you, but it was doubtless a very extravagant one; for you presently burst forth into a loud laughter, and ask'd of some persons about you, if you had not the Mine of a very cruel Lady. These words recall'd my reason; and fearing I had inconsiderately divulg'd the whole secret, I follow'd you towards the Emperors Lodgings, with an intent, if possible, to repair so dangerous a fault: when I soon perceiv'd by the air of your countenance, that you had not discover'd it. You began to raillie me with a liberty, you could not have dispens'd with, had my indiscretion betray'd my offence to you, and in obliging terms begging the honor, that I would make you my Confident, you made me a tender of your faithful service. Alas! I had need enough of it; for never Lover was treated with such rigor, as I experienc'd from the incomparable *Terentia*. She intercepted from me all opportunities of speaking to her, she avoided all occasions of giving me her hand. I follow'd her to the Temples, to the Gardens, to the Empresses, to the Princesses Apartments. I could not surprize one regard from her; and if at any time forgetting herself, she so much relax'd of her severity, as to suffer her eyes to bestow a glance upon me, she would dart such flashes of indignation and disdain from them into mine, that now the best of my hopes wander'd but like wild Bordeters on the brinks of despair. *Phedra* perceiv'd the visible marks of it, and gave me to understand, they had not escap'd her curiosity. She would put her hand

before

before my eyes, when she saw them too intentively fix'd upon her fair Mistriss. She would speak things before me, which I might apply, as counsels to my self. One night *Terentia* having lost at the Princess *Octavia's* Lodgings a Diamond-button, which her train hung in; Restore it, if you have it, said *Phedra* to me in my ear; every thing that belongs to *Terentia*, participates of the Magick of her eyes; and you need not add another dose, to the effects of their powerful charms. These overtures of an ingenuous confidence, engag'd mine. I was one day in the Temple of *Concordia*, where your fair Spouse did offer Sacrifice. *Phedra*, who attended her, pretending that the Sun incommoded her, came and plac'd herself by me, and ask'd me softly, If I were come thither to supplicate the Goddess, to reconcile the difference which was betwixt my heart and my reason. They are not at variance, said I: And my reason is so far from controuling the desires of my heart, that it daily more and more convinces me, that the glorious *Terentia* is the onely person in the world, worthy of its Adorations. These are glorious words, reply'd *Phedra* with a smile; but amongst persons of sound judgment, they weight but little. When a Love disquiets the repose, changes the countenance, and may, perhaps, ruine the Fortune of a Man, Reason does not approve it. Alas! How should it? Are you ignorant, what *Terentia* is? What the Merit? What the Credit of *Mecenas*? *Ovid* is ignorant of none of this, said I interrupting her, and yet he presumes to love *Terentia*; and, if I am not deceiv'd, is not hated by her. *Ovid*? reply'd *Phedra*, surpriz'd with a seeming astonishment. I, *Ovid*, said I, Lovers are linx-ey'd; and the felicity of that Rival may triumph over my stars,

fiars, but not my knowledge: It is for him, that I am despis'd; it is to him, that my despair is sacrific'd.

I could not proceed any farther in my complaints, the Ceremony ended, and *Phedra* was oblig'd to attend *Terentia*; but I retriev'd her again the same evening upon the banks of *Tyber*, where the Empress, and the whole Court, were diverting themselves, for the benefit of the fresh air.

Your jealousie is not without reason, said she to me, as soon as I approach'd her. *Ovid* is belov'd of *Terentia*, and this obstacle will accompany all others, your Love shall encounter. I thought this morning to have acquainted you with some circumstances, but since you could reap no advantage by them, I forbore to mention them: serve your self of this, I now offer you; and handle it, as the most useful weapon, to vanquish your Passion. Vanquish it! said I. Oh! *Phedra*, it is invincible. I have not delay'd till now, I have long since summoned all my Forces together to combat it; there is nothing another could say to me, which I have not said to my self. But after a thousand attempts, a thousand effects upon my self, one look, one word, one thought of *Terentia*, has in an instant baffled all my strongest resolutions. And I find, that the Gods have given me a Soul to no other end, than to make it her Slave and Vassal to the last moment of my life. Has *Terentia* then, said *Phedra*, ingross'd to herself alone all the charms of her Sex! She has beauty; and he that should deny it, would forfeit his reason: But do you think, that agreeableness of humor, vivacity of wit, and gayety of converse, are to be found in none of the Sex but her? I know not, said I, what may be found in another, but in *Terentia* alone my

heart

heart expects to find its intire repoſe and felicity. Aſſiſt it, generous *Phedra*, aſſiſt it, to atchieve it, added I, preſſing her hand tenderly betwixt mine; you have both addreſs and credit, employ them, I beſeech you, to ſave the life of an unfortunate wretch, who reſigns himſelf up wholly to the auſpiciouſneſs of your conduct. All that I ſue for at the Shrine of that adorable Deity, is only a permiſſion to Love, and to declare it. Let her confine this Love to the moſt ſcrupulous terms, the narroweſt bounds, rigor can invent. Let it lie and languiſh at her feet in vain, after the meaneſt favors; it ſhall conſent to any thing, ſo it may be licens'd only to own it ſelf before her. Is this a grace of too high a merit, to be implor'd? And muſt I deſpair ever to obtain it?

I obſerv'd that *Phedra* chang'd colour oftentimes during my diſcourſe, which at this place ſhe interrupted with a deep ſigh, and not able to ſuppreſs ſome rebellious tears, which againſt her conſent ſtarted in a ſhowr of Pearls out of her eyes; you are an Ingrate, ſaid ſhe to me, with a voice quite altered from its ordinary accent; and you might have perceiv'd, how improper a perſon I am for the Employ you deſign me. I ſhould not have preſum'd to have pry'd into your Love for *Terentia*, nor endeavor'd to have gain'd the opinion of deſerving to be made your Confident, had you been ſo indifferent to me, as to oblige me to have lent you the aſſiſtance you deſir'd. Recall to your memory my words and my actions; take a re-ſurvey of my languiſhing eyes, and my diſtracted countenance; and reflecting with ſhame upon your paſt inſenſibility, employ me no more, but in what you may oblige me, as I have endeavor'd to oblige you.

How? cry'd *Mecænas* aloud, was it *Phædra* that made you these forward overtures of Love? do you not misname her for another? and may I give an entire credit to your words?

Reserve your admiration, my Lord, said *Crassus*, for its due season and place; you are not yet arrived to that, which ought more justly to challenge your exclamations. These astonishing expressions, which I could not in reason be accus'd for not foreseeing, surpriz'd me with so much confusion, that it imprinted its lively effects in *Phædra*'s cheeks, who observ'd it in mine.

She left me with eyes inflam'd with shame and despite too, as I imagin'd; and adding herself to the company of some Ladies of the Empresses train, abandon'd me to the liberty of ruminating upon my adventure; which I consider'd as environ'd with so many perplexities and dangers, that I knew not what course to steer, to avoid the rocks that threatned my shipwrack. I was not ignorant either of the credit, *Phædra* held in your Family, or what a monstrous *species* of fury, a Womans malice, that sees her Love despis'd, does swell to. I apprehended some funest effect of her revenge; and yet I was neither capable to entertain, or counterfeit a passion, that might secure me from it: These various reflections did for four or five days tyrannize over my distracted Soul. And seeing *Terentia*'s cruelty and disdain daily increase, I had a desire to try, if absence might not prove a cure, or at least an antidote, against so many contagious evils. This design was no sooner fram'd, but assaulted on all sides with mournful suggestions, doubts, and incertitudes. My reason had no sooner said, I will, but my heart answer'd, I will not. I could harbor no rest in my eyes, no quiet in

my

my breast: But reason at length triumph'd over irresolution, and I gave the necessary Orders for my departure; when, as I was going to beg the Emperors leave to accompany *Lentulus* to the *Getish* War, a Mooriſh Slave, who I knew belong'd to *Phedra*, came and deliver'd me a Billet from her. I imagin'd it had been fraught with new and troubleſom declarations of her Paſſion; and not willing to anſwer it, I thought to have return'd it, without reading; But a conſideration of the reſpect which was due to a perſon of *Phedra*'s Sex, qualifying all others, I open'd it, and found theſe Lines.

"*Will you go, you too hard-hearted, and too charm-*
"*ing Ingrate? Is neither the conſideration of my tender*
"*paſſion of the pleaſures it is capable to afford you, nor*
"*that of my death, which ſhall certainly follow you,*
"*able to divert your ſullen reſolutions? Alas! I muſt*
"*change my bottom, and ſteer a new courſe. I pro-*
"*miſe you all my intereſt, all my credit, with* Teren-
"*tia. Allow them that time only, which ſhall be neceſ-*
"*ſary for them to operate their effects in. This will*
"*be a dangerous enterprize, and coſt me dear, but yet*
"*your abſence would be a much dearer purchaſe to me.*
"*And I had rather for ever endure the malignant aſ-*
"*pects of your ingratitude with the enjoyment of your*
"*ſight, than hope to forget them, by being depriv'd*
"*of it.*

Was there ever any reſolution, my Lord, ſo firm, that ſuch an attack would not ſhake the foundation of? I ran to the chamber of *Phedra*, and ſaid to her, all that either my Love, or my Acknowledgments could dictate; I cannot promiſe you, ſaid I, that your rare goodneſs has conquer'd my paſſion; I ſhould

be guilty of a grand untruth, should I flatter you with the hopes of such a Miracle: But I assure you of a friendship so pure and so tender, that were there a veil drawn before the secrets of my heart, you would mistake it for Love. The amorous heats of persons of my age, are generally, like Passengers, fix'd no where, and draw after them a train of more real discontents, than pleasures. Let you and I combine our hearts in the solid link of a more durable union. You shall ever be the object of my whole esteem, and honor me always with yours. This is the only Love, which is neither subject to discontent, or change. *Phedra* blush'd, and with her languishing eyes seem'd to beg another kind of union; but again confirm'd the promises, she had made me in the Ticket she sent me, and I had a few dayes after some ground to believe, that she was just both to them, and me.

I found *Terentia*'s eyes disarm'd of their flaming darts; she suffer'd me to pay my attendance on her in the Gardens of *Lucullus*: she address'd some discourse to me, which though it treated only of things indifferent, did transport me beyond my self with joy and content. What Miracles have you wrought already? My dear *Phedra*, said I, when I had the opportunity to discourse her in private: The Gods have blest your generous designs, and the most obdurate rigor of *Terentia*, is not able to hold out a two dayes siege against your batteries. What am I able to perform, that may merit a service of this importance? Do not intercept from me the means of continuing it, reply'd *Phedra*; you were never yet well acquainted with the humor of *Terentia*; it includes as many Mysteries, as her Person Beauties: you must discover nothing to her, but give her leave

to

to conjecture your intentions. And this was the trick, by which *Ovid* arriv'd at that favor, he aspired too: which you must likewise take, if you hope to attain to it: Let your Love employ all its faculties, but its tongue, and leave to me the care of interpreting your silence not to your disadvantage.

This counsel was the more difficult for me to obey, in regard *Terentia* re-assuming her former frankness and gayety of humor in conversing with me, furnish'd me with a thousand occasions of breaking the uneasie bonds of my imposed silence. But *Phedra*, whose eyes were two watchful Spies over me, disappointed them all. She would cast terrible frowns at me; she would interrupt me, upon a bare apprehension, that I was going to give my tongue liberty to discover my thoughts; and never suffering me to be the Master of my own conduct, would force me to observe the Laws she had prescrib'd me, maugre all my attempts to violate them.

I fram'd a complaint one day of the violence she offer'd me in a passionate Letter to *Terentia*, which I deliver'd to *Phedra* for her, which she assur'd me she had oblig'd her to read; I seconded that with another, to which I receiv'd a Billet of three or four lines in answer. *Phedra* promis'd me, that in a little time she would effect greater things for me. And a little after, a Ticket was directed to me, which summon'd me to a nocturnal assignation. *Phedra* brought it, and when I had read it, Well, said she, have I not now, think you, dearly purchas'd your stay in *Rome*? And do you not comprehend, that at the rate I have bought it, how precious a value I have for it? I never yet doubted your goodness, my

dear

dear *Phedra*, answer'd I; and I conjure you to believe, that there are no acknowledgments within my power, which I shall not sacrifice to it. Dispose of my life and fortune; exact the strongest proof imaginable from a friendship, which ambitions nothing more, than so glorious a test. But, my Lord, reply'd she, interrupting me with a languishing look, do you think that this friendship, as perfect as you decipher it, is capable to enable me to serve you, as I do, with tranquility and repose? You employ my diligence, you require convincing proofs of it; and from my hand you receive an assignation, from her you adore; what could your revenge, or your hatred, commit more barbarous, or more cruel? My dear *Phedra*, said I, sensibly touch'd with this reproach, Would Heaven had given me the same command of my heart, as it has given you of yours, I should then have sacrific'd it to the same Deity you do. But alas! I am an unfortunate wretch, who has no power left him, but to fill your ears with complaints against the severity of his destiny; to arraign himself before you of ingratitude, and offer up his life too, if you require it, in expiation of his crime. You offer but little, reply'd *Phedra*, with a sigh, in offering so much; and you are assur'd, that your life is but in small danger, if that be the onely sacrifice you intend to offer to the Deity you mention.

In saying this, she led me to the Cypress Walk; into one end whereof, there is a private descent by a back pair of Stairs out of *Terentia's* Closet. She told me, that when you were gone at night to wait upon the Emperor in his Bed-chamber, one should come for me, when she left me, and by the Stairs I nam'd, conduct me to the Room, where *Teren-*

tia

she should honor me with the interview, I so much desir'd.

Do not disturb your self, my Lord, said *Crassus*, seeing *Mecœnas* change colour; for nothing was perform'd, of what was promised. I stood Sentinel two long hours at the foot of a Cypress Tree, the least motion whereof, made me shake, like the trembling leaves over my head, and struck a panic terror into my Soul: when at length there came one to me, and told me, that you were engag'd at Play with Prince *Marcellus*; that you did not go that night to wait upon the Emperor, and that our Assignment was to be adjourned to the next day. I laid a thousand imprecations upon the first Inventors of Gaming, and the practice of it. I threw as many more at my Stars, and went raving towards the place, where you were at play, hoping at least to purchase a view of *Terentia* in publick, which was deny'd me in private. This expectation was no more successful, than the former. *Terentia* was retir'd, and I was scarce entred, when one of her Slaves came, and whispering *Ovid* aside, who was looking upon the Gamesters, conducted him to her Ladies Chamber.

I am well acquainted with all the transactions of that night, reply'd *Mecœnas*; and if you take your measures from thence, your suspitions are chimerical, and you ought to efface them out of your thoughts.

They are effac'd already, my Lord, said *Crassus*, and I am as well satisfi'd at the present, as your self, touching the design for which *Terentia* sent that night for *Ovid*; but I was then ignorant of it; and only apprehended, that he was favour'd with the Assignation, which was promised me;

that

that the appointment was broken with me, to befriend him; and that my juſt reſentments of ſo inhumane an affront was deſign'd only to advance the triumph of my Rival. I went to ſeek out *Phedra*, to make my complaint to her; but I could find her neither in her own Chamber, nor in any of her Companions; I thought ſhe might have been gone into the Garden, to look after me, and advertiſe me of what had fallen out. I haſtened thither, after I had made many turns in vain about it, at laſt I perceiv'd *Ovid* deſcending by thoſe Stairs, which I had been told, was the private Road of favour'd Lovers.

Can you wonder, my Lord, if I retain'd not the leaſt ſpark of ſound judgment or reaſon, in a circumſtance ſo capable to deprive me of it; and if I endeavour'd to revenge upon *Ovid*, a treachery, which I could not call *Terentia* to an account for.

Phedra writ to me the next morning, and highly blaming me for the rude alarm, I had given her Ladies honor, aſſur'd me that it would utterly ruine me in her good opinion; and that I ſhould deſpair hereafter of ever receiving the leaſt favor from her: Did it not become me, either to caſt out Complaints, or Menaces? That a real Love was always attended with a zealous fear and ſubmiſſion. I ran to *Phedra's* Chamber, to conjure her either to obtain a pardon for me, or a ſentence of death: She was gone to *Helvidia's*, and her Mooriſh Slave left me in hers, whilſt ſhe went to call her. I was not then in an humor to delude either my time or thoughts, with the ſearch after Curioſities; but, I know not what ſecret impulſe mov'd me to caſt my eyes upon an Eſcritoire, which

which ſtood open by me; I examin'd it, and found in it a Letter, which at the firſt ſight, I imagin'd to be *Terentia's* writing. I opened it: But my Lord, How great was my aſtoniſhment, when by the Stile, and the Subſcription, I found it to be *Phedra's*. She gave therein an account of a Suit the *Lacedemonians* had then depending at Court, which I knew, had been recommended to her. She magnifi'd it in the favors you honor'd her with, her credit, her expectations; and in fine, gave her ſelf ſo natural a character, that I had never known her before, but through a diſguiſe. I pulled the Ticket and Letter out of my Pocket, which I imagin'd *Terentia* had ſent me, I compar'd it with that I had in my hand. The Writing was much like; and to evince all my ſcruples, I found in the ſame Cabinet, an Order to *Phedra*, written with your Wives own hand, which ſpoke in the language of a Miſtreſs to a Servant, and convinc'd me by the difference of the Character, that it was none but *Phedra*, who had written to me. What a Thunder-clap was this to a man, who was totally abſorpt in a deluge of Love, and believed himſelf to be firſt in his Miſtreſſes favor. Oh! *Phedra*, cry'd I, as ſoon as I ſaw her enter, you have trepan'd me, by a horrid act of treachery. See here irrefragable teſtimonies to caſt you; that under a pretence of an unfeigned Paſſion, which you ſuborn'd to delude me, have expos'd my credulity to the rude treats of your Malice.

I was able to ſay no more to her; for the confuſion I ſaw her in, had converted all my ſuſpitions into certitude; which rais'd mine own to ſuch an height, that it even conglutinated my Tongue to the Palate of my Mouth. When the

firſt

first pangs of this Agony were past, and from a Marble Pillar that propt me up, I cast a glance upon the eyes of *Phedra*, which by the torrent of their tears, and their dejected bashfulness, confirmed the Sentence of my misfortune; False and ingrateful *Phedra*, said I to her, outrag'd with grief, What inhumane crime am I guilty of towards you, that you should reduce me to the most deplorable state, that humanity it self was ever forced to groan under? Was I culpable, because your eyes thought me charming? Did I abuse your facility? Did I encourage your passion, or expose it to publick scorn? In fine, What barbarism have I committed, that could induce you to commit so many Treasons against me? You would have left me, reply'd she, and I had not resolution enough to support your absence. I borrow'd the credit of *Terentia*, where I saw mine own insufficient. The invisible Powers above, are my Witnesses, that I have not been wanting to any one particular of those devoirs, I engag'd to you; and that repugnant to the impulse of my own forcible inclinations, I would have sacrific'd them to your felicity, had it center'd in me. But *Terentia* was inexorable, and you resolv'd to leave *Rome*: What could an unfortunate Woman do? who, influenc'd by the fatality of her Stars, regarded your absence as the most cruel of all torments. But, said I, *Terentia's* rigor is mollifyed, she speaks to me, and denies me no marks of a visible esteem. To what Magick, or Fancy, do I owe this? To a Fancy, reply'd *Phedra*, I have suggested to her, that you had withdrawn your love, and rendring your self to my importunities, addrest those Vows to me, which were so displeasing to her. And I my self conceived

ceived the vain hope to induce you one day to approve so chimerical a change. I flattered my self with the thoughts of obtaining that by a sense of gratitude and compassion, which your inclination could not grant me; and to gain time to accomplish my design, I made use of the dexterity, I have, in writing two different hands. And seeing the more Sacrifice my Love offered to you, the less sensible you were of it, I resolv'd to owe that to a Stratagem, which I could arrive to by no other means. I would have supply'd the place of *Terentia*, at the appointed Assignation, and in order to it, had disposed all things for the best advantage to deceive you. I would have spoken to you from within a Glass Alcove; from which you should have been plac'd at such a distance, that you should not have been sensible of the cheat. But Love, tyrannick Love, deny'd me even that imaginary satisfaction, of raising your transports under the notion of another. For *Terentia* hall cloyster'd her self up till this time in that unlucky Closet, which I had design'd for our Converse. What severer punishment could you with Heaven to inflict upon me, than that whereof I my self am the fatal Instrument? I love, without hopes of being lov'd again. I have betray'd the confidence of a Lady, which has highly oblig'd me. I have hazarded her reputation, the honor of *Mecenas*, your own life and fortune. And I have purchas'd nothing in compensation of so many Crimes, but the assurance of being loathsome and odious to you. Cruel one! can you so much forget Man, and receive a Tyger in your Bosom, as to object to me yet your unworthy reproaches? And is the antipathy, you have conceiv'd against me, so inveterate, that the

sence

ſence of my ſufferings will never be able to extinguiſh it? I ſcarce heard theſe laſt paſſionate expreſſions, for I turn'd haſtily away from her, to go ſeek out *Terentia*: and imagining that nothing could be of more tragical conſequence to me, than the errors, *Phedra* had treacherouſly involv'd her in, I would have run all hazards, to have diſpoſſeſs'd her of it. But ſince my encounter with *Ovid*, ſhe has always ſo ſedulouſly addicted her ſelf to *Cæſar*, to calm his indignation, that I could never gain a moments time to entertain her, I judge that *Phedra* has not neglected, that, that I allow'd her; and conſidering, what an opportunity, I had to ruine her, has prevented me. But, my Lord, let her not triumph over my misfortune, and in her glorious Treaſon. Alas! without its artifice, I had deſign'd to remove my ſelf from *Terentia's* preſence; and to go into the Field, and there oppoſe the effeminate attacks of *Venus* with the rough Arms of *Bellona*; not ever to ſee *Rome* more, till *Mars* had been my Phyſitian, and cur'd my diſtemper. But the fraudulent *Phedra* has traverſed my deſign; and to ſatisfie the fancy of her capricious Love, which her Reaſon ought to have ſurmounted, gave the occaſion of that tumult and diſorder, you ſaw the Court in. It was ſhe, who by fomenting my jealouſie againſt *Ovid*, was the inſtrument of that great Perſons baniſhment. But time has at length convinc'd me, that my ſuſpitions were groundleſs, and that *Phedra* did only raiſe them, to be an obſtacle to my Paſſion: But had they not been unfortunately confirm'd by my encountring *Ovid* in the Garden, that Noble Perſonage might have been at this hour in *Rome*; *Cæſar* free from all reſentments of jealouſie, or revenge,

venge, and *Marcellus* in repoſe; and you, your ſelf, my Lord, ignorant perhaps of the ſecret deſigns, I form'd, to attack the Royal Fort of *Terentia's* heart. Guard your ſelf from a fury ſo fertile in fatal inventions, and aſſuring your ſelf, that ſhe may act one day as much againſt your intereſt, as you ſee, ſhe has done of late againſt mine, preſerve *Terentia* and your ſelf from the Artifices of ſo deluding a Sorcereſs.

This diſcovery and preadmonition had already produc'd the moſt cruel effects in the heart of *Mecœnas*, as it was capable to comprehend. He paſſionately affected *Phedra*; and his Love was the more violent, in that he conceal'd it as a ſecret, from the eyes of the world. He reſented with an incredible diſſatisfaction, the injury his Paſſion had receiv'd from the ingratitude of this falſe one. And more enrag'd againſt *Craſſus*, for the innocent attempt he had made upon the heart of his Miſtriſs, than the criminal one he had form'd againſt that of his Wife, he executed *Ceſar's* Orders with a rigor not ſutable to the ſweetneſs of his natural temper. *Craſſus* was aſtoniſh'd, and could not forbear to tell him, that he ought either to treat him with leſs mildneſs, or execute his Commiſſion with leſs authority. *Mecœnas* would not vouchſafe to return him an anſwer; and underſtanding that *Phedra* had not accompany'd *Terentia* to *Tullia's Villa*, he ran, tranſported with jealouſie, towards the Chamber of that ungrateful one; but was intercepted by the way by the Philoſopher *Volumnius*, who was a Man in high reputation for his learning and wiſdom, and in particular eſteem with *Mecœnas*, whom he acquainted, that he was come not only to wait upon him, but likewiſe to entertain him with a Novelty of importance. They retir'd together into a Cloſet, and when they were alone, what

an Age do we live in? My Lord, said the Philosopher, the debauchery of Wit and Manners, triumphs over all Laws, contemns the counsels and advice of wisdom, and converts into tears of compassion the unregarded documents of Prudence. *Ovid*, who has receiv'd so many graces both from *Cæsar*, and you; *Ovid* so capable of all excellent notions and knowledge, if he would apply himself to them; *Ovid*, in a word, to whom I have been so prodigal of my richest instructions, has betray'd both Natures designs, and mine. Behold here, my Lord, the Legacy he bequeath'd me some few dayes before his *Thalassian* journey, and banishing all spirits of this character from the Court, acquit your self with honor of the trust, *Cæsar* has repos'd in yours. Finishing these words, he put into *Mecœnas*'s hand a little Cabinet of Cedar, which *Ovid*, coming from *Domitius*'s house had left behind him, rather through oblivion, than design of his. *Mecœnas* open'd it, and the first Paper that came to his hand, contain'd the following Verses.

An Explication of the Pictures which adorn the Gallery of *Domitius*.

For LIVIA.

Out-braving Marriage-Faith, and Sacred Laws,
I triumph over Hymen *with applause,*
And with the reins of an unbridled Pow'r
Commanding Rome, *and* Romes *great Emperor,*
What she, though ne're so virtuous, or so fair,
Is that, who dares herself with Me compare?

For

For JULIA.

Ten see in Livia, *what Grandeur can do;*
Commit grand faults, and justifie them too.
But Fate, whose maxims we're comply with time,
Has new State-principles for me in store,
And has decreed it for my greatest crime,
To be the Daughter of an Emperor.

For TERENTIA.

Sculptors, Historians, Painters, Poets, cease
T' employ your Pens, or Pencils, to expresse
My Fortune, Charms, or Life: the world you know,
Does seldom prove so just, as to bestow
An equal character, on what so rare,
And worthy of its envy, does appear.

For VARENTILLA.

My Charms were once so pow'rful, and my Wit,
I hop'd t' have made the Universe submit
Unto my Laws; but those I'd heretofore,
Have now no more their lustre, nor their pow'r.

For TULLIA.

The Author nothing has to say of me,
But that for to be brief, he'll silent be.

For SULPICIA.

Spectator, if thou dost desire to see
The Portraicture of Romes *austerity,*
Cast on some other, and not this, thy eye;
But if thou hast the curiosity,
To find the Soul here of a Man of honor,
This is the peece: fix thy regards upon her.

What manner of ſpeaking is this, ſaid *Volumnius?* Is the Soul of a Man of Honor capable to make a Woman of Honor? That which the World entitles a Man of Honor, does glory to be gallant, and favored of Ladies; but contrariwiſe, a Woman of Honor declines the intrigues of Gallantry, and regards Chaſtity and Modeſty as the two Pillars that ſupport all the other virtues of her Sex. What can *Ovid* mean by the expreſſion then? but that *Sulpicia* ambitioning only the qualities of a Man of Honor, did not pretend to thoſe of a Woman of Honor. What Licentiouſneſs? What Malice is this? I will wager, that *Ovid* would not have ſaid this of the Wife of *Tiſienus*, but in revenge of that ſeverity, which of all virtues in a Woman, he ever expreſt the leaſt eſteem for.

Whil'ſt *Volumnius* was intent upon his Philoſophical Ratiocinations, *Mecœnas* was not leſs on his Poetical diverſions: And after divers Copies of Verſes of the ſame character, he lighted upon a piece of Proſe, the firſt leaf whereof he could not read without ſmiling, and ask'd *Volumnius* whether he had well examin'd the Papers he had brought him. I examine them? My Lord, reply'd the Philoſopher, the Gods defend me from blaſting my ſoul or my eyes, with reading ſuch no leſs dangerous, than ſcurrilous vanities; I only lightly perus'd the Verſes which concern'd the Empreſs, and ſeiz'd with the horror of their blaſphemies, came in haſte to deliver the Criminals up into your hands. I have ſupply'd the defect of your curioſity, reply'd *Mecœnas*, ſmiling all the time; and that your zeal may not want its juſt recompence, I will teach you how far it has tranſported you: and in ſaying this, he began to read the Paper out aloud.

OVID's Apology.

I here pronounce the Sentence of Condemnation upon all, the Publick lays to my charge. I ingenuously confess, that I have alwayes abandon'd my Soul to its own licentious inclinations, dedicated all the faculties thereof to the enjoyment of the voluptuous pleasures of Love: And as the full satisfaction of the senses does smother and extinguish the light of reason, the charms of Love caus'd me to forget and slight the due consideration I ought to have had of the indispensable Laws: but nature and my self are not guilty alone of this crime, Men have contributed more to it than the Stars; and the false wisdom of *Volumnius* did inoculate the first grafts of this folly into my Soul.

How? my Lord, interrupted *Volumnius*, has that scandalous Satyrist assign'd me a place too in his Sessions? What matter is't, answer'd *Mecænas* gravely, a great Philosopher as you are, ought not to be moved at the liberty of a Poetical extravagance, and continuing his reading,

All the world, (went he on) knows this *Volumnius*: I entertain'd an esteem for him upon the report Fame publish'd of his wisdom; and being prepossest with his character, I had a sensible esteem likewise for all, that he express'd in relation to me. I could not without trouble digest his Censures upon my Treatise, *de Arte Amandi*: I went to visit him, with design to have some conference with him. What would you have with me, said he, as soon as he knew my name: I am the scourge of the voluptuous, the censurer of worldlings, and the confoun-

der of the proud. Have these qualities any Alliance with yours? And can it be possible, that one Bond of commerce or friendship, can combine *Ovid* and *Volumnius* together? It is so possible, reply'd I, without seeming to be mov'd, that if you were not what you are, and that I were not what I am, I would have nothing to do with you; what need have those, who are in perfect health, of a Physician? And who would address himself to the wise, if he could furnish himself with those Maxims and Instructions he comes to demand of them? It is my part, who am wholly destitute of those Goods and Riches, to beg a supply of them from you. Vouchsafe then to impart some of them to me, and declare to me, if you please, by what Arguments you pretend to extirpate Pride and Voluptuousness out of the World. By reason, reply'd *Volumnius* with a serious gravity, I shall need to borrow none but from her, to convince a reasonable Creature of their brutality; and that alone I grounded my *Thesis* on, when I demonstrated, that your Art of Loving, was a contexture of pernicious Maxims, an Academy of all Vice, and a visible depravation of the Faculties of the Soul.

I rais'd my voice at this definition, and looking upon *Volumnius* with an eye of admiration, how? said I, Is the Art of reducing into practice the reason of a Man, an Art opposite to reason? And do I deprave the Faculties of the Soul, when I teach Men the perfect practice of that, which is the visible mark of their Being? The visible mark of their Being, exclaim'd *Volumnius*: Do you call that a Being, which according to your own Maxims, has no existence but in another? Do not you engage a Lover to live more in that, which inspires him with a

Passion,

Paſſion, than in that, which inſpires him with a Being? Do not you make his health, his joy, his repoſe, and oftentimes his honor, to depend upon the perſon he loves? And has not a Being a more noble dependance than this? And have not I then reaſon to conclude, that your Art of Loving, teaches a Man the Art to return again to his firſt Nothing, from whence the Gods have been pleas'd to draw and extract him?

This way of reaſoning, as extravagant as it was, ſeem'd to me very pleaſant and ſubtile; and caus'd me to have an eſteem for his wit, though I could not reliſh his Maxims. I pray'd him to infuſe into me as ſenſible a guſt of his Maxims, as they had done already an eſteem of his Learning. But I am afraid you will find it, ſaid I ingenuouſly, a talk of more difficulty than you apprehend; for I never yet found any ſolid pleaſure or ſatisfaction in any thing, but a reciprocal Love, which hitherto I have only regarded, as a ſubject worthy to captivate all the Faculties of a Soul the Gods have accompliſht with the greateſt perfections. I beſeech you to manage this paſſion by your prudence for my beſt advantage: And ſince it is not capable to byaſs my Soul, and divert it from the ſecret inclination it has to Love, let it endeavor to chooſe objects for it moſt worthy its conſideration.

Volumnius was ready to caper for joy, when he heard me make this Propoſition, and promis'd me to ſacrifice all his elucubrations for a happy ſucceſs; and I, for my own part, aſſur'd him of all the aſſiduity and diligence he could require of me. In fine, we became inſeparable. And the beginning of this Amity charm'd my Soul with a thouſand pleaſures and delights. He has a ſpirit embelliſh'd with all

cutious literature: And does not affect the common method of teaching, practis'd in the Schools, but aspires to a more noble one. Her reasons upon the principles of things, has made divers experiments of curiosity, and did discover to me a thousand new secrets in Philosophy, and the Liberal Sciences: But when from these artificial qualifications, we descended to the reason upon those of Nature, Alas! how great Strangers did I find the sophystical Subtilties of this sage one, to these Notions? And how great a grief did I conceive in my mind, that I had sacrific'd so much time and study to so empty a vanity? We one day, I know not how, fell into a discourse of the Reign of *Augustus*, and the merit of his Favorites. Are you one of those Sycophants too, said he, who are accountable to the Gods for the dissoluteness of the Age? And encourage it by your Applause. What do you find so dissolute in the Age, said I, interrupting him, Men labor to live with convenience and satisfaction in it. Will you not allow, that every one ought to render to the Gods an Account of those Goods he has receiv'd from their liberal hands? And if you had given one of your servants a piece of Land to improve, would you be pleased if he should leave one half of it cover'd over with bushes and bryars, and other trumpery? Men are properly the Trustees of Nature. It is for them, that she daily labors, and is, as I may say, brought to Bed of such variety of Productions: And they ought to use them with all grateful moderation. The Sea offers us Fish, and we must employ our industry to catch it; the Earth presents us with Fruits, and we must take the pains to gather them. Every Element, every Season furnishes a Man with varieties, to render his life pleasant and delicious.

Behold

Behold the Maxims, cry'd out *Voluminius* in a passion, upon which the vanity and gluttony of the Age are eſtabliſh'd. From the ſource of ſuch *Epicurean* Arguments, ſpring ſo many unbridled deſires, ſo many licentious debaucheries.

It is by this fanatical pretence of indulging themſelves the uſe of Natures bounty, that Men would oblige the Gods to create every day a new Sea, and a new Earth, if the inſatiability of Worldlings, were as omnipotent, as it is boundleſs.

Here throwing the looſe reins on the neck of his ſatyrical humor, he committed more unpardonable Errors in one hours diſcourſe, than one of *Venus*'s profeſt Idolaters would have done in a ten years Love-intrigue. No ſtate, no condition of life eſcaped the laſh of his rage. He tax'd the Senate of remiſsneſs, the People of blindneſs, the Court of debauchery, and the Soldiers of effeminacy. There was nothing ſo ſacred, which his tongue did not profane; Ladies of the ſevereſt virtue were accus'd by him of diſſimulation, the Prieſts of hypocriſie, and even the purity it ſelf of Veſtals, blemiſh'd by the imparity of his Cenſures.

What, ſaid I to him, Are theſe the fruits of that wiſdom you make ſo glorious a profeſſion of? Are detraction, diſreſpect and contempt of your Neighbor, the *Baſis*, on which you have rais'd to your ſelf that ſplendid Title of a Reverend Sage? And to demonſtrate your ſelf to be a reaſonable Animal, do you accuſe all the reſt of the World of brutality and folly? Ho! What is the World, reply'd he, but a confus'd Maſs, and contexture of brain-ſick follies? Does the Lawyer, who conſumes his litigious dayes in deciding Controverſies, wherein he is ſeldom concern'd, merit the Title of a wiſe Man? Does not

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the Courtier, who makes himself the Ape of all new fashions, and sacrifices his repose, his health, and his estate, to the *capricia* of every new Mode, deserve to be enroll'd in the Catalogue of Fools? Does not the Madam, who by a thousand affected vanities spins her self the web, wherein the painted Butterflie ensnares her own liberty and honor, deserve to be called a Mad-ame, or Mad Soul indeed? And is not the Lover, who lies whining at the feet of this Lady Fooliſh, as great a Fool himself? Who is then, said I, interrupting him, a wise Man in your opinion? My self, reply'd *Volumnius*, with a starch'd gravity of countenance; who free from the engagements and tumults of the world, center in my self my own repose, and my own felicity: Alas, said I, do you call that chagrin and those virulent dregs of a flegmatick Soul, which you so peevishly vent against all other Men, a true repose? Does that satyrical humor, which has even devour'd up in you all sense of humanity; which will not suffer my Muse quietly to addict herself to the Noble Art of Loving, without attacking her with loud reproaches, which represents the Universe to you, in the shape of a Monster, compos'd of nothing but honor and deformity; and which under the pretence of a petulant censure, does, without intermission, hound you on upon all Mankind, does all this, I say, deserve the name of a calm tranquility of spirit? No, no, *Volumnius*, you do not carry a calm, but a tempest in your breast; and the frothy effects of it flie up into your brain, and intoxicate your reason. The opinion you cherish, of your own wisdom, is an Arrogance, more insupportable than that, of which you impeach the proudest Worldlings; and they need not so strong an Antidote to preserve themselves from the dange-

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rous contagion of those soft pleasures, to which you declare your self a mortal enemy, as they do from the venom of your injurious Censures. A Lover concerns himself with nothing but what concerns his Love. All the Evils, which his Passion is the Author of, flow both to and from himself; And he esteems himself so much oblig'd to those, who give no disturbance to his innocent Amours, that in recompence of the obligation, he gives a free pardon to all the miscarriages of the Age; you on the contrary, being partial to your self, and obnoxious to all others, think to avoid the imputation of a private ignominy and weakness, by a licentious inveighing against the glory and authority of other Men. Believe me, *Volumnius*, you were never wise. Wisdom is more modest, and more prudent. You are more a slave to your passion, than the voluptuous Man, whose scourge you glory to call your self, is to his: And to obey their peevish instigations, you brand the Actions of Virtue and Innocence it self; and repose that pleasure and satisfaction in this, which another finds in the regaling of his senses.

Volumnius confirm'd all by his ungovern'd passion, that I had alledg'd against him: and scorning to acknowledge himself convinc'd, he broke out of the lists of the dispute, and launching himself forth into a wild Ocean of bitter invectives, he possess'd me with a greater contempt of his vanity, than report had done before, with an esteem for his virtue. We parted ill satisfied with one another. And ever since that day, he has us'd so zealous a diligence in snatching at all opportunities of doing me an injury, employ'd in the effecting it, Instruments so base and unworthy, and I have found his Soul so susceptible of all sordid and mechanical impressions, that he has con-

convinc'd me, that a truly wise Man, is one diametrically opposite to *Voluminus*. I have alwayes profest as great a respect and esteem for the counsels of my Friends, as he has obstinacy to have fix'd me to his blind Errors: He has endeavor'd to make me feel the malicious effects of his revenge, and I have generously pardon'd all his mischievous intentions: He thinks himself the only person in the world, worthy of its admiration and praise, and I receive those, as a favor, it flatters me with; and so by a consequent *series* of the like oppositions, I have consecrated all the Faculties of my Soul, to the charms of that divine passion, against which *Voluminus* professes so inhumane an antipathy and horror.

It was to have been wish'd for the diversion of *Mecenas*, that this Comick Scene had preceded the Tragical Relation of *Crassus*; it would have afforded a very pleasant one to any person whose thoughts had not been embaras'd with other cares and distractions. The mistaken Sage swelling with inward rage and despight, and not daring to give them vent, chang'd his colour as often, as the Apology did its stile. He gave himself some secret Applauses, for having forc'd *Ovid* to attribute a few to him in his discourse, and dy'd his flaming cheeks in their own blushes, when he consider'd in others, how severely he was handled by him: And conjecturing by the frequent smiles of *Mecenas*, which he could not retain, that his shame was his diversion, he would suddenly grow as pale, as Envy could paint him, with grief and confusion. But the illustrious witness of these reciprocal Agitations, was scarce in a capacity to remark them. His Soul, which like a Shipwrackt Vessel, was sinking in the turbulent billows of its own cares, had no leisure to interest it

self

ſelf in the concerns of another. He took his leave of *Volumnius*, and telling him, in an ironical complement, that he would acquaint the Emperor with the promptitude and parity of his zeal to ſerve him, he went haſtily to the Chamber of *Phedra*.

He found her in a condition capable to diſarm his choler: ſhe had been inform'd of *Craſſus*'s diſgrace; ſhe accus'd her ſelf of being the chief inſtrument of it: And this grief being join'd to that of ſeeing her Love diſdain'd, involv'd her in a deluge of mortal reſentments. Her eyes, whoſe lively ſparkling is generally one of the moſt powerful charms of beauty, were ſeiz'd with a languiſhing dulneſs, and ſeem'd to implore the compaſſion of all they were fix'd upon. Her body, whoſe elegant proportion might challenge the title of one of the moſt beautiful Structures in the world, was negligently extended upon a Couch; which by her poſture and dejectedneſs, ſhe ſeem'd to have choſen for her tomb. *Mecænas* regarded her awhile, without being diſcover'd; and his heart, which Nature had made the ſeat of compaſſion, not able long to harbor ſo unnatural a Gueſt, as his new-conceiv'd indignation, he began inſenſibly to yield to the ſoft impreſſions of the firſt: But then again in the ſame inſtant recollecting his thoughts, and reflecting, that it was a conſideration for his Rival, and not for himſelf, that had reduc'd her to that condition, unfaithful one, cry'd he out aloud, how dareſt thou teſtifie ſo many viſible marks of an affection, which both a juſt gratitude, and the ſolemn engagement of ſo many perjur'd vows, ought to have ſurmounted, or at leaſt conceal'd from the ſurmiſes of the whole world. *Phedra* turning her languiſhing eyes to that ſide, from whence the voice came, and conſidering

Mecænas

Mecænas less, as an exasperated Lover, than a powerful Favourite of *Cæsar*. Ha! my Lord, said she to him, What will you do with *Crassus*? Shall he be banished, imprisoned, or treated with more rigor? He shall not want punishment, since thou hast so much ingratitude, reply'd *Mecænas*, Thy love has pronounc'd his condemnation; and thou would'st doubt whither ever I lov'd thee, or no, if after what I know, and what I am able to do, the Crime of *Crassus* should scape unpunish'd. He has receiv'd the punishment, he merits, in me already, reply'd the weeping *Phedra*, and the Gods could not make me more unhappy, then in having made me the unhappy instrument of your revenge.

Consider me, my Lord, both as what I am, and what I ought to be; you love me, you are one of the most charming, and most eminent persons of the Empire: To you I owe my liberty, and to you I might have ow'd all, that your high credit commands all within the extent of its Dominions: I do not love you; and I love an Ingrate, who draws upon me as many maligne effects of your favor, as I might have hop'd for benigne ones from it. What can your revenge ambition more? Am I not punished enough in my own person, but I must suffer too in that of *Crassus*? But unjust and treacherous *Phedra* interrupted *Mecænas*, What services, what obligations have ingrafted *Crassus* so deeply in your Soul? How has he merited, to see himself the object of all your love, whil'st I am the subject of all you ingratitude? How, has *Terentia*, merited my Lord, answered *Phedra*, to be only the subject of your cold Caresses, whilst a poor Bond-slave is the object of all your real Flames? You have not always had these considerations, ingrateful one, reply'd *Mecænas*:

cause: I have not always lov'd *Craſſus*, my Lord, ſaid *Phedra*, and as long as this Paſſion did not combat that, I nouriſht for you, my devoir oblig'd me to obſerve all your deſires, as a moſt inviolable Law; but ſince I have chang'd the proſpect, and with other eyes regard them, I find them not more legal and juſt than my own. What reproach can you object to me for loving *Craſſus*? You that impute none to your ſelf, for preferring me before the moſt reſplendent Beauty of the Empire? Oh ingrateful Creature, ſaid *Mezentius*, interrupting her, you turn thoſe weapons upon me, which you ought to convert upon your ſelf for ſince I have preferr'd you before *Terentia*, you ought to have preferr'd me before all the perſons in the World. And calling to mind the Sacrifices, I have formerly offer'd to all your deſires, they ought to convince you of the injuſtice of theſe, you now cheriſh in oppoſition to me. Alas! my Lord, reply'd the amorous *Phedra*, as they were too powerful to be convinc'd by me, ſo the power they acted by they did not derive from me. And do you think, that I expected a detachement from your reproaches, before I ſummoned all the forces of my Devoir into the Field? No, my Lord, if the ſtrongeſt oppoſition could have conquered this Paſſion, it ſhould not have led the unfortunate Slave *Phedra* through *Rome* in triumph after it. I have repreſented all the engagements, I have to you, with all their heightning circumſtances, to the conſideration of my gratitude; and ſcorning to entertain ſuch mean thoughts of your love, as to believe that that forced you to do for me, what you did, I ſtampt the character of an obligation upon the leaſt of your favors. But, my Lord, the moſt endearing obligations cannot alter Decrees of the Stars; and though I muſt always acknow-

knowledge you for a most illustrious Benefactor, yet cannot cherish the same tender esteem for you, as I do for the the too ingrateful and too charming *Crossus*.

This discourse forced so many mournful complaints from the amorous *Mecœnas*, that he had not ended them before he was inform'd of the Emperors return: and being unwilling to be surpriz'd in *Phedra's* Chamber, he retired out of it in as much confusion as he had first entred into it: he could not resolve to digest the bitter Pill, he had been forced to swallow; nor so far renounce all his hopes of reducing the ingrateful false One back to her devoir, as to alarm the Court with the so exotick a Novelty. He calmed, as well as he could, his thoughts, and his countenance: gave some minutes attendance upon *Augustus* in his Chamber; and not judging it seasonable to publish yet the secret of this Intrigue, he retired to his own Apartment; where leaving him and the rest of the Court to their repose, we will return again to *Tusculum*, to examine what passes there betwixt the disgraced *Cornelius*, and his noble friend *Virgil*.

They were no sooner in a capacity to unbosome with freedom their thoughts to each other, when *Cornelius* calling the beautiful *Phila* to his remembrance, conjur'd *Virgil* to relate to him the particulars of the Intrigue, which had been betwixt them. Lovers use willingly to talk of their amorous Adventures; wherefore *Virgil* suffered no long importuning; and deducing his discourse from a somewhat remote head,

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THE HISTORY OF Virgil.

AN illustrious descent, said he, is a gift of Fortune, which entails no hereditary glory upon the receivers; it costs them neither study, nor labor, and it is so far from deserving the title of Merit, that it is oftentimes an obstacle to the acquiring it: But yet, my Lord, it ought to be confest, that though it be not the reward, it is the lustre of Virtue, and that illustrious qualities shine not in their native splendor and orb, but in a Subject of an illustrious Title.

I labor'd a long time under this injustice of Fate, and it was that which caus'd me to take my leave of my Countrey, more than the flaming ruines of delightful *Mantua*. Its destruction destroy'd none of my riches, nor my dignities: My losses by the Fire were not so great, but that a small Cott was able to repair them: But the obscurity of my birth, eclips'd all the lustre of my Talents; and as I valu'd my self more upon the nobleness of my deserts, than of my

descent, I was very willing to exchange my native Air for any other, where my person might be better known, than my extraction.

You know, my Lord, how this design succeeded; I was favor'd by *Mecænas*, and presented by him to the Emperor; and within a short time, obtain'd the place of Supervisor, for the transportation of wheat, and all other grain, wherewith the Isle of *Sicily* supplies *Rome*. I was ambitious to shew my self worthy of the Employ I was honor'd with; and I not only dedicated all my cares and diligence to advance the fruitful harvests of every season, but likewise to improve them to an advantage, that Island had never before been sensible of. I taught the Inhabitants a new, and more beneficial way of tillage; I gave them many wholesom Precepts for the increase of the health and fecundity of their Cattle: This method, which no man had taught, or practis'd before me in that place, render'd me familiar and in high esteem with persons of that calling. They would come and consult me upon all their affairs, and I have a thousand times admir'd, to see what pleasure Nature takes to repair in them by ingenuity and industry, the injustice Fortune has done them by a blind partiality. My Lord, sayes an old Man, in whose innocent converse I took great delight, one day to me, What is this Fortune, of which I have heard you discourse so often; you call Her sometimes unjust and capricious, and at other times you reverence Her, as a Goddess; and, in effect, you have inroll'd her in the Catalogue of your Deities, and dedicated Temples to Her in *Rome*? Tell me, I pray you, what Authority has She over Mortals? Does She send them into the world? Can She take them out of it? Or maintain them in health in it?

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She does not do any of all this, said I, she cann destroy the World, but she furnishes it with Commodities, without which, it would be less to be desired, than death it self. But, reply'd the old man, she has furnish'd me with none of the Commodities, you speak of, my labour, is the only Commodity, I subsist by, which is scarce able to feed and cloath me, and yet I live contented. If you live contented, said I, you are one of fortunes Favourites, and she has given you all that she can give you. But, reply'd he, all that she has given me, would not render another perhaps, so contented, as I am. Young *Coridon*, who is so handsom, and who has so many Commodities, is always murmuring against *Fortune*. His rich Unkle *Melibeus*, dotes on him, and maintains him like a Lord; and yet how comes it to pass, that he, who has every thing that I have, should continually be making complaints, and that I, who have not half of what he has, should live contented with my condition? How? said I, From hence that he to the abundance, he has, covets more; and that the little you have does fully satisfie your desires. It is not fortune then, reply'd the old man, which is able to create either our discontents, or our joys; we need not court her either in Heaven, or upon Earth; we need not raise Altars, or Temples to her; since all our felicity consists in being contented, with what the Gods have bestow'd upon us. I am glad I have learnt so excellent a Lesson to day; I shall remember it, when I hear *Coridon* make his complaints, and I shall not fail to tell him, that he ought to attribute to himself, not to fortune, the dissatisfaction he finds in his condition.

This *Coridon* had addicted himself to a very so-

litary course of life; and though he liv'd in a near neighbouring Village to my house, I had never seen him. I had a curiosity to understand, what it was, that oblig'd him, to frame those continual complaints. He came one evening with some of his Companions into a Meadow, where I was walking: and as soon as I saw him, I was convinc'd, that it was not without reason, that they call'd him, *Coridon the Fair*; for I had never beheld a more charming Beauty. I askt him, that since he was only born a Peasant, and yet commanded all conveniences such a life could furnish him with, Why he was always railing against Fortune? You ask me a great Secret, my Lord, said he, fetching a deep sigh, and if I could impart it to you, it would much lighten the burden of these afflictions, I groan under.

His Unkle came to us, as he had finisht those last words, and desiring me not to give ear to his idle discourse, made a sign to him, to retire: Why do you chase him away? said I to *Melibeus*; you should have suffer'd him to tell me, what it is that troubles him. Perhaps I could administer him some wholesom Physick for his distemper: Alas! my Lord, reply'd his Unkle, What can he tell you? He is a Lunatick, who is neither capable of declaring to you the cause of his complaint, nor of any advice that can be given to moderate them. He spent his first years at *Athens*, where he apply'd himself to nothing but the reading of Fables and Romances, which have deprav'd his judgment. He hatches strange Chimera's in his fancy, and nourishes them up in his folly; and seeing me refuse to flatter his brain-sick humors, he will oftentimes go and address his complaints to Rocks and Trees,

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as if they were capable to understand and relieve him.

This frenzie of this beautiful Youth, mov'd me to compassionate him. I sent to a famous *Grecian*, who profest Physick in *Syracusa*, for his advice, and desir'd him to employ the best of his skill, to reduce his distemper'd Brain to its native strength and vivacity. The *Grecian* return'd me a learn'd and satisfactory answer; prescrib'd the use of certain Simples, and assur'd me of a favourable success. I went to find *Melibeus*, to communicate his advice to him; and as I was in the midst of a little Wood, which I was to pass thorough to go to the house of that good man; I thought I heard my self nam'd; I lent a diligent attention, and heard one say;

Consider into what a gulf of dangers you would have precipitated your self, had not I, by the subborn'd disguise of an imaginary folly, found a means to preserve you from it. *Virgil* has a curious and piercing judgment; he would have soon discover'd the secret, you are so much oblig'd to conceal: And that perhaps may be the misfortune, which they have possest your Father with so strong an apprehension of: And if Heaven had not opportunely sent me to your relief, one moment of indiscretion might have render'd the precautions and care of eight entire years, wholly ineffectual, Oh! cruel precautions, answered the person, to whom the other spoke; I am able no longer to enslave my self to them. This base disguise, the prolongation of my banishment, the rustick employment to which I am forc'd to apply my self, and the secret repugnance and antipathy I have against them, accompliih the the Prophesie, which they endea-

vor to avert from me; they advanc'd it, in seeking thus to preserve me from the menaces of it; and the disasters, which the Stars threaten me, are not so much to be apprehended by me, as those, wherein the provident care, as you term it, of *Antiochus*, does daily involve me.

It is strange, reply'd he, who had begun the discourse, that the prudence and affection of a tender Father, such as *Antiochus* is, should be suspected by you, of cruelty, and indiscretion. Do you think, that he has not maturely weighed the reasons and consequences of his proceedings? Your resignation has hitherto been his joy and his glory; And I wonder, that having not above five or six months to suffer, those should become more insupportable to you, than all the former years of your confinement.

My tender age, reply'd this person, and the hopes I had to enjoy in a short time my enlargement, did, as it were, skreen its horror from my eyes; but since *Antiochus* declar'd to me in his last Voyage, that it was to be continued to the seventeenth year of my age, I was seiz'd with such violent transports of grief and impatience, as my firmest constancy, was not able to triumph over. The liberty which the young Shepherds, with whom I am forc'd to confort, licentiously indulge themselves; the amorous persecutions of old *Neryssa*, and the tender complaints of young *Daphne*, expose it every moment to the extreamest Test. I am not able *Melibeus*, any longer to keep my tongue prisoner, as you keep my person; and it is time now that the World should hear me speak that under the notion of *Phila*, which you force me often-

times

times to utter amongst our Shepherds under the name of *Corydon*.

I was so attentive to this discourse, that the fame *Nerysa*, which *Corydon* had just then spoken of, came to the place where I stood, and was within two or three paces of me, before I discover'd her. I laugh oftentimes, when I think of this Creature. She was the Widow of *Pollio*, whom you knew, at your first coming into the World; and having retir'd her self into *Sicily*, where she had a fair Dowry, she became so besotted with the Charms of *Corydon*, that she both forgot her age and her honor, to become a young Votary of *Cupid*. She went dress like a young Country Girl. She made one at all youthful Sports and Pastimes of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses: and crowning with Garlands of Flowers that head, which she had thatcht for many years with purchast Hair: She would play as wantonly with little Dogs and Monkies, as if she were just then stept into that age, wherein such childish gallantries may pass for an ornament. She askt me what curiosity had invited me thither, and what it was that I leant so diligent an ear to? To your praises, Madam, said I, which declare, that in this Habit, you would force the youthful *Paris* to pay a homage to your Charms; and serve for an original to copy forth the beautiful Shepherdess *Enona* by. You are a Flatterer, said she, with a smile (which envy would have been apt to call a grin) I do not aim by this dress, to attract the admiration, or envy of my neighbors; but one knows not otherways, how to divert themselves in the Country; and besides, I owe this slight complaisance, to the kindness of the Shepherds, I live amongst, who with so much care and respect,

solemnize yearly the day of my birth. So giving me her hand, and leading me to a Castle, towards which the Wood, we were then in, by a pleasant Walk conducted us, she entreated me to stay, and be a witness of the innocent diversions, which her neighbors were preparing for her. We enter'd into a Hall, which was suddenly fill'd with young Fellows, and Country-wenches, who brought every one a small Present, suitable to his ability; and attended with divers rustical instruments, presented us with a very pleasant Ball after their Country fashion. The young *Daphne*, Niece to *Neryſa*, (whom *Corydon* had mention'd before in the discourse, I had over-heard) had by the command of her Aunt, rankt her self amongst them, and chosen two or three young Girles for her Companions, whose pretty simplicity and innocence, might have rais'd emulation even in the most admired Beauties of *Auguſtus* his Court; but both my eyes and my attention were so eager'y fixt upon the counterfeit *Corydon*, that I had no more left me, to bestow upon any other Object.

Never did Beauty receive less advantage by address, nor address more glory from Beauty, than in this incomparable person. I admir'd, how that being a Girl, she was able with such dexterity to perform the exercises of the contrary Sex: and in a moment after, I wonder'd as much, how in the disguise of a Boy, she could preserve the glory of her own, with so much sweetness and modesty. The old *Neryſa* devour'd her with her eyes; and pregnant with a Passion, that every action seem'd to labor to be deliver'd of; she askt me with a transported countenance, if that Youth did not merit a Fortune more noble, than his birth; and

what

what I would say of that person, who to repair the injustice, fate had done him, should raise him to one worthy of himself? I would say, said I, that that person would give a most excellent testimony of his judgment; and that if I were born a Prince, and could find a simple Shepherdess, accomplish'd with so many Charms and Perfections in her Sex, as *Corydon* is in his, I should make no scruple, to make her a Princess. *Neryssa* hugg'd me in her Arms for this answer, and highly extolling it, for a rare principle of equity in me; I have the same sentiments, said she, as you have; and were it not out of a chimerical apprehension, that I should incur the censure of the scandalous World, I swear, I had long since invested him with all my possessions. It shall be so yet, went she on, as if she had finally determin'd it: your learned discourses have quite non plus'd all my scruples; and you shall see in a short time what a veneration and respect, I have for them: Not that I was ever fond of Marriage from a Girl; nor had I ever enter'd into it, but by the express command of my Father; and I had a natural aversion to co-habit with *Pollio* in any other way than as a Sister with a Brother; But I make a conscience of suffering *Corydon* to be bury'd in the obscurity, wherein he was born; and I shall hereby demonstrate to the World, that it is oblige men to the practise of such acts of justice, that the Gods have created such differences in their fortunes.

I could have deriv'd a pleasant diversion from her extravagant follies, had not I began to feel in my self an incroaching Passion, which fill'd my Breast with chagrin and disquiet. I attempted several times, dancing the Dance, to draw the counterfeit

terfeit *Corydon* aside, and discover some of my thoughts to her; but old *Melibeus*, did watch her so narrowly, that I could gain no opportunity of speaking to her, but in his presence. I fetcht many a deep sigh for grief; and seeing all the rural Squadron retire, and I not able to effect my design, I return'd in a melancholly humor towards my own House, thorough the same Wood, by which I had come before; when I could hear old *Neæra* in a furious tone, thundring out terrible menaces against her young Niece *Daphne*. I desir'd her to tell me what it was, that had provok'd her to so much indignation. What is it? said she, staring upon me, like a Woman half distracted, this young Slut, which I have bred up from the Cradle, as tenderly as if she had been a Daughter of my own, and to whom, thanks to the Gods, I have ever given nothing, but examples of virtue, prefers her own giddy-brain'd inclinations, before my virtuous Precepts. I found her just now making a thousand Caresses to *Melibeus* his young Nephew. For Heavens sake tell me my Joy, went she on, giving the Girl no time to make her an answer, which of my actions does authorize you to live with me in this debauchery? I do not disallow of innocent Recreations; and being not yet arriv'd to those years of gravity, as to renounce the pleasures of Society, I profess, I cannot reconcile the gaity of my humor to that air of severity, which entombs many women alive at the age of four times ten within their own houses, as in a Vestal Cloyster; but Virtue, you know, my Lord, will shine in what Orb soever you fix it. I consecrate my self wholly to solid and essential diversions: Take example by me, fooliſh Girl, to comport your self, and

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force me not by your impudence to send you back again to the Wilderness, from whence I took you. I endeavour'd the best I could to appease the fury of this old Tygress, and being conscious to my self that *Daphne* could not be guilty, but in intention only; I desir'd *Nerysa* not to suffer her affection to her Neece to be seduc'd by vain surmises. Vain surmises! cry'd she out; I am neither distracted, nor blind. I saw with these eyes this young Minion follow *Corydon*, as he went out of my house; I had a curiosity to see what they intended; I stole softly after them; and I heard *Daphne* reproach him, because in the Dance he had not vouchsaf'd to cast one look upon her; call him ingrateful, and beg his Heart of him, with expressions, that cause me to blush at the very thoughts of them. That famous Fabler, had a great deal of reason on his side, when by his tale of the Cat transformed into a Woman, he demonstrated to us, that Nature will be always Mistress. *Corydon* was born upon the Dunghil of a Country Village, and will smell of it as long as he lives: He has no sence of a generous ambition, and instead of endeavouring to please me, or reach at Riches, Glory, or Dignities, he runs creeping after this young Slattertaile, which has not a penny, but what my charity will bestow upon her. It is not for her Beauty, (run she on, giving a fresh loose in the fury of her Carreer) set aside a little snout-fair Paint of youth, which will sooner or later decay, and a little breeding and bonne grace, which my care and charges have purchast her, I have without vanity a more mature judgment, and am more desirable than she.

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I applauded all she said, and being touch'd with compassion for poor *Daphne*, who was with so much injustice suspected of a crime, she was not capable of committing, I offer'd all the reasons to the rage of the old Vixen, which I thought might appease it. *Corydon* came to understand what I had done, and acknowledging my generosity, came to give me thanks for the good office.

It was not a bare point of generosity, lovely Shepherd, said I to her, but a Motive more powerful, that commanded those small services, you set so high a value on; and I shall expect for all others, I shall consecrate to you hereafter, a recompence worthy of their Merit. Alas! My Lord, reply'd the pretended *Corydon*, with a sigh, what recompence can you expect from a poor Shepherd, which Fortune has chosen to be the object of her scorn, and who being as destitute of wealth, as of credit, is capable to pay no other recompence for a favor receiv'd, than that of impotent vows and acknowledgments? The acknowledgment you offer, fair *Corydon*, said I, is not so inconsiderable, as you imagine it; you have a heart in your power to dispose of, and I would purchase it at the whole price of my Soul, if you would impose no higher upon it.

The fair disguiz'd, dy'd her cheeks in scarlet, and stepping back two or three paces, seem'd by that eloquent motion to tell me I had forgot, to whom I address'd my discourse. Moderate your astonishment, said I, Beauty can challenge no particular Sex for its object; and though you really were, what you seem to be, I might usurp the priviledge without exception, to admire that, which Nature has fram'd so admirable. But, charming *Corydon*, you are conscious to your self, that I have a more solid founda-

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tion to raise a Temple on to the Divinity of Love; and without giving a clearer explanation to my thoughts, I constitute your self the Judge to denounce, whether the Divinity, I mention'd, may not claim the sacrifice of my heart, with as much justice, as if he were the most resplendent Beauty of the *Grecian* Empire.

A Courier arriving from *Mecœnas* with private Orders, whom I was oblig'd to dispatch in haste, interrupted our longer converse; but I omitted no stratagem, nor assiduity, for the renewing it again with the first opportunity. Love is a subtile poyson, which in a moment passes through our senses to our heart. I spoke, I urg'd, I discover'd to her what I knew of her condition, and how miraculously I came to the knowledge of it. In fine *Corydon*, or I should rather now say, *Phila*, told me, that a learned Astrologer came to *Athens*, when she was not above seven years old, had gain'd the acquaintance of her father, and assur'd him, that if he did not conceal her from the eyes of the whole world, till she had attain'd to the 17th year of her age, her life should be unfortunate, and inviron'd with innumerous disasters; and on the contrary, if he observ'd the precaution he gave him, he should see his daughter one of the most fortunate persons that ever came into the world.

Antiochus persuading himself that these Predictions were infallible, (added the fair *Phila*) caus'd a rumor to be spread abroad of my death; and having committed me to the charge of old *Melibœus*, who had formerly been one of his Servants, he has conceal'd me for these nine years in this Island, in the disguise you now see me: And I, perhaps, should have supported it with more constancy, if the loath'd caresses

of

of old *Nerissa*, and the continual expostulations of young *Daphne*, had not quite exhausted my patience. I abhor that old amorous piece of decrepidness, and I tenderly affect her deluded Niece. Hatred and disdain solicite me to expose one to open confusion, and love and friendship privately to undeceive the other: But I dare not obey either of these temptations. *Melibeus* is continually suggesting to me, that the felicity, or infelicity of my life, depends upon my secrecy: he has so often inculcated this to me, that I have now no power to doubt it; and I give as sacred a belief to the predictions of that Astrologer, as I should do to the voice of *Jupiter* himself: And I tremble with horror, to think, that as I am now speaking to you with so much frankness, I perhaps advance that cruel destiny, which they so carefully study to avert from me.

I encourag'd *Phila* against the vanity of her apprehensions, and finding a heart in her, which as unpractis'd and as young as it was, might easily be induced to receive the impressions of a passion, I endeavor'd to manage this favorable conjuncture of Beauty and innocence to the best advantage. I insinuated my self into the good opinion of *Melibeus*. I never spoke to his Nephew in his presence, but my discourse was an absolute harangue of virtue, and obedience to Parents; And though I oftentimes took up this theam as much by accident, as design, it so strongly enchanted the fancy of the old Man, that he would send *Phila* purposely to me for my instructions; and assur'd himself that she was in as great security under my conduct and charge, as in his own.

Oh! ye Gods! what an age of felicity did every moment then of my life include! It was in those auspicious

auspicious dayes, that I compos'd those passionate Eclogues, which you took so much delight to read: the laws of my duty comply'd then with the desires of my heart; and I receiv'd as much applause from *Mecenas*, for my Government in *Sicily*, as I did satisfaction in the actions by which I purchas'd it. The day approach'd, when the disguised *Phila* was to pull off that Vizard-Mask, which had so long clouded from the eyes of the world her native splendor; and my estate, I now thought, was grown considerable enough, to challenge the assent of *Antiochus*. But blind Love does oftentimes want the foreseeing eyes of prudence; and we did not weigh in her impartial scales, the dangers to which the vigilance of our watchful Spies might expose us.

The flames of *Nerisa* seem'd to borrow new supplies daily from the coldness of *Corydon*: She persecuted him with a Love, that at length degenerated into an open fury; and finding that he grew every day more and more rebellious to her raging desires, she imagin'd that my counsels blew the coals both of his disdain, and her own shame. I carried my self, as a person indifferent, towards the rural Beauties of our Neighborhood: And as none could divine, that the counterfeit *Corydon* had caus'd in me this indifferency, all interpreted that a default of Love in me, which was properly the excess of it. *Nerisa* believ'd that I instill'd pernicious Maxims into the Soul of *Corydon*; and acting the old Dragon, who was the Keeper of the *Hesperian* Garden, she, with never-sleeping eyes watch'd this golden fruit of her heart, and one evening surpriz'd us at a private Cabal, which we held under the overspreading Canopy of a thick quickset Hedge, that prov'd a treacherous Skreen, to intercept from us the sight of that old

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Dragoness: Ha! my Lord, What think you, was the discourse we entertained those few blessed minutes with, of such importance, that *Neryssa* could not have expected any of so great? I was blaming *Phila*, for not forcing her inclination to express a little more complaisance for the error, she saw her involv'd in.

She may do us a displeasure, said I to her; she has a great interest in this place; and *Meliheus* Rents the Estate of her, he lives in; for which you ought to pay her the small acknowledgement of a little fein'd complaisance. Make all her fantastick discourses and addresses, your sport and diversion. Ha! *Virgil*, said she, I shall never be able to extort from my self that complaisance, you plead for. I could heretofore with more equity, and less trouble, digest the follies of *Neriſſa*, and as long as her discourses, only invaded my modesty, and reason, I suffer'd them with patience enough: But since now they begin to invade the confines too of my fidelity, they are become wholly insupportable to me. I know that my heart is not suspected to be what it is; and if you frame a right judgment of the state of it, *Neryſſa* cannot properly be call'd your Rival; but she is really so in intention, though not in effect: and mine are so pure and so delicate, that even the blind error *Neryſſa* cherishes in her abused thoughts, seems to blemish and asperse them.

Would to the Gods, it were lawful for the World, said I, most beautiful Shepherd (for I would not use my self to call her *Phila* in private, for fear of being surpriz'd with the mistake in publick) to pay to your Idea, the homage and adorations, it owes it, under what form soever, it shall

shall design to represent it self: The excess of your fidelity, give me leave, to call my injury; since my whole stock of love is incapacitated thereby, to repay one half of the debt, it imposes upon me; and should *Cupid* Mortgage all his Demains to supply my inability, I should still be in arrear to so matchless a Bounty. Converse with *Nerissa* with the same innocence, you did, before I knew you. And the minutes of bliss, she will rob me of, shall furnish me with a sum of vexations, that I beg you to accept in part of payment of that infinite one, for which I stand indebted to you; and as then you shall take care not to decline all diversions, to enjoy my company alone. I shall be able to impute a tender reproach to you, that you did not that for me, which I would have done for you. Oh! most ingrateful person, reply'd the generous *Thilla*, Do you think, that those vexations, which you account to me in part of payment of the debt you boast of, will cost me nothing? Is not your absence, think you, as insupportable to *Corydon*, as *Corydon*'s is to you? And do you judge, though the unequal temper of our hearts should not render us both of one weight in those Scales, that the company of *Nerissa* ought to be obtruded on me, for a diversion? This *Nerissa*, I say, who many lustres ago, prun'd up with all the advantages and charms of youth, durst scarce pretend to the title of *Tolerable*; and who at an age, wherein the most radiant Beauties suffer a total Eclipse, and become types of uglineſs and horror, imagines Heaven has blest her with the supernatural Gift of enchanting all that look on her. Did you ever behold anything more extravagant, than the Habits and Dresses she affects?

I am ready to fancy sometimes, that these insensible things are indu'd with reason; and to be reveng'd of her for depriving them of that right and privilege, they enjoy in all others, by a malicious kind of artifice, increase her natural deformity. Are the spish toyes and vanities, wherewith she endeavors to disguise her deeripedness; the scandalous inclination of her heart, which ready to take leave of the World, and drop into the Urn, cannot yet take leave of youthful desires; and that insatiable rage, which causing her to forget the respect she owes to the memory of *Pollio*, makes her stoop to her own disgrace, and in the face of the whole World, infamously court a poor contemptible Shepherd? Are these, I say, qualities, to induce me to regard these hours, as a pleasure and diversion, I should dedicate to the loath'd Amour of *Nerisa*?

Phila had scarce pronounc'd these last words, when I thought I heard a noise very near us, and indeed it was *Nerisa*, who having listn'd to our discourse, and not able any longer to be Mistress of her patience, flung away in a fury; which alarm'd us with the effects of it. I made haste to discover, what it was; but being forc'd to fetch a great circumference round before I could find a place to look over the Hedge, *Nerisa* had convey'd her self away with such speed, that I could not catch a sight of her. She sent that very day for *Melibeus*; and having severely check't him for a criminal negligence, or consent, related to him the amorous Dialogue, which had past betwixt us. This intelligence did not produce in the spirit of *Melibeus* the effect she expected; He knew, I might love *Corydon* without violating the laws of nature;

ture; but judging that I could not be inamour'd with the counterfeit Shepheard, but I must be made acquainted with the secret, which so much concern'd her, and by that means frustrate all the precautions of *Antiochus*, he dispatcht away an Expres to advertise him of what had happen'd. *Antiochus* made all hast imaginable to come and snatcht his daughter out of the jaws of those immhent disasters, which he apprehended her to be threatned with. He arriv'd privately at the house of the old Shepheard; and whilst I was taking a progre's to *Syracusa*, whither *Cæsar*'s orders had commanded me; he rob'd me of my felicity, and *Sicily* of its glory, by conveying her out of it. Consider the destruction I was seiz'd with, when I was inform'd of this cruel Rape, which *Antiochus* had committed more upon my repose, then the inclinations of his Daughter. I presently sent for *Melibeus*, and omitted neither intreaties, nor menaces, to extort a real confession of the truth from him: But he with with an obstinate loyalty conceall'd the fatal secret, and making several solemn protestations, with a dissembled frankness which deluded me, that he was both innocent, and ignorant of any design relating to *Phila*, possest me with a strong apprehension, that *Nerisa*, had by violence secur'd her in some place or other. I run to her, and demanded her of her, in terms that neither had respect to her Sex nor Quality; and arraigning her lustful Ardors, and Designs, before the Tribunal of her Modesty and Honor, I rais'd her impatience to the highest pitch of fury. She had the same jealousie and suspition of me, as I had of her, and thundring them forth in my ears in vollies of reproaches, as extravagant, as unjust, upbraided me with that,

which none was able to do, but her self. *Melibeus*, said she, has doubtless checkt his Nephew for effecting so unnatural a correspondence with thee, and thou fearing that his sharp reprehensions should dissolve that shameful Intrigue, has convey'd him away thy self; and in the mean time with an audacity and impudence, which merits the chastisement of the Gods, does charge me with a violence, infinitely more justifiable on my side, than on thine.

This erronious frenzie of *Nerissa*, drew some sighs from me; and I had suddenly after a fresh subject to renew them. *Melibeus* receiv'd intelligence that *Antiochus* dy'd in his return with his Daughter to *Athens*; and his death having advanc'd on him with such speed and violence, that it allow'd him not the time to write to *Melibeus*, he knew not in what part of the World to begin his search for her. This misfortune triumph't over all the glory of his former discretion and prudence; he complain'd of the cruelty of his destiny, and made an open declaration of that, he had till then conceal'd with so much care, and fidelity. This Novelty surpriz'd all *Sicily*, and attracted upon me so many mournful condolements, that I was not able to support them; whereupon I resolv'd to exchange that now unpleasing Climate, for another, that might not recal the memory of *Phila* so often to my thoughts, as the objects would do, that I should behold there.

I came to *Rome*, where I grew familiar with *Cicero*, as I told *Tullia* yesterday: He was well pleas'd I should come and visit him in his voluntary Exile, I came one day to see him, and being told by his Servants, that he was gone forth to take a walk in

that

that ſame Wood, out of which you ſaw his Daughter and *Terentia* come to receive us, I haſtned thither; and with an eager curioſity, examining all places to find him, I happen'd to caſt an accidental glance upon a young Pine-tree, as I paſt by it; and fixing my eye more intentively upon it, I diſcover'd ſome Cyphers engrav'd on the Bark of it, which were, methought, of too youthful and too amorous a character, to intrude themſelves into the ſolitude of *Cicero*. I read them, and as ſoon as I had found him, I begin now to believe, ſaid I to him, that the reports which fly about *Rome*, have ſomething of truth in them, and that you do not court this Retirement for your Miſtreſs, but in reference to ſome other. *Cicero* ſeem'd to be a little troubled at my Compliment; but preſently recompoſing himſelf; Theſe are Fables of my Wives invention, ſaid he; who willing to caſt a blemiſh upon the juſt reaſons, I had to repudiate her, alledges a chimerical Amour for the ground and colour of her reproaches. Was it to give a colour to this Fable? anſwered I, ſmiling, that your Wife came hither privately to carve Cypheis upon your Trees, intermixt with croſt Darts, and other Gallantries, which I find ſo ingenuouſly flouriſh'd upon your young Pines? *Cicero* ſeeming to take no notice of what I ſhewed him, confeſſed his guilt by a ſudden bluſh; and this ſecond ſurprize, confirming what the firſt had hinted to me, he thought, I believe, that it would be to no purpoſe for his lips to deny that, which his eyes had declared to me already.

It is not to be deny'd, *Virgil*, ſaid he, with as much tenderneſs as confuſion, that my age, ſtudy, and my vexatious reſentments for the publick diſ-

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orders, have not the power to ſecure from me the invaſions of that paſſion, wherewith you reproach me. Love neither reſpects the gravity of years, nor the juncture of affairs; and as long as we poſſeſs Hearts animated by Life, we ought to fear, that we may be rob'd of them by Love. I repos'd a moſt entire preſumption in the Maxims of Nature; nor could I believe, that at the years of that diſcretion, werewith the number of them ought to have inſpir'd me, I could have been capable of the wanton flames of Youth. But I find that the Politicks of age, tranſcend thoſe of Eloquence; which cauſes the Soul to participate of the weakneſs of the Body: And methought, that in the vigor of my youthful years, I had one of greater courage and proof, than I have now, againſt the attack of that Paſſion.

I was too ſenſible my ſelf of the power of Love, to wonder at the effects it produc'd in *Cicero*. I attributed all the applauſes, he could deſire, to his aged frenſie; and this approbation winning his confidence, he invited me to ſee his Miſtreſs. But, my Lord, how incredible do you think, was my aſtoniſhment, when I ſaw it was the ſame *Phila*, whom I ſo paſſionately affected? The ripeſt wiſdom, or the firmeſt courage would have wanted reſolution to encounter ſuch a ſurprize. I made a loud exclamation, which was able to make a clear diſcovery of my heart. *Phila's* admiration was not inferiour to mine, and *Cicero's* being as great, as that of either of us both, he gave us the liberty of entertaining one another with a long diſcourſe, not having the power to interrupt us.

How *Phila?* ſaid I to her; Are you become the abſolute Miſtreſs of your own diſpoſal? Is the prolongation

longation of your diſguiſe expir'd? Were you not inform'd I was in *Rome*? Were you ſo near it, and would not ſend to acquaint me with the place of your reſidence? I neither knew of your being in *Rome*, reply'd the fair *Phila*; nor, had I imagin'd it, would it have been poſſible for me to have ſent to you. The reſtraint I am confin'd to will ſcarce ſuffer me to believe, that there is any ſuch place as *Rome* in the World: and you ought to acknowledge that Love has wrought a great Miracle in your favor, that you have obtained the priviledge of ſeeing me, or ſpeaking to me. It ſhall never work ſuch another, ſince this is ſo little in mine, interrrupted *Cicero*; and whereas this firſt intrigue of my confidence, has prov'd ſo fatal, I renounce for ever all temptations of expoſing it to a ſecond: And having ſaid this, he made a ſign to an old Woman, who was Guardian over her, to withdraw her into an Arbor, which was near us; and meaſuring the Walks with long and haſty paces, expreſt ſo much grief and vexation in all the motions of his perſon and countenance, that I began to fear ſome funeſt effect of his rage.

How? *Cicero*, ſaid I, is it you that inveigh with ſuch zeal and violence againſt all invaſions of the publick liberty, and commit one of ſuch horror and barbariſm your ſelf? What prerogative can you challenge over this perſon? And by what authority do you pretend to uſurp a right to enſlave her to this unworthy condition? By the authority, which Parents may uſurp over their Children, reply'd *Cicero*: *Antiochus* dying, with his laſt breath, bequeath'd me all he was ever Maſter of: and ſince the Prerogative, he has given me over her, is become ſo incompatible with your de-

fires, I advise you, as a friend, to use your early endeavors to suppress them. *Phila* is my right only; I receiv'd her as a Legacy from her Father, and that you may not suspect, that I tyrannically usurp a power, which I have no title to, see here, said he, drawing a Paper out of his Pocket, the last Will and Desires of that good man. I read the Writing he put into my hands, and found that *Antiochus*, after he had magnified by many endearing expressions, the friendship contracted betwixt himself and *Cicero*, during his Sojourn in *Athens*, in the time of *Sylla*'s Tyranny, declar'd, That he consign'd wholly to him the tuition and guardianship of his only Daughter; advertis'd him where he should find her in *Rome* under the name of *Plautia*, and desir'd him to take her to Wife, since his divorce from his own, gave him the liberty of a second Marriage; or else to choose a Husband for her, with the same freedom and authority, as he should have us'd himself, had Heaven conserv'd his life. Do you judge now, went he on, that whither after what I told you, at the beginning of our converse, I shall not take care to see the last Will of my dying Friend executed with all fidelity? Can you be so vain, to conceive any hopes of ravishing *Phila* out of my hands, or the power of my desires? And do you imagine, that if I could have been able to have subdu'd them, I would not have done it long since for my own consideration, rather than now for yours.

I combated the design of *Cicero*, with all the vehemency, and all the eloquence, love could inspire me with; and not that day only, but many more following also. I omitted neither intreaties, nor arguments to oblige him to restore *Phila*

to her native liberty, and that of choosing a Husband for her self. Methought, they began to make some impression upon his relenting obstinacy; Great Souls will always at last re-assume their own character; and the first weakness, they are capable of, are but, as sudden storms, which as suddenly pass. But the flight of *Phila* destroy'd in a moment all these glorious hopes; and though, to do *Cicero* justice, I am oblig'd to say, that he was ready in favor of my inclinations to impose a violence upon his own, yet I must likewise declare, that he has been the fatal author of all the calamities and discontents, my life has ever since been forced to groan under.

It is not *Cicero* alone, whom you ought to make the subject of your accusations, said *Cornelius*, I am acquainted with all the particulars of *Phila's* flight; and though she always conserv'd that which concern'd you, as a most nice secret, from my knowledge, I have some cause to apprehend, that a Rival who lay conceall'd, has done you more injury, than that which open'y professed himself to be so.

Cornelius could not have the opportunity of explaining this Mystery to *Virgil*; for the arrival of *Crassus* (who having taken his last leave of *Rome*, and understanding that this Prætor, who was his particular friend, was to lodge in *Tusculum* that night, had taken it in his way) interrupted their farther discourse. They comforted each other in their disgrace and sufferings; and projected those designs, which a little after sent them both away to visit their Fellow-Heroes in the Isle of *Thalassis*.

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